THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 201, Number 44

MAY 4, 1929

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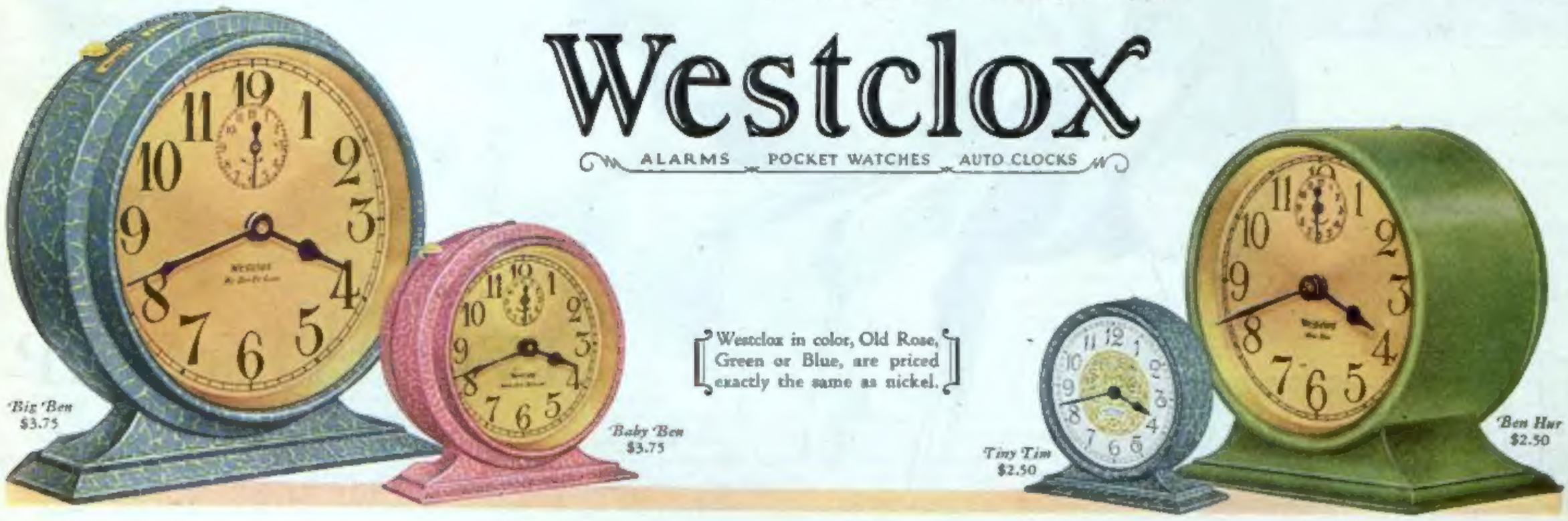

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Thomas B. Costain, A. W. Neall, Frederick S. Bigelow, Wesley Stout, B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson, Merritt Hulburd, W. Thornton Martin,
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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 10, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., and Los Angeles, Cal.

Volume 201 | 5c. THE COPY | PHILADELPHIA, PA., MAY 4, 1929 | $2.00 By Subscription (52 Issues) | Number 44

JOHN QUIXOTE

By C. E. SCOGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

He Moved Closer. So Did John Harvey, and His Good Right Fist Was Itching

OUT of 6443 cash customers, of whom young Wenceslao José Maria Sánchez was a small but earnest one, only John Harvey thought the fifth bull was a good one. Oh, he looked good; he shot out of his dark prison under the sun-side seats like a black thunderbolt, nine hundred pounds of brute ferocity, fleet hoofed, huge shouldered, his mighty neck topped with a swelling hump of muscle that could toss a horse on those black polished horns. But he wasn't, technically, a good fighting bull. He learned too fast.

A slim and gorgeous figure ran out of the crescent shadow, challenging. Who says a bull charges with shut eyes? A dull red cape billowed before the man, swinging aside; the bull swerved after it, head down, tail up, all his great muscles braced for impact. "*Olé!*" The air shook with a short, sharp roar of voices. The golden figure had only swayed a little at the waist to let the horns flash by; turning to face the bull, the red-and-yellow cape hung from one shoulder in the finish of a beautiful *veronica*.

The bull whirled and charged, and whirled and charged, furious to avenge his dark imprisonment, wild for the freedom of his Andalusian hills. The golden figure toyed with him. It dared a *mariposa*—butterfly—cape held behind it on extended arms, opening on one side and closing on the other as the bull passed. To the right: "*Olé!*" To the left: "*Olé!*" The crowd roared. That was technic—to make the bull do the moving.

The bull stopped, bewildered. The man, lithe, arrogant, graceful as a dancer, flirted the cape in a smart *remate* and turned his back to walk insolently away.

But this bull didn't stay bewildered. The roar of cheers broke into shrill warning; the bull was trotting after, head up, black baleful eyes alert. The man ran for his life. You can avoid a charging bull but not a trotting one.

Other bright figures ran to the rescue, flapping capes; the bull paid no attention. Faster and faster. No man can outrun a fighting bull; he almost had his victim when a cape fell on his head, blinding him. He tossed it sailing and rushed on. The golden figure vaulted and his horns crashed into wood; he wrenched them free and hooked a splintered horn tip in tight golden breeches just as they tumbled into safety. A gale of laughter swept the crescent-shadowed ring.

John Harvey didn't laugh. From his seat just above, he had seen mortal terror in that straining face, had heard and smelled that brute ferocity. John Harvey wouldn't have traded places with that man for a million dollars. Wenceslao didn't laugh; he would have given a million to have been that man. In his own front-row seat beside his father, Wenceslao hugged a flat package under his short coat and shivered with suspense.

The bugle blew. Capes kept the bull busy while two picadors rode in, edging their shabby mounts along the barrier. These were dull, heavy men, stupid from many

battering falls. Their right legs, under tight trousers, were cased in iron boots; the horses' right eyes were blindfolded and their right sides shielded by the heavy pads that modern squeamishness has forced on the ancient sport of Spain. The modern public doesn't really enjoy seeing horses gored; yet the bull must be allowed to hit something solid, or he will not keep charging stiff-necked at elusive capes. He will learn to stop and hook—dangerously, like a cow. Men cannot fight a cow.

A picador was in position, right side to the bull, lance braced; he rose in his stirrups, shouting hoarse obscenity. The bull charged. The lance caught in the thick bulge of his neck; the shock drove the man out of the saddle and the horns drove on into the pad, lifted the horse and dropped him on the falling rider—shifted and drove again, not in the pad. John Harvey turned his face away and lit his pipe with shaking fingers.

The man wasn't killed, but he had to get another horse. John Harvey saw his face when capes drew off the bull and roustabouts ran out to drag him free—dull, unemotional. It was all in the day's work for the picador. For him there was no glory to be won; his only office was to tire the bull, make him charge heavily, bullheadedly.

Twice the bull charged, and twice a horse went down. The third lance stopped him, and the crowd jeered. This bull was getting wary. Hastily the bugle blew.

Now the first golden man ran out again, facing the bull alone, without a cape—tiptoe, challenging, holding aloft a pair of colored darts. The bull rushed. The man ran to meet him, swerving aside. The bull swerved, too; their paths converged; the black horns dropped to strike. The man crossed with an inch to spare, leaned over them and planted the *banderillas* at the shoulder tip—a perfect pair. "*Olé!*" the crowd roared.

The Girl Was Alone, Her Head Bent and the Black Mantilla Drawn About Her Face

But this bull learned too quickly. On the next pair he came warily and his horns flashed up too soon; one of the darts went flying and the other flapped disgracefully in his neck. A storm of whistles, jeers, swept the arena—not for the man; they knew whose fault it was.

"*Vaca! Vaca!* Cow! Cow!"

But the bull, unashamed, trotted disgracefully here and there, whirling, hooking at his tormentors. The golden matador, scowling, watched his assistants plant the rest of the darts any way they could—raggedly, in execrable form.

How could a man win glory with a beast that defended himself instead of charging? The bugle blew; he snatched his shining sword and bright red silk *muleta* from his servant behind the barrier, snatched off his pomponed cap and faced the high box of the president and shouted his formal phrases, scowling.

"I dedicate this bull to Your Excellency himself! Either I will kill him or he will kill me!"

It was no compliment to dedicate so unmannerly a bull; but the great matador was angry, conscious of a certain rip in gold-embroidered breeches. He flung down his cap and stalked out, bareheaded, only a knot of silk like a coiled pigtail fastened at the back to protect his skull. Modern bullfighters no longer wear the natural pigtail that was once the sign of their profession; only the old-timers cling to it. The younger stars are interested chiefly in huge fees and wish to look like other business men in their off hours. The glory is fading from the ancient art, except for staunch romantic souls like Wenceslao.

The bull, weary and wary, sullenly pawed sand. The man walked up and laid the red flag scornfully before the lowered muzzle. The bull backed warily; the storm of whistles broke again.

"*Vaca! Vaca!* Cow! Cow!"

The man stamped, shook the cloth, prodded the bull's nose, cursed him and all his ancestors. The bull refused to budge.

Suddenly the clamor died. The man was on his toes, erect, the sword aimed from the level of his eye, the red cloth under it in his left hand to rivet the bull's attention. He was going to kill before the bull had answered a single pass!

True, the bull was squared, head down, front feet together—the front feet must start together or the way from shoulder tip to heart was blocked by shifting bone. But what assurance was there that the bull would keep his eyes on the *muleta?*

"No! No! Don't risk it, *chico!* Don't be a fool!"

The man leaped. The sword, too quick for eye to follow, plunged downward to the hilt. But it missed the heart; a surge of mighty muscles had diverted it. And the man, helpless, knew it. Even as he flung himself into the lunge, he felt the stunning blow of horns, saw the great roaring ring wheel slowly upside down and settle on him.

John Harvey was surprised. He knew a terrible thing had happened, but it didn't look terrible—not half so horrible as the horses. A man was too small a thing against that wide expanse of crescent-shadowed sand. He saw the gorgeous trifle hit, crumple and lie still, hardly more shocking than a broken doll. He saw the black bull bounding, twisting, incredibly agile after such a wound, the sword hilt barely visible among the bristling darts; saw frantic capes trying to draw the beast away before he should spy and mutilate that huddled bit of silk and gold.

"Look," drawled a voice at John Harvey's elbow. "There's something for the book."

A boy had dropped from the barrier, running out, flinging off his coat, flinging out a bright red something—a small boy, doubly small with all that space about him, contrasted with grown men and a great bloody beast that leaped and rushed in the blind fury of his pain. In the confusion of the accident Wenceslao had caught at opportunity, long denied.

"Do you have boys so brave in your country, sir?"

John Harvey spared a glance for the man who spoke in such soft, cultured English—a swarthy, dapper man who smiled amusedly to see a small boy running at a wounded bull.

"Is—is this a part of the performance?"

"Oh, no," smiled the dapper man. "He will have fifteen days in jail for this; perhaps a flogging—if he lives. What bravery, what fondness for the sport, eh, sir? He—*olé!*"

That was laughter. The boy had just dodged a grim-faced *banderillero* who tried to capture him; he ducked under another arm and flung his red cloth in the bull's face. The bull rushed; the boy leaped and whirled and flung out the cloth again. There was a moment when no man could reach him, for the bull wove him in a net of danger. John Harvey's visual impression was confused. Frantic, silk-stockinged figures flaunting capes, two of them catching up the unconscious man and running with him toward the barrier; and at the center of the swirl, a great black bull, his shoulders dripping blood, chasing a red rag in the hands of a small boy who leaped and whirled and dodged as best he could.

"Tch-tch-tch!" clicked the dapper man. "Rotten form, what?"

"What?" said John Harvey, dazed.

"See how his feet move. He will never be a bullfighter."

"Is—is this how they break in?"

"Not often nowadays. They—ah!"

The boy had stumbled. A bloody horn caught him, flipped him spinning. A blue-and-silver figure broke his fall, went sprawling with him, and the bull was at them.

But it was a dying effort. The black knees buckled and the snorting muzzle, gushing blood, plowed in the sand before it reached them. The blue-and-silver fighter picked himself up, gripped the small interloper by the neck and

marched him grimly toward the barrier and fifteen days in jail—perhaps a flogging. The boy was crying, as any small boy might when the great moment of his life has fallen shamefully short of expectation.

II

WENCESLAO knew his feet should not have moved. In glowing dreams the crowd had roared approval at his perfect passes—*de pecho*, leading the bull's horns right across his chest; *molinete*, making the bull mill round him in a circle; *natural*, the bull rushing past on his left and back again like a duped puppy after a handkerchief, he, Wenceslao, merely glancing over his shoulder to guide the returning rush, statuesque, his feet immovable. Even *por alto*, passing the cloth high over the bull's head, so that the brute's hoofs left the ground in the foolish attempt to follow. In his dreams Wenceslao was six feet tall.

But in reality some awful spell had dwarfed him. The ring had spread and spread as he ran out—a mile, it seemed. Six thousand pairs of eyes had turned his knees to water. His heroes had not hailed him as a brother hero come to help the helpless matador, but cursed him as a nuisance. The bull had towered on him like an elephant, a gory avalanche; twenty times bigger than the calves he had played so deftly on his father's farm.

How his friends would jeer him! Wenceslao wept.

"In other years," the dapper man was explaining to John Harvey, "boys often did so for the love of it. I myself have done it when a boy. But now," he sighed, "bullfighting becomes a business, not a sport. They do not like the boys to interfere; they punish them."

The band struck up; gay tinkling mules rushed in to drag the bull away. The blue-and-silver man heaved his small captive wrathfully over the barrier into the arms of a policeman, and the law yanked the criminal along the alleyway and into a passage under the seats. John Harvey saw his small miserable face, saw his heels jerk as he disappeared. Poor kid! Two weeks in jail, perhaps a flogging. . . . A hundred feet away a short, stout gentleman, his face like a thundercloud, was scrambling past many knees toward the nearest stairway; but John Harvey's legs were longer, his stairway nearer.

In the dim curving corridor under the stands he touched the policeman's arm. "*El muchacho*," he said—"the boy—good boy. Let him ——"

John Harvey's Spanish wasn't much, but a fifty-peseta bill is nearly ten dollars in any language. The policeman wasn't surprised; often some kindly sportsman interceded for these too ambitious boys.

The stout gentleman galloped into view. Wenceslao bolted. The policeman, seeing the stout gentleman's face, hastily palmed the bill, shouted and gave chase. Vainly, of course; but he went through the motions. You never knew—any stout gentleman might be some high official.

John Harvey, trying to look too honest to bribe a cop, lit his pipe, sighed, and made his way to the street gloomily.

So this was Spain!

He couldn't have told just what he had expected, but he hadn't found it. He had seen Bilbao, busy, prosperous, smoky with steel mills; Zaragoza of the romantic name, a dusty city in a dry, harsh, sun-baked plain, where beggars dogged your footsteps and hotel proprietors showered you with advertising pamphlets; Barcelona, monstrous, energetic, rich, full of shrewd, virile men who spoke not liquid Spanish but harsh Catalan. And now Valencia—even Valencia!

A shining limousine swung out of the clattering traffic before the bull ring and parked itself in the line of waiting vehicles—automobiles mostly, and good ones. It had a smart, brass-buttoned chauffeur, like the chauffeur of any shining limousine.

Valencia! Where was the magic of an outworn song? The soft romantic nights, the dreaming days, the dark romantic cavaliers who should have strummed guitars and sung with aching beauty under deep-shadowed windows? The only guitar Valencia had offered was in the hands of a brass-throated beggar, blind, who had opened his eyes to curse John Harvey accurately enough. Valencia? A noisy town with street cars and a few old Roman ruins, thoroughly commercialized, where everybody took you for an Englishman.

"Wan penny, meester! Wan penny, plees!"

Even the ragged urchins begged in English. John Harvey was annoyed; besides, if you gave them anything you got a swarm of them at you. Not having learned any successful formula for getting rid of beggars, he stared stonily at the shining limousine with its brass-buttoned chauffeur dozing at the wheel.

Valencia! The bull ring had offered a splash of color here and there—some of the boxes draped with gorgeous shawls, some of the women wearing the high comb and the graceful lace mantilla as a concession to the traditions of the sport, a few bulldog-faced countrymen in jaunty jackets and stiff, high, flat-crowned Andalusian hats. But most of the women dressed like flappers anywhere. Most of the men wore tailored clothes like anybody, and the women were all fat.

Briefly the spectacle had lent a thrill—the stately entrance of those slim, gorgeous bullfighters, the brave music, the mounted heralds in quaint medieval costume who rode up to take the huge key that the president threw down; the ponderous, impressive fury of the bulls; the grace and skill and daring of the men that made you forget the cruelty sometimes.

But it became a business, not a sport. Only one thrill remained—that queer breath-taking moment when a small boy threw himself into that swirl of death and color—a foolish, brave small boy who dared to try a gorgeous dream.

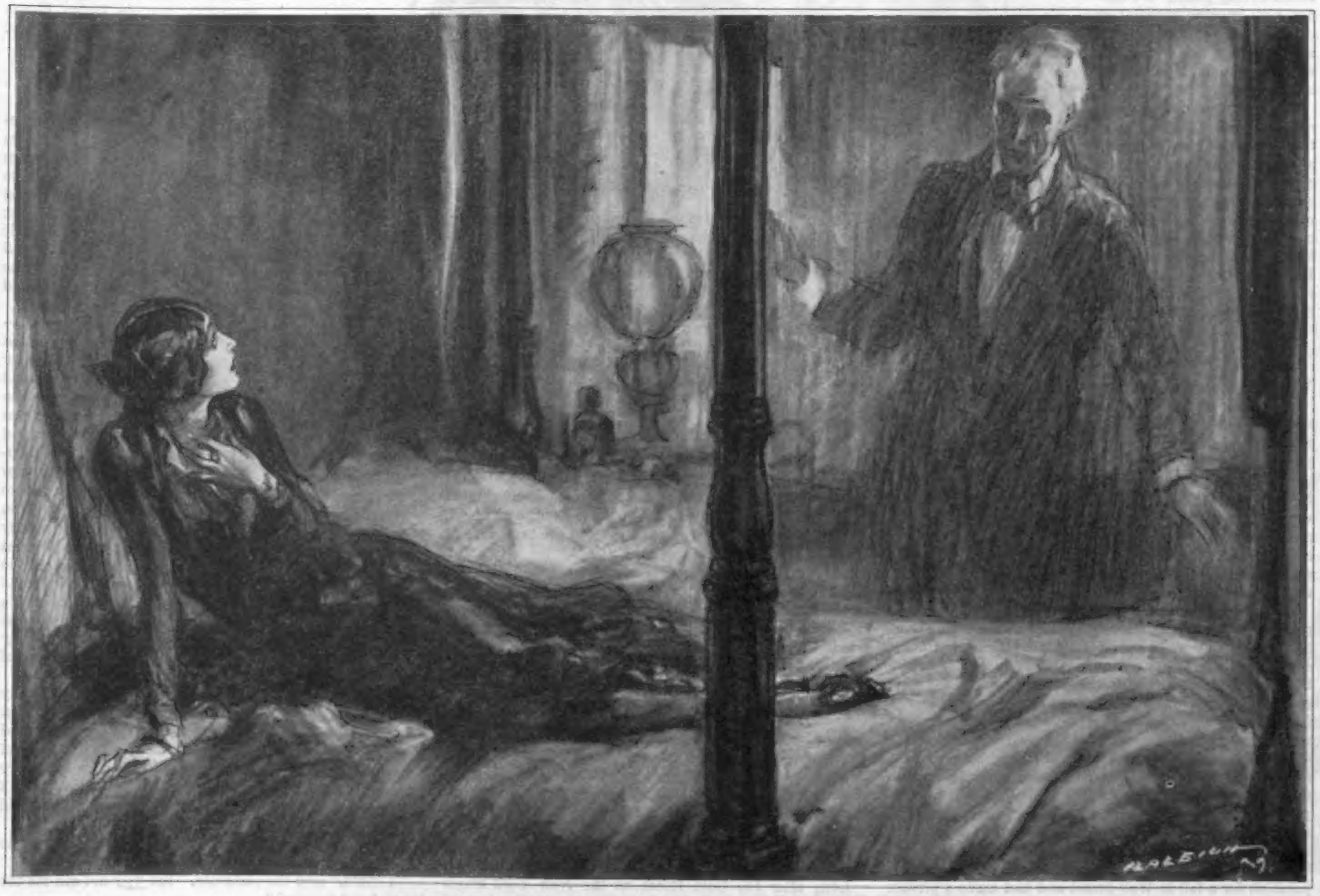
The door of the shiny limousine was opening.

Slowly, stealthily somehow. The chauffeur snored. Inch by inch the door crept open; through the bright glass John Harvey saw a girl's face looking at him—dark stormy eyes, wide with some strange appeal; red lips half parted—listening.

Then she was out and past John Harvey's elbow into the stream of pedestrians on the sidewalk. The sixth bull wasn't a good bull either; a good many bored spectators were drifting away from the bull ring. John Harvey could easily have lost her in the confusion, but he didn't. He didn't know his heart was hammering; he thought he was idly curious.

She wasn't fat. She wasn't dressed like a flapper; she was all in black, and her skirt swung gracefully midcalf; a sheer mantilla didn't hide the smooth sheen of her hair,

(Continued on Page 137)



She Flung Herself Back Against the Wall. Old Andrew Morgan Stood There, Hoarsely Whispering

SPECULATION

By GARET GARRETT

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

ALTHOUGH speculation is perhaps the oldest of profane institutions, it is not for that reason immortal; and although its uses in the world of trade and money are beyond memory, yet now a new kind of social intelligence is doing to it what scientific knowledge did to superstition. As we evolve the universal mechanism of modern business, stability in the circumstances and rhythm of function are of increasing importance, tending to become vital. Therefore, the part of speculation declines. Its exaggerations hinder and interrupt the ideal circulation of wealth. So it passes from the domain of trade to a refuge in the region of money alone—to Wall Street, that is—where the instincts and the passion to dream oneself rich are unrestrained by any regard for society's ultimate intention.

Only sixty-odd years ago one room of the New York Stock Exchange was set apart for the exclusive use of speculators who dealt in gold. There one day the bulls, unsensed by greed, tried to corner gold. They failed to do that, but they did produce the infamous Black Friday panic. We cannot now imagine speculating in gold as we speculate in shares for the rise or fall, nor would it be tolerated if it were imaginable.

For many years there was reckless speculation in railroad freight rates. Those who managed and owned the railroads could manipulate rates, secretly and openly, and as railroads became the arteries of economic existence these men had a power of life and death over business; they enjoyed, besides, a kind of three-card-monte privilege in Wall Street. Before starting a freight-rate war they would secretly sell railroad shares for a fall; when they were ready to make a freight-rate peace they would buy railroad shares for a rise.

A HARD PULL

In the Jungle of Trade

WITH two such vital factors as the daily value of gold and the price of railroad transportation less constant than the weather, you may suppose that the hazards of business were very high. They were; and business, to save itself, charged them to the consumer. It had of its own one basic law. That was to buy cheap and sell dear. This law held through the whole economic structure, even to the counter where the merchandise at last reached the consumer. In a retail shop there was no such thing as a fixed price. Over every transaction the buyer and vender higgled. All trade was a jungle. There are those still living who remember when this was the universal custom.

Back of the counter, all the way back to the sources of production, the transactions of business were speculative because prices were so variable. A merchant had to be a speculator. His inventory at any moment was a speculation, involving his whole capital. Industry was in the same case. The commodities it consumed for purposes of manufacture were always violently fluctuating, partly for reasons over which there was then no control, such as the eccentricities of supply and demand and ignorance of the facts affecting either, and partly, besides, for the reason that industry was anarchic. The individual will was supreme, unrestrained by any sense of social responsibility. One man might produce a panic by suddenly shutting down a string of steel and iron mills, and if it were found out that he had beforehand been selling the shares of his own corporation for a fall in Wall Street and had made a private killing, the facts were merely notorious.

There was no idea of stability; moreover, it was an idea that few could entertain, since it was believed that speculation was inseparable from the nature of business. The more of it the better, and all the greater the opportunities for daring spirits. While such were the universal conditions, nobody denounced speculation in principle; almost nobody thought of it as an evil. The most that anybody complained of was that from time to time a few men got control of the game over large areas and had the power to make and unmake prices at will, as when they cornered a commodity or the supply of anything, and extorted from the buyers a ruinous price.

That it limited society's progress in wealth and well-being could be theoretically imagined. That it was always the consumer finally that paid the bill of loss could be understood. But that it was an evil to business itself, retarding its sound development and wasting its natural profit, was a thought that was strange even in the textbooks of economics.

So, far otherwise, economists, taking speculation for granted, gave a great deal of thought and time to the study of business cycles; meaning the periodic sequence of booms, crises and depressions. The feature of every boom was the ecstasy of rapidly rising prices; the cause of every crisis was that too many people had been caught at the top with speculative goods and a load of rash debt; the agony of every depression was liquidation. Why did this happen, over and over, every few years? The economists looked in every direction for the answer, even to the change of spots on the sun—this in all seriousness—all the time supposing, as everyone else did, that speculation was inseparable from the nature of business. As if business, wholly of man's invention, had any nature of its own! It has not. We may conduct business by any rule or theory we like. All the conditions are manageable, provided only we take the trouble to learn how.

Long after the Gold Room on the New York Stock Exchange had been abolished because speculation in gold was intolerably dangerous, long after retail merchandising had been reformed to eliminate higgling between buyer and vender at the counter, even long after railroad freight rates had been stabilized—this has occurred since 1900—it was still the speculator's mentality that kept business in a state of turmoil and anxiety, moving by cycles. To harvest a boom and survive the inevitable crisis—that was success. In the midst of a boom the question was: "How long will it last?" Everyone's intention was to ride it to the crest and get clear just in time. In the midst of a crisis the question was: "How low will prices go?" For then everyone's hope was to guess the bottom and begin to load up for the next boom.

The extraordinary success of the late E. H. Harriman was owing to this: That he had the luck or the vision—a compound of both, perhaps—to guess the bottom and then the daring to speculate heavily in futurities. With materials, capital and labor all very cheap in the 90's and everybody else afraid to go ahead, he persuaded his bankers to raise what seemed to them then enormous sums of capital for the purpose of rebuilding the old Union Pacific Railroad. It had gone bankrupt in the preceding cycle.

Business Seers

OTHER railroads needed rebuilding, too, but their owners and managers wanted his courage and waited to see the tide begin to rise. It was a retarded tide and for that reason it rose very fast when once it did begin; and Harriman, with his Union Pacific enlarged and rebuilt at low cost, got its full benefit. He was ready. He had outguessed everyone else. Other railroads, having to make themselves over on the flood, with materials, labor and capital all rising in price, had a hard time catching up.

As the more or less futile study of cycles continued—futile because all the time the necessity for speculation and, therefore, the inevitableness of cycles were taken for granted—there grew up a notion that booms, crises and depressions could be classified by features of fact and then forecast in a scientific manner by means of geometric curves on quadruled paper. The vogue for matter of this kind was immediate. You could see in profile what had happened before—the great jagged peaks of boom, the steeps of decline, the levels of gloom, and then the rise again to another range of peaks. That was the price line. You would think naturally how easy it would be to make money in trade or in the stock market if only you could guess the future of these repetitive formations. You had only to get out at the top and in at the bottom, and you could make all the money in the world. But you needed a system. That from those geometric lines running across sheets of quadruled paper it was possible systematically to forecast the future, was the thought that sold many of these charts.

Popular representation of business cycles in this way spread the speculator's mentality deeper and wider, down to the small merchants. This was an effect that presented itself suddenly to an economist, himself a practitioner of the forecasting science, who stopped one day in a country store and found there certain merchandise that satisfied a personal want. The stock of it was six pieces and he said he would take the lot.

Much to his surprise, the merchant said, "Could you do with one or two pieces only?"

"I could," said the customer, "but why not sell me the lot and order more?"

"I want to keep a little of it in stock," said the merchant. "I'd hate to be entirely out, because I have every little while a customer like you. The trouble is, I don't want to order any more of these goods just now."

"Why not?" asked the customer.

The merchant replied, "Because from all the business forecasts I read, it seems to me we are going to have a fall in prices, and I'm waiting for that to happen before I stock up again."

You might suppose that from so much thought coming to be fixed on price phenomena an effect of stability would tend to appear. For if thousands of merchants made it a rule to clear their shelves as prices advanced and to fill them again as prices declined, you would seem to have an intelligent resistance to rising prices and at the same time a kind of insurance against collapse. Therefore, levelment. That would be so, perhaps, if the forecasts were sound—meaning, if any of the systems for beating the price game really worked. But the forecasts, no matter how scientific they meant to be, were all fallible. And what often happened was a compound frustration. Normal buying having been too long deferred, everyone waiting for the opportunity of a fall on which to stock up, the time came when all at once they began to buy from necessity in order to continue doing business at all. This buying started prices up again, from a level that was already very high.

The Fetish of Wall Street

SUDDENLY there was likely to be a wave, even a panic, of speculative buying, under the suggestion that, since all signs had failed, everybody must have been very wrong and there was going to be another great rise. Then, just when the shelves were full again, or overstocked, the break came.

So, in business you see precisely the same reactions to price phenomena that occur in Wall Street, where people who have got out of stocks, thinking them already too high, will all madly run after them again if prices unexpectedly begin to rise. There can be no popular system for beating a game of chance—this one or any other. If there was such a system it would very soon destroy the chance.

Taking nothing about it for granted, merely to regard it lucidly, the hitherto accepted behavior of business and Wall Street together, acting and reacting upon each other, must appear to be utterly preposterous. Take the premises as they are after a crisis. First a time of doubt, depression, economic convalescence. Money and credit are plentiful for two reasons: For one, there has been terrific liquidation of speculative debt contracted in the last cycle at the high prices. Secondly, prices are low, so that everything costs less and therefore less credit is required for all purposes. In these circumstances Wall Street begins to look for portents of the next boom. It sees the signs from afar and starts a bull market. As securities rise on speculative buying a great deal of bank credit is absorbed, because speculators borrow credit to buy stocks with, and the higher the stock market goes the more credit they need to sustain and keep it going.

The effect of rising prices in Wall Street is to give business the suggestion that another boom is on the way. There is a superstition in business; a saying that Wall Street is first to see the omens and that although it may see them too soon, it is never quite wrong. That is giving the Wall Street mentality more fame than it deserves. In a country like this, still increasing its power of wealth in an adolescent manner, there is no disaster but may be easily recovered from, and every decline is merely an interruption which will be followed by a new advance. There are only two questions about it: How soon will it begin? How long will it last?

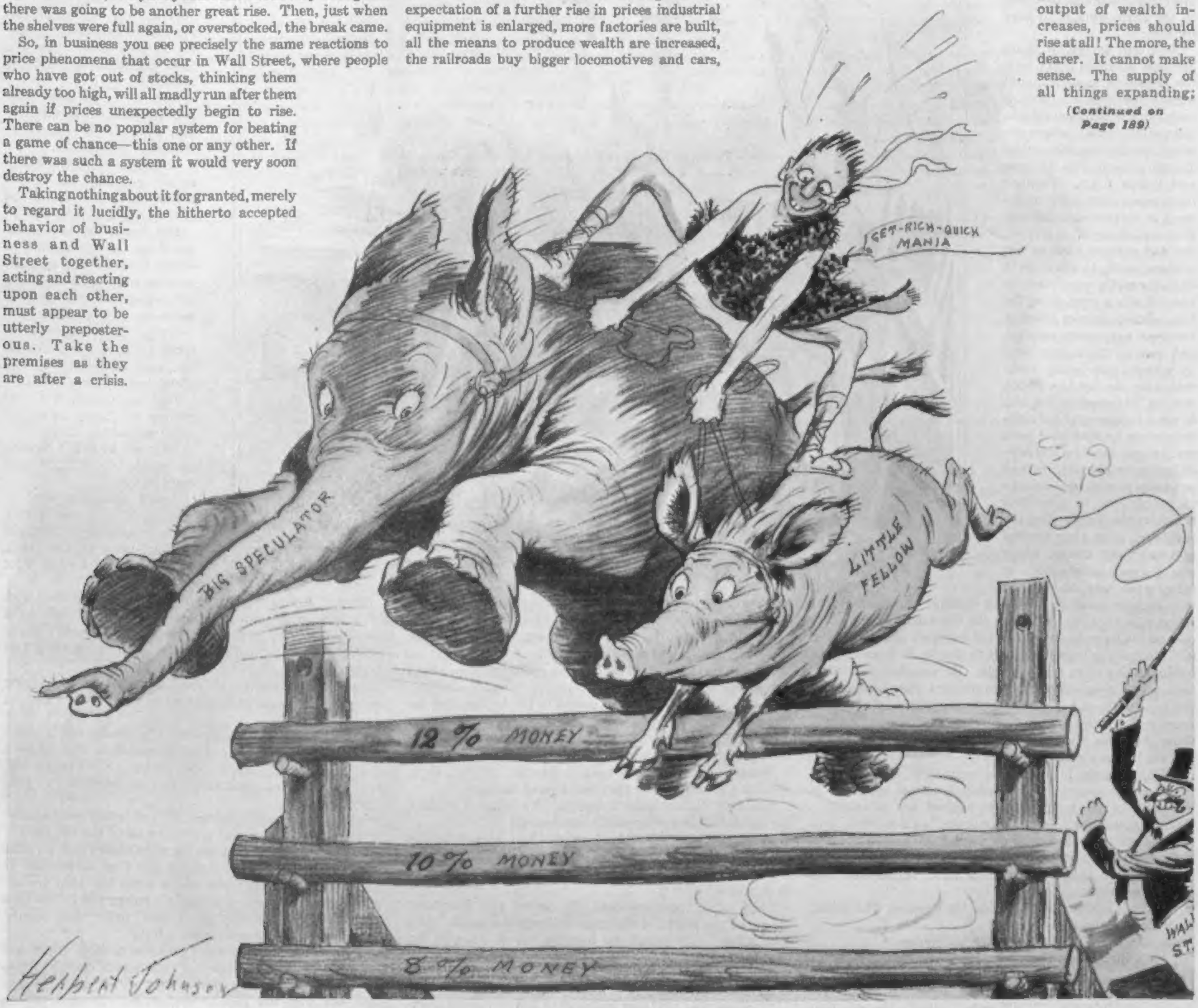
Presently the new advance begins—meaning merely to say the production of wealth resumes its normal upward course. The doors of cold factories reopen, the furnaces go into full blast again, the blessing of whole employment returns. Disbursements of wage money naturally expand. This causes the demand for goods to increase. On this demand prices begin to rise. Now everyone sees that another boom is coming. In the expectation of a further rise in prices industrial equipment is enlarged, more factories are built, all the means to produce wealth are increased, the railroads buy bigger locomotives and cars, and put down heavier rails in order to move the products. All the effects are cumulative. One kind of buying suggests another; speculators look for areas yet to be exploited, where prices are still lagging, and buy there for the rise that must in time include everything. In Wall Street it may be that railroad shares were the first to rise. From these then the speculators go next into the shares of industrial corporations, and from these into the shares of trading and distributing companies. Or in commodities, they will go from copper to rubber, or from rubber to raw cotton, and so on.

Touched by King Midas

AN ECSTASY begins. It is an ecstasy of profit, largely founded on the delusion that there is wealth in prices. The higher prices go, the greater it is, tending in extreme cases to become a delirium. Each day the goods lying on the merchant's shelf are more valuable, because prices are rising. True, his profits are increasing; he personally may be improving his account, but there is no more wealth for that reason. Material in process of manufacture becomes more valuable during the time of process, because prices are rising, and may, in a low state of business ethics, be diverted from the buyer who has ordered the product to another who will pay more. The coal and iron unmined in the ground, the growing cotton, the very ground itself are all more valuable, because prices are rising. They will not for that reason satisfy one single human want more. Yet everything seems turning to gold.

How fantastic, if you take none of it for granted, that as the output of wealth increases, prices should rise at all! The more, the dearer. It cannot make sense. The supply of all things expanding;

(Continued on Page 189)



It is the Fatal Way of Speculation Either to Overtake Danger or to Create It

HONEY JACKSON—IN PERSON

By Edith Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

BERT CONNELLY, Vaudeville's Own Nut Wonder, lay on the combination divan bed in the combination living room, bedroom and kitchenette apartment in Denver's most sumptuous combination hotel and apartment house, resting up between the twenty minutes' hard work of the afternoon and evening performances. Jewell, the missus, Vaudeville's Sweetheart, was ironing out a few little things at the expense of the management. She thought Bert was occupied in reading the Variety behind which his face was hidden; but sadly enough, Bert, at that moment, was absorbed in the intricate budget system Jewell had evolved by which he was to render an itemized account of that portion of his five hundred per which he did not send by money order, directly after the Saturday matinée, to the little woman to save for him.

Bert was trying to figure out how he could cover up a few dollars in case he should want a few glasses a beer or something in Minneapolis the following week, where he would be playing alone while Jewell played Des Moines and Sioux City. Though there was a certain sly enjoyment in his base calculations, Bert felt disloyal to Jewell. She had worked hard on the system and, though Bert hadn't exactly approved, he knew it was a good thing for him. Before he met Jewell it had been easy come, easy go, and many's the season went by without him laying away more than the last two weeks, making it necessary for him to work through the hot summer, when he should of been resting up. Since he and Jewell had been hitched, she had put away enough of his money to enable him to give that bunch at the Keith office the raspberry when they handed him any tank towns, which was a great satisfaction, as many's the time he had had to take it or leave it. It was a comfort to reflect on the round sum that lay resting in the Corn Exchange. Suppose he did have to account to her for every nickel, what of it? It kept him from blowing it in like he had been in the habit of doing when he was single. He was glad of it. Still, next week he would be able to drink a glass a beer with the boys without her rubbin' it in about him bein' a good sport and treatin' a bunch of bums that wouldn't lift a finger if he was starving. Not that he wouldn't miss her and all, but two more days now ——

"Who's on the bill with you next week, hon?" Jewell folded away a towel which boasted, in red embroidery, the name of the hotel. It was against her principles—stealing hotel towels—but this one she had a right to, considering the price they were paying for the hole in the wall that was called a room.

Bert turned obligingly to the advance routes and read the Minneapolis bill.

"O'Diva, one to fill, The Red-Hot Peppers, The Dolan Girls, Birdie and Art ——"

Jewell got sentimental over the last names.

"Ain't that sweet, Bert, seein' their names together like that again?"

"Yeh. Le's see. Now I lost my place. Oh ——" He began reading again: "'I Wonder'—that's the guy that saws the woman in half—'Vernon La Salle'—that's that whispering-tenor guy that yodeled in the room next to us, hon—'Chic Robinson, yours truly, Honey Jackson ——'"

He did not stop to read the last act, but jumped up, throwing the Variety down in disgust.

"What the Sam Hill?" He was good and sore about something.

Jewell stood with her iron poised in the air, waiting for him to explain.

"If they think they're gonna put Honey Jackson on next to closing, they got another guess coming!"

Jewell was inclined to take it lightly: "Why, Bert, whadda you care where they put Honey Jackson?"

But Bert did not take it lightly. He wheeled around, his expression one of sarcastic amazement.

"I should play No. 3 and warm the audience up for Honey Jackson?"

Jewell, seeing how he felt about it, had no answer, and he supplied his own.

"Not while I'm conscious!" he stated with emphasis. He paced the length of the room and wheeled again. "I'll wire Albee! I'll cancel my booking before I'll give her next to closing!"

"Now, Bert, don't get yourself excited. What's the difference what spot you're in, as long as you work?"

"I never play anything but next to last or closing intermission."

"You can get the manager to change you to closing intermission."

"That's Art and Birdie's spot."

"Well, whadda you care, hon?"

"Listen, Jewell, get this straight: I ain't warmin' up the audience for no Honey Jackson, and that goes. I'm a performer. I been in the business for fifteen years. I should step outa my place for a tart that never seen the inside of a vaudeville house till she gets herself in jail."

"But they proved she was innocent, Bert, at the trial."

"Yeh?" Bert's tone implied skepticism of Honey's innocence. "If she was innocent why didn't they give her his money, instead a lettin' his folks break the will?"

Jewell denied his logic by taking another direction. "You can't believe all the papers say, Bert. You know they print a lotta stuff that ain't so. What about his family, accusin' a kid like her, that didn't know anything about life ——"

Bert took the same attitude the prosecuting attorney had taken with regard to Honey's inexperience.

"She knew enough to marry an old guy with ten million dollars in the bank and one foot in the grave, didn't she?"

But Jewell had been influenced by the sob sisters, to whom Honey's case was just another warning to all young girls who go into stenographic service to rich old men.

"You don't know what drove her to it, Bert. A poor girl, and him leadin' her on, givin' her presents and all."

Bert was unmoved by the picture of Honey being led into temptation.

"I guess he didn't have to do much leadin'," he said caustically.

Jewell remained loyal to Honey. "You can't tell, Bert," she insisted. "It might not 'a' been all her fault. They say her aunt had a lot to do with it."

"Yeh." Bert appeared to be willing to let it drop with this contribution, but after a moment he took offense at Jewell's disloyalty. "I'm surprised at you, Jewell, a girl as respectable and refined as you are, sticking up for a tart like Honey Jackson."

Jewell was flattered at this and came over to Bert, laying her hand on his arm and speaking as she did when she put over a heart song.

"Bert, honey," she said gently, "anybody can blame a girl when she's down. It takes character to stick up for a person when all the world's against her. She's only a kid, Bert, and suppose something like that happened to your little sister?"

"She'd be no sister a mine," Bert objected vociferously.

"Who knows how that old fellow lured her on, Bert?" Jewell went on. "You know the ways these roués go after a girl, givin' 'em a taste a riches and then threatenin' to take it away? Didn't she say in court her aunt threatened to throw her out if she didn't marry him? The past is dead, Bert. It's what she's doin' today that counts. Give the girl a chance to make a livin'."

"I don't care how many livin's she makes," Bert said wrathfully, "as long as she don't get next to closing. They ought to put a girl like that on first or last, with the animals, not with the regular performers. It ain't fair to them. We got our self-respek."

"Bert, Honey, Something Awful's Happened," She Told Him Tearfully

"We only got one life, Bert."

"If that house manager don't change my position I'll crab her ack."

"Bert, honey, be big!" Jewell was all motherliness.

"I'll sleep overtime like I did when they put me before the Wilson Boys."

Jewell had an idea. "Bert, do you know what I'd do if I was you?"

Bert looked up, encouraged, thinking she was beginning to show some sense.

"I'd be just as nice to her as I could be," she told him sweetly. "Everybody else is goin' to make her feel cheap accounta the dirt she got into, and I'd be big if I was you. I'd go and ast her if I could help her out and tell her where to eat and all. Maybe you could give her some gags for her ack."

Bert listened to her in amazement until she pulled the last crack.

"I should give Honey Jackson gags?" he asked incredulously.

"You know what our thought for today was, Bert," she reminded him sweetly. "Do all the good you can, to all the people you can, in all the places you can, in ——" She had to hesitate here, as she could not remember the finish, and the effect was somewhat spoiled. But Bert got her meaning.

"That's different," he said; "that's for today. I don't play with her till next Monday."

Jewell turned the pages to next Monday's Thought.

"Bert!" She looked up from the gold-embossed sentiment, repeating in astonishment: "To err is human, to forgive divine."

But Bert was unmoved. Of course, he could not tell Jewell what he thought at the time—that this forgiving business was a lotta banana oil—but let them try to give that dame next to closing—he'd cancel his route first.

"Now, Bert, don't start any trouble accounta Honey Jackson." They were Jewell's last words to Bert before he kissed her good-by at the station in Des Moines, where he had to leave her. "It ain't worth it, honey," she cautioned him. "You just play whatever spot they give you and don't kick up a row."

"Yeh, hon, I will," Bert promised glibly, eager to get to Minneapolis and the theater and see what was what.

He had been congratulating himself that she had forgotten the budget business, but no such luck. "And be sure and send me your money, Bert," she called to him from her window, "don't forget a single thing, Bert—even the cigarettes and tips."

"Yeh." Bert felt so glum at the reminder that he forgot Honey for the moment and gave himself again to sad reflections as to why women are like that. However, his anger was revived when, the following day, he passed the theater he was to play and saw the lobby display which announced that, on account of the sensation made by Honey Jackson, she was being held over for the following week. Her name was blazoning across the front of the theater, and pictures of Honey in her bathing suit, Honey in her riding habit, Honey as she appeared in court under the rapid-fire questioning of the district attorney, and Honey in simple organdie, hands becomingly posed on her bosom, decorated the lobby.

Where were the pictures of himself? And the others? He located them finally, behind a life-size study of Honey—three of himself, two of Birdie May and one of Chic Robinson. Bert's indignation knew no bounds. He usually had a whole display to himself. He looked angrily at the little groups of spectators in front of the various pictures of Honey and went backstage to see what kind of a break they were giving him there. Yes, there it was, just as he expected. Honey was next to closing, while he had No. 3, the spot usually reserved for sketches, the most contemptuous form of entertainment Bert could imagine. He did not even stop to look at the dressing-room list. No. 1, of course, would be Honey's!

Bert could not leave the theater too quickly. He was grateful that there was no Sunday performance; it would give him time to put a stop to it. For the first time he was grateful that he was deputy for the N. V. A. Hitherto his duties in that office had been mainly to collect outstanding dues and take collections for indigent actors. But now his position as deputy gave him the right to call a meeting of the actors. He hurried to get to the hotel to catch them all before they went to bed. They would all be tired out from a day on the train, but this was important. Though flattered by the greeting of the hotel clerk, he did not stop to talk or sign his name in the register with the usual flourishes, but demanded to be escorted at once to Room and Bath 1702, eager to take up the battle against Honey.

And Honey, in Corner Suite 1703, was conferring, in a peach georgette negligee, with Aunt Floss, long-distance collect from Brooklyn. Her voice, as she spoke to the lady referred to in the papers as her best friend, counselor and guide, was somewhat fretful.

"I'm telling you I can't. He gimme five hundred a'ready and I only got three more comin' to me for the two weeks and my bills and all. Gee, whadda you think?"

That the best friend, counselor and guide thought plenty was evidenced by the angry, rasping noises that Honey held away from her ear. She cut in on them angrily.

"Whad you do with all I sent you last week?" she demanded.

She took a long inhale of the cigarette she held, blowing it out while she listened impatiently.

"Well, you're livin' in it, ain't you? What's the matter with you payin' the rent once in a while?"

Then she softened, hearing the unmistakable sounds that meant Aunt Floss had begun to blubber again.

"Honest, you seem to think all I got to do is ast and the money'll fall into my lap."

She listened to a suggestion of borrowing from the fellows on the bill, with genuine amusement.

"Don't be cuckoo. You should see the birds on bill with me."

Evidently Aunt Floss didn't like this form of amusement, for Honey got sore.

"Go ahead and sell the trick car," she snapped. "I didn't want it anyway. But you had to show off." Then Honey impulsively changed her mind. "No, don't sell it!" she corrected. "I'll get it somehow. G'by."

Then she kicked back the train of the peach negligee and threw herself on the bed.

"Gee," she sighed aloud, "I wisht I was in New York, where a girl can meet a regular guy once in a while."

She lay smoking, reflecting bitterly on her stupidity in ever doing such a crazy stunt as to go into vaudeville. Why didn't she know when she was well off? In New York she had a swell apartment and fellows were always willing to help a girl out if she got behind in the rent or anything, but what was the sense of working herself to death, gettin' up all hours and sleepin' in hick hotels where you can't even bring company to your room without the house detective insulting you, just like you meant to do something wrong?

Six hundred dollars had seemed like a lotta money, but when a girl has to pay her own bills and meals in her room all the time and a maid at the theater, besides Aunt Floss chewing the rug long distance every night, what did a girl have left at the end of the week? And the things she had to do for other people! Gee, here she was paying an agent 20 per cent—at least, she had to sign a contract she would, and he was making her life miserable, sayin' he would cancel her if she didn't pay it. And Aunt Floss at her all the time, jawin' about bringin' her up just like her own mother would of and all, and what was she gettin' for it? After all she had done for her when she married Dickie. Giving her a swell home and nothing to do except maybe sit with Dickie once in a while when he had a bad spell. And now she was livin' like a million dollars in Honey's own apartment while Honey was out workin' like a slave to pay the rent, and all she did was throw it up to her how she took care a her when she was a baby. Gee, she would 'a' been better off to die than to be brought up to live in this world where a girl has such a hard time

She reflected bitterly on the injustice of the court that had denied her Dickie's money. Just as though she had wanted him to die! How could they say those things about her after the way she had stayed home with him night after night, when

"It's Not Fair to Believe Things the Papers Say About a Girl, Mr. Connelly. Nobody Knows What I Went Through"

Continued on Page 93

MR. GOOF

By JOHN P. MARQUAND

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL GILL

"Fellers," He Said, "My Name is Goof—Oswald Goof. I've Got the Room Across the Hall"

OLD fellow," said Beverley Witherspoon, "do you know I have discovered something?"

We were seated in the main room of that New York club, frequented by the more recent graduates of our university. There was nothing to talk about. It seemed hardly necessary to pursue the subject further, for the quicksilver in Beverley's brain glistened always with discoveries, which rolled away as rapidly as globules of that curious metal.

"You don't ask me what it is," said Beverley.

"No," I said, and Beverley sighed and relaxed more fully in his padded-leather armchair.

"It occurs to me," said Beverley, with a slightly pained expression, "that you lose by this perpetual lack of interest, just as my employers lose. Why is it that no one perceives the commercial significance in my background of experience? If Mr. Edison or Mr. Ford should announce they have made a discovery, everyone would listen, and yet my experience is richer than theirs. It has taken Mr. Ford sixty years to discover that earnest, successful boys never save their money. I learned that long ago, and now I have made another discovery that William Makepeace Thackeray himself didn't make. Don't you want to hear it?"

"No," I said.

"Old fellow," said Beverley with a sigh, "this indifference which you assume is going to do you genuine harm. Suppose I buy a little refreshment, then will you listen to my discovery?"

"You haven't got any money," I said, and knew I spoke the truth.

"No," said Beverley, "but you can sign the check." That magnificence and lordly ease which had always surrounded Beverley Witherspoon shone for a moment in his eyes; the careless wave of his hand showed that he had not lost it yet.

"Haven't you ever got anything else to do but talk?" I asked.

"That's right," said Beverley. "Of course you would not see. How can anyone make discoveries without leisure? That's what I told old What-you-call-him this morning in our bond department. He said I wasn't making good, but I showed him. He said I was asleep when he was giving the new sales talk on that issue of Superpower and Light. . . . Everything is super now."

"Well," I said, "would it have made any difference if you were awake?"

"There," said Beverley Witherspoon; "that's like you. Don't you know by now that I never sleep? That my brain is continuously surging, revolving—if I only could sleep—if I only could!"

"I begin to understand you now," I said. "Have you been fired from another job?"

"That's like you," sighed Beverley—"always putting the meanest interpretation on my most casual remarks. No, we had an unpleasant scene, but I demonstrated my superiority, simply through my ability to discover things, old fellow. That's why I'm resting here this afternoon, instead of working. That's why I am staring contentedly at the rows of animal heads around these walls, listening to the busy clatter of blind, ambitious youth. My mind works better away from marts of trade."

"Look here," I said. "You've been resting in here every afternoon for the last three months."

"No," said Beverley, "not resting—wrestling with thought. Really, I should think by now you would understand. Don't you want to hear of my last discovery?"

"No," I said.

"Well," said Beverley Witherspoon, "you're going to hear of it anyway. Ring the bell, won't you, and get some ginger ale? As I said before, I have out-Thackerayed William Makepeace Thackeray. I have made a discovery about snobs."

"Well," I said with no small degree of fervor, "you ought to know about them. Of all the nickel-plated, 1929 sport models of snobs— "

"There," said Beverley. "Be vulgar. Judge me like the rest of the world—by my environment. Because St. Swithin's School is snobbish and Harvard has the reputation, does it mean that I have succumbed? I may be a snob, but, thank heavens, I'm a harmless snob, and that's what I have discovered."

"When you have discovered something else," I said, "just let me know."

Beverley Witherspoon smiled blandly, genially, as a philosopher should smile.

"As usual," said Beverley, "you don't see the point. I have made the discovery that there are only two varieties of snobs. Thackeray, in his classification, must have had a dozen. He wrote a book of snobs, but then, he had to write a book. Thank heavens, my judgment is never warped by financial considerations; I don't have to write a book. I have what they call down at the office, an unbiased vision and a true perspective. I have discovered—wait a minute; don't go away—I have discovered that there are only two varieties of snobs—the harmless snob and the virulent snob—one, pleasant and genial as the summer sun, and the other ——" Beverley half closed his eyes and lighted a cigarette. All at once it became very evident that there was something on his mind that afternoon. He had a look which showed his thoughts were turning backward to grave and devious channels. "Old fellow," said Beverley, "do

you recall a fellow named Goof, back at Harvard in 1912?"

"Goof?" I said.

"A homely, Anglo-Saxon monosyllable," said Beverley Witherspoon. "Just Goof, riming with roof Don't you remember? He was the cause of that discovery. It's wonderful what things are causes"

It was hard to recollect, for Beverley had turned back to a time when any adventure was possible, to a buoyant, carefree time of which only Beverley, of all of us, seemed to retain the spirit.

"Goof?" I said, and in spite of myself I succumbed to Beverley's genial mood.

"Yes" said Beverley, "I am positive that Goof was his name. Don't you remember when we all lived in Throckmorley Hall back in 1912, and Chiswick Ellicott came in to call? Don't tell me you don't remember Chizzy Ellicott!"

Chizzy Ellicott—naturally, no one who ever knew him would forget Chizzy Ellicott. He was a figure of such vast importance once—whose approval spelled success and who could break you at a word. Indeed, even Beverley Witherspoon was almost afraid of Chizzy once.

There was a tinkle of ice in the room where we were sitting, and the faint hum of a ticker announcing the end of another five-million-share day. Nearer yet was a somnolent clatter of dominoes, made by other wearied spirits, seeking respite from the perplexities of existence. They were homely sounds enough, betokening a drabness seldom broken by high moments. They seemed to close about us, shutting out a pleasant land through which we once had passed, as surely as that irate angel once barred the way to Eden

And yet an inflection in the voice of Beverley Witherspoon made one remember that we were not all hirelings once, scrambling with a pitiful lack of dignity toward dubious mundane ends, the cannon fodder for corpulent, old gentlemen in large front offices. We had known other days when there was no need to gather in that New York club, whose walls cynically each year echoed with fresh waves of boisterous youth.

It was increasingly hard to understand, but true, that we were cultivated gentlemen when we were undergraduates of Harvard University. Though the more serious elements in that great institution actually treated us with dislike, sometimes bordering on harshness, though the Yale boys and the Princeton boys and ignorant outsiders often found in our eccentricities a cause for animosity, doubtless envious, we had a sense of values then, and a knowledge of the world, beautiful in its perfection. They called us idle wasters, the useless element that gave our alma mater a difficult reputation, for no one appeared to realize the lengths we went in upholding staunch ideals. It is difficult to explain today, but we had our standards once.

Difficult as it is to believe at present, one remembers that on the day when Oswald Goof catapulted himself clownishly into our midst we all felt a sense of limitless leisure and beautiful idleness, past understanding now. We had put aside cares which carping authorities had imposed upon us. We were reclining upon various articles of furniture in that room of ours, situated, as some mad wag once said, upon the Harvard Gold Coast. Our feet, one recalls, rested upon books and tables. Our eyes were half closed to shut out the sad, gray light of the Cambridge winter afternoon. We were endeavoring to be as much at ease as possible, as became anyone in our particular little group. As a matter of fact, one recalls we were doing our best to be impressively at ease, for Chiswick Ellicott was in our midst. Now one remembers definitely enough that one was reluctantly impressed by Chiswick Ellicott. It sometimes seemed that he possessed, to an even greater degree than Beverley Witherspoon himself, the beautiful, indifferent calm which we all endeavored to cultivate in every situation. One sometimes actually believed that Chiswick Ellicott belonged to a set of serious thinkers with a rarer and more polished bearing, even, than our own. Of course, it seemed hardly possible, but one sometimes was inclined to copy the exquisitely careless lines of Chiswick's collars. There was an air of elegance about Chiswick which no artificial negligence could conceal. As we watched Chiswick place his perfectly appointed boots close beside the fire, we could not help but wish that we, too, could assume the complete boredom that was his

"Do you know," Chiswick was saying, "something ought to be done about people calling at one's room. You know what I mean—these birds who try to scrape up an acquaintance. Why, only yesterday a fellow walked right in and asked me—what do you think he asked me'"

"I suppose," said Beverley, "to join some club or other."

"No," Chiswick shook his head wearily. "Of course, I am terribly tried by things like that, but they are part of the price you pay for living. This fellow came and actually asked me if I wouldn't come out for the lacrosse team"

There was a silence; one remembers being shocked at the low ignorance displayed by anyone making such a demand of Chiswick Ellicott. It was so preposterous to imagine Chiswick exerting himself in such an undignified manner that one could perceive no element of humor.

"I hope," said Beverley, "that you sent him about his business, Chiswick."

"Yes," said Chiswick; "but really, something ought to be done. That's what I say."

"Do you know," said Beverley suddenly, "what occurs to me?"

"No," said Chiswick; "what does occur to you?"

"It occurs to me, Chiswick," said Beverley, with a pained frown, "that you're a snob."

"What?" said Chiswick, and for an instant he displayed an almost undignified animation. "That, from you? Why, of all the most egregious snobs I have ever encountered!"

"There!" said Beverley. "I supposed you'd say it, but I know myself. In spite of all my inclinations, I have a breadth and charity. Why are you laughing, fellow? Thank heaven, I am able to converse with the various persons who are thrown in my way. I honestly strive to

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"Look Here, Mr. Goof, or Whatever Your Name Is, Don't You Know a Joke When You See One?"

The First Agreement Between Italy and the Holy See

By VITTORIO E. ORLANDO

THE recent agreement between the Pope and the King of Italy which has so deeply impressed the world cannot be considered in its full importance without taking into account its historical precedents. It is not superfluous to remark—although this statement may seem rather obvious—that an agreement can only be arrived at through a disagreement, and that this disagreement, with its various phases, gives us the necessary foundation of the agreement.

The agreement of last February summarizes a story of fifty-nine years. I have taken part in a highly interesting period of this story and shall record its phases, which are still partly unknown, in the present article. I hope that the great American public will be interested in this hitherto unpublished story, not only for its universal importance but also for the influence which was exercised by American citizens, directly or indirectly, in a favorable or hostile manner at a decisive moment.

PHOTO BY EWING GALLOWAY

The Gallery of Statues in the Vatican

The disagreement between the Church and the State of Italy arose virtually in the moment in which a national state whose capital had necessarily to be Rome was constituted. It began, however, to be extremely acute when the Italian troops occupied Rome on the twentieth of September, 1870, thereby putting an end to the temporal power of the Pope. In front of the proud intransigent attitude of the Pope, the Italian State did not resort to the policy of revenge; it calmly disciplined its relations with the Holy See through a unilateral act of sovereignty, the famous law of 1871, which was named the Law of Guarantees. I cannot enlarge on the story of those relations; I shall only state that this story contains probably the greatest and surely the most characteristic title to glory of the Latin genius in modern times. It was a masterpiece of circumspection, of tact, of spiritual subtlety. Gradually the violent contrast of the beginning—the Pope even excommunicated the King of Italy—was transformed into a peaceful *modus vivendi*. *De jure* the hostility continued, while *de facto* perfect and friendly agreement was attained.

With Little Thought to War

THIS admirable equilibrium found itself exposed to a formidable danger when the World War broke out and Italy took part in it. When the Italian Parliament had approved the Law of Guarantees, the discussion had been extremely difficult, keeping busy the Chamber of Deputies for several weeks. When at last a conclusion was arrived at and the last article was being voted, a deputy raised the following objection; he said: "This law has provided for all questions which may rise in time of peace, but it has not foreseen war; what will become of the guaranties granted to the Pope in case a war should break out and Italy participate in it?" The reply to this objection was made by the deputy reporter of the law, Ruggero Bonghi, a man of great talent and authority, and expressed a discouraged impotence. "We have struggled so much," was the substance of what he said, "to create an arrangement which may serve in time of peace; for heaven's sake, let us avoid foreseeing what would happen in case of war. God will provide for us!"

The war came and I was confronted by a problem which at the beginning had appeared to be insoluble—that is, to adapt to the case of war those guaranties for the sovereignty of the Pope which had been foreseen for the hypothesis of peace. At the moment in which war was declared I was Minister of Justice—a ministry which in Italy includes also ecclesiastical matters. The Italian Government did not hesitate. It understood that a war, which already appeared to be unique in the history of humanity for the fact of its being a World War, would have deep and revolutionary repercussions on all the problems of the world, and, therefore, also on the Roman Question. Consequently, the government decided to insure for its country the right to maintain firmly the sovereign guaranties which had been granted to the Pope in spite of the formidable new fact of the war.

The Grand Corridor of the Vatican Library

Neutrality

LET us quote one case only. The law had insured for the Holy See the right of active and passive diplomatic representation. The Central Powers, with whom Italy was at war, had, therefore, in Rome their ministers and ambassadors, covered by immunity. Everyone will realize the great dangers which arose from such a situation in the capital itself of the state which was at war. And yet, I repeat, the Italian Government did not hesitate, and declared that it would not object to the permanence of the diplomats of the enemies in the state for the exercise of their functions. Fortunately, the diplomats themselves preferred to leave Rome of their own will, but the Italian State had given a supreme proof of its loyalty and faithfulness to its engagements. In the same spirit the dispositions of the law on the sovereignty of the Pope were maintained and extended notwithstanding the war.

How did the Holy See respond to this loyal and respectful attitude of the Italian Government? The violent passions which always arise from war inspired some harsh judgments on Pope Benedict XV; he was accused of sympathy toward the imperial powers—a sympathy which necessarily implied an anti-Italian attitude. I have had already occasion to protect the memory of the Pope against similar accusations. It is unjust to judge the conduct of others from the point of view of one's own feelings, without taking into account the complex necessities in which the man we judge is placed.

Even if we leave aside that character of universality which is inseparable from the Catholic Church, we must remember that on both sides were Catholic peoples. It was therefore natural that each of the two parts should consider insufficient the neutrality of the Pope. The Pope, however, surrounded as he was by enormous difficulties, was bound to persevere in that neutrality. My experiences as a member of the Italian Government during the war compel me to declare that the patriotic conscience and sense of duty of the Italian Catholics was respected by the Holy See in the same measure used toward the Catholics of France, England and America. The historical dissension of the Church with the Italian State was not prejudicial to Italy and the Italians. On the twenty-eighth of August, 1915, Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State to Benedict XV, pronounced in a noble speech a declaration importing that the Holy See did not intend profiting by the situation of Italy and vindicating, with foreign help, those rights

to Rome and temporal power which it yet maintained in principle.

The importance of this declaration will be better understood by considering the spiritual attitude which in those days prevailed on the side of the enemy, and especially in Germany During the war the Roman Question had there become an argument of extreme actuality. It is well-known that in Germany everyone looked confidently forward to victory. Germany reckoned the "punishment of Italy" among the tasks which it should undertake as soon as she should find herself mistress of the world. The best way to do this would be the settlement of the Roman Question in prejudice to Italy. Everyone agreed on this point—the Protestants as well as the Catholics—but serious and weighty doubts arose as to the concrete realization of this intention. Experience at once revealed this matter to be as delicate and dangerous to deal with as the chemical reactions of the most formidable explosives and of the most intoxicating gases. The first and spontaneous idea was obviously the restitution of Rome to the Holy See. But the practical difficulties appeared at once to be insuperable. Consequently, several curious and extravagant schemes followed one another. According to some, the territory which had constituted the temporal dominion of the Bishop of Trent should be assigned to the Pope; according to others, the choice should fall on the island of Elba. Arrangements were even begun—incredible as this may seem with the house of Liechtenstein for the cession of that principality as the seat of the head of the Church. Liechtenstein in place of Rome; here the high argument really degenerates into a farce!

The Vatican Gardens Adjoining the Villa Doria Pamphili

Counting Eggs Too Soon

AT THAT juncture the famous head of the German Catholic Party, Deputy Erzberger, who was so tragically assassinated, expressed for the first time that idea which has been realized in its substance through the strange irony of history by the recent agreement between the Holy See and Italy. Erzberger's plan included ten articles and consisted of cutting out the Vatican Hill as the territory of a Pontifical State. Two prolongations of land would, however, have to be annexed by which the Pontifical State would communicate with a railway and with the Tiber, which would have to be made navigable to that spot. The territory had no population in the technical sense; the Erzberger Plan enumerated those who should be citizens of the State of the Church—the members of the Pontifical Court, those serving in the administration of the Holy See and in its troops.

The end of the war cut short all these schemes, thereby exemplifying the Italian proverb: "It is not prudent to dispose of the bear's skin before having killed the bear." But the unthought-of development of events led to the following reversal of conditions: From the middle of April, 1919, onward Italy was considered in Paris far more as a vanquished than a victorious nation. Those dramatic moments are well-known in which President Wilson made an almost personal question of the refusal which he opposed to the most essential national vindications of Italy toward the Adriatic. The omnipotence which Wilson enjoyed in Paris was enough to throw in full disgrace the state against which he was incensed and the head of that state. We must yet observe that the Allied governments of France and England very willingly backed that hostile attitude toward Italy, not only in homage to the arbiter of the world but because, not unfrequently, prejudice against Italy was to their immediate advantage. During a certain period of 1919, and precisely from the twenty-third of April—the date of the famous proclamation of Wilson—to the end of May, all aspirations and requests from Italy were systematically denied; almost no day passed in which I did not experience some substantial or simply formal bitterness.

So this unheard-of thing happened: The attempt was made to use as a weapon against victorious Italy that Roman Question which the enemies of Italy and of the Entente had intended to raise against a vanquished Italy. Someone tried to speculate on the wrath of Wilson, which at that time was as terrible as that which Homer attributes to Jupiter, and to punish that rebellious Italy which persevered obstinately in the protection of its rights by wounding her in her most delicate and vital interest. Similar intentions were not only expressed in Catholic countries, as Spain and Belgium, but also in the Catholic circles of states in which the majority is non-Catholic, as in England and perhaps also in the United States. Naturally, the extreme solution planned by the Germans was not proposed; the purpose aimed at was more modest. It would perhaps have been sufficient to effect the admission of the Pope into the League of Nations. Nothing in such a plan appeared to me intolerable; what I considered intolerable was that an event, even if innocent in itself, should be carried through against the will of Italy, so as to imply for her the deepest humiliation.

I must frankly declare that similar tendencies did not find any encouragement in the two parties to which they addressed themselves. They were not favored by Wilson and the Allied nations because, great as was the irritation against Italy, the spirit of the representatives of those countries did not sympathize with the vindication of the Holy See: Wilson and Lloyd George were non-Catholics, Clemenceau was an anticlerical. As to the Holy See, I am bound to acknowledge that its spirit maintained itself such as had been revealed by the recorded declaration of Cardinal Gasparri. The Pope did not wish to achieve a success which might provoke irreparable hostility toward Italy. The concurrence of these causes prevented the imminence and even the gravity of that danger; but I was, all the same, obliged to take it into consideration and to do my best to protect Italy against it.

Negotiating for the Compact

AT THIS point, during the second half of May, an American prelate of Chicago, Monsignor K., came to Paris and had some interviews with Marquis Brambilla, an Italian diplomat, whose wife was the daughter of Mr. George von Lengerke Meyer, former ambassador of the United States to Italy and ex-Secretary of the Navy. The purpose of those interviews was to arrive at a direct agreement between Italy and the Holy See. Marquis Brambilla informed me of this and I realized that it was advisable that I should deal with those negotiations myself. Friendly interviews took place between Marquis Brambilla, Monsignor K. and me. Monsignor K. immediately left for Rome and met Cardinal Gasparri, who, in his turn, informed His Holiness of the matter. With admirable dispatch, proving the attention with which the Pope followed these openings, Cardinal Gasparri at once sent to Paris one of the most able prelates in the Secretariat of State, Monsignor Cerretti, a man of exceptional worth, later called to the highest offices, which he still holds. Monsignor Cerretti arrived in Paris toward the end of May and met Marquis Brambilla. The historical interview I had on the first of June with Monsignor Cerretti at the Hotel Ritz was thus arranged. He handed to me a scheme containing the chief lines of an agreement between Italy and the Holy See. The fact of its being written and signed by Cardinal Gasparri gave it the highest authority. Its purport corresponded to that of the agreement now concluded—in February, 1929—that is, to confer the character of state, with international independence and sovereignty, on the inclosure of the Vatican, with a certain inclination, however, to include some other confining boundaries.

I have to add that no allusion was made in the document or in the interview to any financial

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Saint Peter's and the Piazza Colonna

OFTEN WOMAN VARIES

"Going Somewhere, or Do You Aim to Camp Here?"

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

JOE LENNING checked his horse on the margin of the ford across the Cheyenne at the mouth of Fall River, alias Hot Brook, whose clear, warm current steamed perceptibly in the cool morning air before mingling with Cheyenne's comparatively turbid waters. Joe frowned in some perplexity. This was the ford, undoubtedly, for he was on a well-defined wagon track running down to it and ascending the bank on the opposite side of the river a short distance downstream; but how deep was the plague-taked thing, and did it run in a straight line from track to track? It was a serious question; for when you are all dressed out in your doggy best and are driving a rig washed and polished within an inch of its life and drawn by a fine bay horse similarly groomed, you don't want to take any chances of a ducking if it can be avoided, nor do you want to dull the expensive splendor of your equipage any more than you can help. Especially not if you want to be a delight to the eyes of a beloved object.

"I could take off my clothes and wade out and see how it is, I reckon," Joe muttered, and he was considering that and the possibility of retying his necktie properly without the help of a mirror in such a contingency when he heard the beating of a horse's hoofs behind him, and looking around the hood of the buggy, he saw a man on a dun horse loping toward him. Joe almost immediately recognized him as the red-faced cowboy named Jorgenson whom he had seen in Fred Willor's hotel on his arrival in Blueblanket, a pilgrim and a stranger from far-off Lebanon in the fair land of Missouri. He had not taken to the red-faced, rawboned young man then. There had been between the two some exchange of not altogether pleasant personalities during Mr. Samuel Stegg's interesting account of the reformation of a gambler. No trouble of a serious nature. You might have called it joshing if they had smiled in the right way, and what there had been of it was nipped in the bud.

Jorgenson reined his horse to a jigging stand by the buggy and said "How!"

"How!" returned Joe, with equal cordiality in the concise greeting. He considered Jorgenson calmly, first taking note of the cowboy's obviously new red necktie, then of his new and carefully dented hat, his white shirt and paper collar fastened by a large goldstone stud, and of his black suit, the trousers of which were tucked inside the morocco-leather tops of his spurred boots. The ensemble of this gala costume was, Joe was happy to conclude, highly unbecoming. He himself was attired, he was confident, in the very best taste and in garments that came somewhere within a mile of fitting him. He leaned back in the buggy seat and crossed a leg over his knee to afford Jorgenson a view of a buttoned shoe, the latest thing in footwear. He had a momentary impulse to tell the jay that red neckties were no longer countenanced in the best circles, even when worn by those whose complexions could stand it; but he refrained. He was aware that Jorgenson was looking him over, too, and with a closely observant eye. Quite an education for him, Joe thought complacently, and fingered his small, silky mustache.

"A hell of a fine day," remarked Jorgenson.

"Right pretty," Joe agreed.

"Going somewheres, or do you aim to camp here?"

"A man's always a-going somewheres, even if he's headed another way."

"That don't make sense. He couldn't be headed no other way'n somewheres."

"Then what for did you ask me, when you seen plain that I was headed thataway?" Pretty big and husky, Joe told himself, but the chances were he didn't handle himself well. He'd be slow. Not in his movements, but in making up his mind which way to move. Might be clumsy, but he sat his horse well, although he flapped his arms ungracefully. Sooner or later Joe would know for certain, he felt.

Jorgenson seemed to be mulling over the question. He decided that it was too involved. "I see you've got Jim Bell's rig. You a-staying in Blueblanket?"

"Not right now at the present moment," Joe answered.

"I stayed in Blueblanket myself last night. I didn't see nothing of you."

"That's mighty cur'ous," said Joe. "Only way I account for it is there must have been something between us that you couldn't see through or else I was too far off or it was too dark."

There was a warlike gleam in Jorgenson's pale, gray-blue eyes for an instant, but it died out. "Anybody ever tell you you was real smart?" he inquired. "You seem to have got the notion some way. It's a mistake, though, hombre. Anybody told you that lied flat-footed, unless he was codding you."

"I reckon I must seem mighty foolish to a brainy person like you," Joe Lenning said humbly. "The trouble with me is that I'm bashful about asking questions, which keeps me plumb ignorant. I don't even know how deep the water is in this ford and I've been setting here trying to figure it out by quadrilateral conic sections in geometrical progression; but the equation gets all snarled up with the desideratum, owing to the absence of the square of the hypotenuse, I reckon."

"Prob'ly owing to that. But why did you want to know?"

"Idle cur'osity," Joe informed him nonchalantly.

"Because you don't have to cross the river to get to Stegg's," said Jorgenson, surprisingly. "If you cross and keep this here road you'll find yourself out to the T A N—where I'm headed for. Stegg is on this side of the river. You've come a mile a-past where you ought to have turned. It's a dim trail forking off from the left as you come along. You'll find it easy enough. Take that and keep to it, and it'll bring you right to Hat Creek, within a mile of Old Man Stegg—that is, if that's where you're a-going. Jim Bell told me that was where you was headed for. I had my horse in his barn last night."

"He's a right nice horse," said Joe. "He has a kind face. I think he favors you some. And it's mighty sweet and lovely of you to keep me from going to hellangone out of my way and I sure appreciate it. The left-hand fork, you said? About a mile back. And when I get to Hat Creek, will there be anything to show me—a hat on a pole

or something? Don't be afraid to tell me anything for fear I won't believe it. I'm a tenderfoot, you know."

"Believe it or not; it don't make no difference to me," said Jorgenson. "I ain't telling you because I've fell in love with that slick mustash and your cute ways, but because it's my nature to do a kind act whenever I can. None of my business where you go."

"That's what occurred to me when you first started asking me, but I put it down to kindness," said Joe blandly.

"Of course I could yank you out of that buggy and whale the tar out of you," Jorgenson observed quite irrelevantly, the light returning to his pale eyes. He removed his right foot from his stirrup tentatively.

"I don't believe I would now," Joe advised. "We've both got our good clothes on, and Jim Bell wouldn't like it if I was prevented from bringing his rig back, while, on the other hand, I wouldn't want to bother with your horse nor yet leave you laying around for the coyotes. Well, I reckon you'll have to be jogging along to the T A N. You don't need to strain to be polite and let me keep you."

"I cert'nly do hate to tear myself away," said Jorgenson. He kicked his foot back into the stirrup. "Well, so long, Susan!" He wheeled his horse and splashed into the ford. Joe noted that the water was not much more than fetlock deep for some yards and that at no time did it reach the horse's belly. Nevertheless, Jorgenson tucked up his legs so that he seemed to kneel on the saddle, swaying easily to the plunging motions of his steed, which presently scrambled up the bank and loped out of sight.

"He's a liar," said Joe, to himself. "At least, I believe he is. Or else Jim Bell gave me the wrong directions and the map's away off and twisted around. But maybe I've got the directions twisted in my head. If it's that lummox's idea of a joke to start me off on a wild-goose chase —— If he was a-going to old Stegg's himself —— Why, sure! He said he was going—going to see if Eileen came up to specifications, dern his measly hide! That accounts for the red necktie." He laughed. "Eileen will have sport with him. He little knows. Well, we'll fool you a mess, Mr. Jorgenson."

With that, Joe, first taking the mat from the floor of the buggy, drove into the ford, and got to the other side without any difficulty or accident. He followed the road through the cottonwoods until it took a turn toward a steep pitch ascending to the plateau, and then he stopped and tied his horse to a tree and climbed the rise to reconnoiter. He could see Jorgenson in the distance, riding hard, but now and then stopping to look back. Each time he did this, Joe ducked his head and chuckled. The road apparently led to a pass in a chain of hills running to the river, and soon the rider entered this, first pausing for a final backward look. Joe grinned and walked back toward the buggy, but before he reached it a smallish animal with glossy black fur, striped with white along its back, emerged from a pile of drift and stopped to look at him. Joe stopped too. Not for worlds would he have attempted to harm the pretty, graceful creature. On the contrary, he slowly began to back away from it.

"I reckon I could make you sorry that you ever crossed my path, but you let me alone and I'll let you alone," Joe murmured. "They say your bite's poison—which ain't necessary—but it ain't your bite I'm afraid of. That's right; move on, and I'll pass my word not to follow you."

The animal moved on without haste and with its beautiful bushy tail elevated. Joe was considerably relieved when it was out of sight. "If one of them gets started on you, there ain't no cure but time and fresh air," he reflected. But once he had gained the upland he dismissed all unpleasant thoughts from his mind, as well he might. The sun was shining in a blue sky and its heat was tempered by the breeze that blew upon his face, fresh and untainted by mephitic odors, and the bay was hitting a brisk gait. In a little while he would be looking into the bluest eyes in the wide world and listening to a voice whose music it was long odds they couldn't beat in heaven—to Joe Lenning's notion, anyway. He would be basking in the sweetest smile that was ever formed by a girl's cherry lips; and thinking of lips—well, you could never tell.

Weary months had passed since his heart had been gladdened by these things or by them sunk into depths of despair. Leagues upon leagues of wilderness had he traversed, drawn by the longing for them, and now, glory be, the ordeal of absence was nearly at an end. It might be that trouble lay ahead; but, shucks, what was trouble if you didn't let it trouble you? It was invented to be overcome, and if difficulties were still to be interposed between him and his heart's desire, why, difficulties only existed to be brushed aside, crashed through or dodged around. Stern guardian great-uncles and inimical misguided mothers might do their damnedest, but it would all come right in the end, for:

If you love me as I love you,
No knife can cut our love in two.

He had been knifed aplenty already. Knife-edged tongues had stabbed him in the back at Lebanon, but:

Since I love you and you love me,
Our love need fear no snickersnee.

Feeling quite poetic! More truth than poetry about that, though. "Giddap, Blucher!" He took the whip from the socket in the dashboard and swished it, and the threat produced an exhilarating burst of speed. A fellow had to sing:

"Come o'er the seas with me;
These hands shall toil for thee,
This heart shall faithful be,
Eileen aroon."

Mr. Stegg was still reading his paper when Eileen came down from her primping. A very simple process, for that girl.

Her face lotion was plain and plentiful soap and water, and the quality of her skin was such that no application of powder was necessary to remove shininess. Her face never shone—not in that way. Nature had attended to its coloring very particularly, laying on cherry, pink and creamy white where they would produce the best effects, and with a skill, deftness and delicacy that no art could approach. Not content with that, Nature had curled and waved her hair.

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She Smiled at Him. She Certainly Did Look Pretty, Standing There Leaning Against the Bark Door, the Breeze Ruffling the Curls of Her Bang

DEAR ALMA MATER

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD BRETT

The Talking Stopped When the Old Man Pushed Into View. They Knew His Feelings About Dirty Football

IT HAD been a tough season. His team—he always spoke of them as "my boys" at alumni banquets—had lost two conference games and had been held to a scoreless tie by a little Methodist school from the sticks. Undergraduates groused about it on the campus. He knew what they said. "The Old Man is slipping"—that's what they said. Influential alumni at their clubs in the cities were more loyal. He knew that too. "Aw, maybe, the Old Man's just having an off year," they said, and if the jeering section got too loud about it three or four could be depended on for sentimental beta.

Sports writers still called him "the old master," but that hadn't kept them from waxing gleeful over "the season's startling upsets." Nor did it prevent them from writing: "There are persistent rumors of a shake-up at State U. It is said that Speed Hartwell, grand old man of State football, may not renew his contract because of friction between him and the students' advisory board."

Friction?

Why didn't they come out with the truth? Why didn't they say: "Hartwell is hired to win football games. This season he hasn't been winning them, so he'll probably get canned"? Everybody knew why he'd had a poor season—or at least they ought to be able to guess. In the first place, he had lost Graves and Horan and Vilblois, the stars of last year's high-school crop. Other schools had offered them more money or better scholarships or classier fraternity houses or something. Then, Blake, the best junior college back alumni scouts had dug up in years, had been successfully protested by other conference teams because he hadn't fulfilled the exact letter of the one-year rule. They'd all been after Blake and it was sour grapes that queered Blake after State U. had landed him. To make Hartwell's joy complete, the faculty committee—those birds always had been jealous of him because he got more salary than a full professor—had flunked Herbie Hill, his All-American end.

Of course that was just the beginning of his troubles. Seated in his office in the two-million-dollar memorial gymnasium, the Old Man reflected in gloom and bitterness on the season now drawing to a close. Flannigan, best tackle in the conference, out with a broken ankle in mid-October. Three Blanford backs had piled into Flannigan. The referee scolded them and penalized Blanford fifteen yards for unnecessary roughness. Dirty football? Sure, but he'd have a fine chance to squawk. . . . Johnny Lappin caught in a jam with a waitress downtown on the eve of the Hightower game. What the dean of men said to Johnny didn't help at all; in fact, his words promptly robbed Hartwell of a darned good triple-threater. . . . Al Waters mixed up in campus politics and quitting school in protest against the fraternity system. He left a hole at right guard that couldn't be filled.

The sound of cheering broke into Hartwell's reverie. It came from the seven-million-dollar stadium which reared its shining concrete buttresses near the gym, casting Gargantuan shadows across the cinder track outside Hartwell's office window. A colossal arena built for the capers of the gods, a monstrous excrescence frozen into concrete. Somewhere a band was playing Dear Alma Mater, and the makings of an eighty-thousand crowd swarmed like insects across track field, roadways and campus, lured by those faint, sad pipings. Football come upon its Golden Age.

Well, it wouldn't be long now. This was the last game of the year, the Big Game—State U. against Bragson U.

Hartwell sighed. On the dope, Bragson rated three touchdowns better. He'd have to take his licking and hunt for another job. There had been the usual hullabaloo at pep meetings on the campus, with student orators pursuading themselves that "the ol' team is gonna come back in this game and nail Bragson's hide to the wall." But the Old Man didn't have any pep or school spirit to sustain him. Bragson had a better line and they had Godowsky, who knew his way through a broken field better than any fullback in the Middle West. Bragson rated three touchdowns better.

The Old Man wasn't worrying about losing to State University's traditional enemy, Bragson. What griped him was the thought of taking a beating from his traditional enemy, Jim Mateer, the Bragson coach.

They had been rivals for eleven years. The newspapers spoke of the Hartwell system and the Mateer system; both were nationally famous; both had their exponents among the cognoscenti.

As he watched the thousands on their march to the stadium, Hartwell might have reflected: "My teams brought them here. My teams built that stadium and this gym. My teams support basketball, track and baseball, and leave enough over for a sinking fund." But the Old Man wasn't thinking about stadia, crowds, football receipts or sinking funds. He was thinking about Mateer, and how the newspapers would say: "Once more two great strategists of football were matched, and the Mateer system triumphed." It wasn't State U. versus Bragson. It was Hartwell versus Mateer.

To Hartwell this game was a matter of professional pride, of personal reputation. A battle staged not before eighty thousand football fans out there but before the select group of high-powered football coaches who would be watching from campuses all over the country. Rockne, Warner, Stagg, Zuppke—what would they think? To Hartwell this game was more than that. It was a matter of bread and butter.

McPherson, the line coach, stuck his head in the door.

"They're dressed, Mr. Hartwell."

The Old Man grunted and stirred stiffly in his chair. He wasn't old, really, but he was getting bald on the top of his head, and he didn't take more than ten laps with the boys after practice, nowadays. Still, he did get into a scrimmage occasionally, and when he tackled them they winced and were slow in rising. Well, he'd go down and start the boys off.

It was a new dressing room, yet in two years it had acquired a permanent odor of sweaty socks, musty gym shoes and rubbing alcohol. Twenty substitutes were chattering nervously on benches. Trainers and rubbers were taping ankles and adjusting bellybands. The varsity men were very quiet. Half a dozen privileged alumni bleated the usual hokum about "getting in there, now, boys; every man jack uh you," and, "bust 'em off'n their pins in the first two minutes of play." The varsity listened to this guff unheedingly, with eyes focused on the floor.

Several alumni bellowed at the Old Man: "Well, coach, these buckaroos look ready to chaw tigers' tails," or variations of this. Hartwell shouldered through them, intent on his team. He passed along the line.

"Tape that ankle again. . . . You got a bone pad on that shoulder, Gibbs? . . . Take off those shoes; think this is a tea party? You got to kick. Wear the old ones. . . . Here, McPherson, put a new band on Druhl's helmet. . . . I want that shin bandaged, you hear? And wear socks on both legs, so they won't know which one to kick at."

He eyed them closely, without seeming to. Svenson, the dumb Swede, was trying to remember signals, mumbling: "No. 2 takes out No. 4; No. 3 goes through tackle to take out No. 1. . . ." Confound that Dear Alma Mater song, anyway. Morley and Drayshon were getting tearful. They'd be bawling on the field before the kick-off if that music didn't stop. It was their last game. Houck was chewing gum with his head stuck in a locker. It was his last game, too, but he wasn't tearful.

The Old Man stopped before a red-headed tackle named Travers.

"No slugging Jordan, now, Brick," he warned. "You boys keep your grudge fight inside the rules. Get me?"

Both Travers and Jordan of Bragson had been kicked out of last year's game for a fist fight on the thirty-yard line.

Travers grinned nervously and nodded, his hairy hands fumbling with the strap of his helmet.

At the end of the line, the Old Man meditated making them a speech. He searched for something to say to ease their white-faced tension. But the situation balked him. No use of pulling any of this do-or-die-for-dear-old-State talk. He'd have them all bawling.

Besides, he was cynical about the motives which had sent these youngsters through the fearful grind to berths on the varsity. He knew that some played football to be kings at fraternity houses and social lions on the campus; some played it to get their names and pictures in the papers. They might gloss over these motives by sentimentalizing about school spirit, but the Old Man knew better. In his day they played football for fun. It wasn't fun any more. It was ——

Vaguely troubled, the Old Man turned to Tommy Thompson, his quarterback.

"None of your high-school tricks, now, Tommy," he warned. "I'm going to pull you out of there the first grandstand boner I see. Stick to straight football until they get the shakes out of their hands. You and Joe watch that half-shift-and-end-around play of Mateer's. Send Svenson at the line before he's tired out running interference. And if I catch you uncovering anything outside their forty-yard line I'll walk out there and kick your slats in. Do you get me?"

Tommy blew his nose and patted his kidney pads thoughtfully.

"We smear Godowsky first thing, don't we?" he asked the Old Man.

Godowsky was Bragson's best bet. Hartwell knew what Tommy meant by the word "smear." He hesitated.

With Godowsky out—no, he didn't countenance dirty football.

"Get him clean, Tommy," he said. Then, hurriedly: "Better start 'em out there before they flood this room with their tears."

Tommy, who was captain, tucked in his jersey and reached for a helmet.

A moment later, Tommy was saying, "Come on, gang. Let's go out and kill them."

It was not said lightly. That was the way Tommy felt. That was the way they all felt. They weren't going out there to die for dear old alma mater. They were going out to make the other fellow die for his. The seven-million-dollar stadium awed them, frightened them. The roar of the eighty thousand sobered them to desperation. Tommy and his team mates filed solemnly out of the dressing room like gladiators smelling the bloody dust of the arena. For each, his name a watchword on the radio; for each, immortality on the sporting page; for each, perhaps, a disgrace before the nation.

"We know about everything Mateer's got," said McPherson, as he and the Old Man followed the squad into the field tunnel. "He had to use every trick in his bag to win from Dreyfus Tech last Saturday."

"How about that B formation Barney scouted in Mateer's secret practice?"

"We went over that in skull sesh last night, Mr. Hartwell. Brick stops that by letting Drayshon go into the play to slow up their interference while he slips through to block the pass." The Old Man grunted.

Tumult beat down on them, reverberating through the tunnel. A clashing of rival bands and rival yells tortured the air. Then, as the varsity, up ahead, ran onto the field, a rapid "Rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Team, team, team!" thundered across the bright November skies.

Blinking at the sunshine, his nose up to catch the drift of the wind, the Old Man marched along the sideline.

H'mph. The wind was bad—a cross-field gale that would drive punts out of bounds and mess up passes. He scowled at Tommy Thompson, who was practicing punts from the twenty-yard line. Tommy was too desperately absorbed to notice.

There was no cheering for the Old Man as he walked to the bench near the fifty-yard line. Of the thousands in the midfield stands who recognized him, perhaps two hundred or so said, "There's Speed Hartwell. He's had a bad year."

He sank grumpily into a space at one end of the bench, coat collar up, hat pulled down. The feeling that thirty thousand spectators were breathing on the back of his neck oppressed him. He knew that in a choice box near by the president of the university was seated with maybe a governor or two. He didn't look around. The president wrote articles and made speeches deploring the enormous growth of football and favoring diversified intramural athletics in which the entire student body may take part. When interviewed on such delicate subjects as highly paid professional coaches, recruiting of players, scouting rival teams and sending college boys on barnstorming tours from coast to coast, the president was evasive.

"Of course," he always said impressively, "we want our teams to excel, but always within the limits of good, wholesome sport."

Hartwell thought the president a two-faced, paunchy old windbag who knew what a winning football team did for his university, but didn't have the guts to admit it. They'd had their tiffs and the president always said: "We should strive at all times for—er—harmony, Mr. Hartwell." The Old Man understood that to mean: "While you're popular, I'm for you. But don't expect me to fight your battles. I've got troubles of my own." When the blow-off came after the game today the Old Man knew the president would side with the students' advisory board and the faculty committee.

Across the field, topped by a bank of three thousand purple-clad Bragson rooters and surrounded by his blanketed reserves, sat Jim Mateer, the Bragson coach. The Old Man stared at Mateer across the white-chalked yard lines, but made no move to go to midfield where the team captains and officials were deciding the toss for goals. Ordinarily he shook hands with the opposing coach because it looked sportsmanlike, but today he didn't feel like shaking hands with Mateer. He had a suspicion that Mateer was after his job. Bragson only paid twelve thousand, while Hartwell's salary was fifteen.

Well, it wouldn't be long now. The Old Man thought of his wife somewhere up in the stands. She always came home red-eyed when the team lost. She had the personal slant on football too. Other faculty wives snubbed Mrs. Hartwell; she knew it was because her husband made more money than theirs did. She didn't care much. Hartwell had noted of late that Mabel had been very blue. She wanted him to quit coaching altogether if State failed to renew his contract. They had saved enough money for him to get started at something else. But if he quit coaching——

There was the whistle!

Tommy had won the toss, electing to kick. That was one order Tommy had obeyed anyway.

Pretty good kick, considering the wind. It was Godowsky . . . spread out . . . Ah! Morley nailed him . thirty-two-yard line. There's the huddle. . . . Tear into their guts on this one, get the jump on 'em. . . . Huh, five yards. . . . "Mac! Brick is charging high again." . . . If Brick doesn't look out—oh, hell, three more yards. . . . They pulled Drayshon in like a sap Nope, not that time, Mateer! You didn't get by with

(Continued on Page 68)

They Opened Up With Godowsky All Right. Godowsky Around Left End, Fourteen Yards

MAKING DREAMS COME TRUE

By David Belasco

R: Take a plot--must be "different"—and stir it thoroughly to remove all foreign matter. Add labor, money, ingenuity and experience. Mix carefully for weeks and then administer to the public in daily doses. Dir.: Do not be discouraged if the patient makes faces.

THERE'S the prescription of play making. And if the patient refuses to take the medicine, throw away the costly ingredients and the elaborately constructed container and charge it off to profit and loss. Just say "Well, that's too bad!" and turn to something else. Anyway, you've had the thrill of creation, of making a beautiful dream take on form and life. Composers, artists, sculptors all know how little money defeat means if only the finished product is as beautiful as the dream.

But play making today has become an exact science. Once it was the result of equal parts of accident, intent and luck. Now plays are built as deliberately and scientifically as the great new bridge over the Hudson River.

Once upon a time--and that time was not so long ago—producers gave their carpenters and scene painters a general idea of what they would need for the new play. The result would be a more or less stereotyped exterior of "the colonel's fine old Southern mansion," with live oaks and magnolias in the background. Don't forget the magnolias! Another scene would be someone's conception of an interior. Yet another showed another portion of the grounds, with negro quarters in the background and the inevitable Senegambian quartet doing spirituals. Then for the last act the scene would return to the first-act set, and all would live happily ever after.

When the scenes were painted and set up someone would decide on draperies, furnishings, and so on, and someone else would order costumes. Often the artists themselves would have to provide these. The result was a terrible clash of colors between costumes and stage fittings, in more cases than one. Lighting also was determined by the same hit-or-miss plan, additions being made if it was apparent that footlights, strip lights and border lights were insufficient. That was in the old days while the theater was in process of transition from guesswork to scientific methods.

Today nothing is left to chance. We build scene models and miniature stage settings. We work out the lighting scheme with tiny colored lights. We test fabrics for costumes under the same light conditions, and we know how everything is to be done before we start to build the real production.

First, of course, comes the play, and the almost interminable task of rewriting, adapting it for my requirements. During this process there has been built up in my mind a series of dream pictures of scenes. I never let these get away from me, and though my ability as a draftsman is slight, I nevertheless make crude drawings of what I will want. By the time I am satisfied with the manuscript there may be dozens of these sketches, but to me they mean the basis for building the production.

A Puzzle in Lights and Shadows

WHEN I have these matters well in hand I send for my art director and scenic artist. They, except for the author and star, then become the first to hear the finished play; for I make it a practice to read the entire manuscript to them in every instance. In no other way can they come to my personal interpretation. As the reading progresses I lay out my rough sketches, pausing occasionally to point out the reasons for certain of my requirements.

We may spend several days this way, going over and over such points as may seem obscure, or discussing this or that method of reaching a desired effect. Seldom do I dictate methods. It has been my custom to surround myself with expert workers in the different lines of the stage, and I ask of them only results.

The Shoes Were the Hardest Part of This Costume. In the Upper Right Corner is Shown the Back Detail of the Harness

The first result of our conferences is the construction of scene models—that is, miniature stages four feet long, with scenery, furnishings and fittings made exactly to scale. Let us say that the first-act set will be a street scene. Each building, each window, the width of the street—everything—is exactly to scale. Whatever changes are apparent to me at first inspection are made, and when this is done I call my technical staff about me for further discussion.

We criticize, suggest, replace and sometimes throw out the entire model and do the work over again. Not until all are agreed that it cannot be bettered do we pass the model as satisfactory.

The next step is to solve the lighting problem. In this we use miniature lamps—white—and test desirable color schemes by interposing gelatin screens or colored silks between the lights and the portion of the model we wish to illuminate. This serves also to determine the pigments to be used in painting the scenery, as with these tests we are able to discover whether we need surfaces that will reflect or that will absorb light values.

Here, too, we lay the basis for our plans for costuming. There must be a harmonious relationship between the colors of the setting and the garments worn by the players. If they clash, the whole atmosphere of the scene will be ruined. Only the Chinese, with their enamels, have solved the problem of how to place opposed colors side by side without clashes. I claim no such artistic virtue.

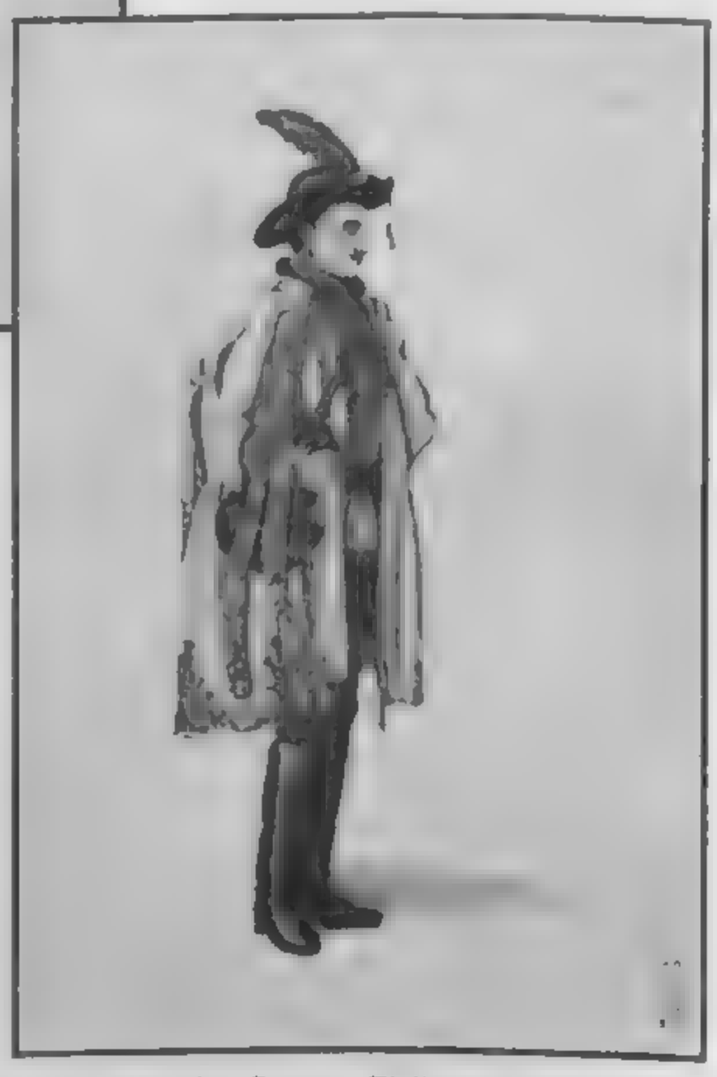
We keep definite records of each light experiment—each combination of colors—in the interest of timesaving. To illustrate: First we use, let us say, an amber color medium. "Too dark," someone says. Next comes the DuBarry rose glow, my own invention. Here there may be a division of opinion. We merge a little blue into the light, and I nod in satisfaction. One of the twenty-six shades of orchid has solved the problem.

Louis Hartmann, my electrical technician, notes the shading, and at his leisure works out the lighting values, color tones and disposition of light units which he thinks will meet my needs. As a result of this, when the real stage is set and the lights are turned on, there remain only the small problems of light intensity—which is controlled by the dimmer apparatus—and the actual placing of lights for the purpose of producing stage shadows.

Shadows? Absolutely! No shadow appears in any of my productions unless it is made—that is, manufactured with special lights and laid down on the proper place in the set in accord with the Nature plan. For be it known that the accidental shadows of spotlights and footlights for years were the bane of productions. In fact, to meet this condition, I finally abandoned the use of footlights entirely and invented my own spotlights, which have no center of illumination and are shadowless.

For the Costumes

BUT to return to the light experiments with the scene models. Just as the models are built to scale, so do we turn to lights of a special size so that our experiments are to scale also. Or, to put it another way, the degree of light we get in this manner is to the full stage lighting exactly what the model stage is to the real set for the play.



The Hungarian Peasant Violinist. Note the Embroidery and Particularly the Hat Decoration

It will be seen that we must have a pretty well finished light plan by the time we are through with the models. But there are left two essential items. The first is costuming and its illumination, and the second, special effects which can be worked out only when the rehearsals are in progress.

Our lighting tests have shown what form and tone of light we will use. Therefore we have an indication of colors and fabrics for costumes which will blend with the color scheme of the setting. Also we have to decide whether the fabric of the garments will, in each case, reflect or absorb the colors of the lights.

Today this is a most important feature, for the modern producer lays on colors from projected light, much as the artists place them with their brushes. An absorbing surface will take a different shade of light than an adjacent reflecting surface, and I have to watch carefully to see that we get the same light values from everything in the path of each individual light. I have seen a four-degree color variation because of absorption.

Having decided on color schemes for the various scenes, and in a general way having determined appropriate costume colors, I now sit down with my art director, Mr. George Hadden, and we plan out the costumes. Here again I have made rough sketches to indicate my requirements for

Ilonka, Gentle and Sweet, in Her Housewife's Gown of Print and Embroidered Apron. The Embroidered Decoration Follows the Pattern of the Violinist's Costume

at least the principal rôles, and when he is fully informed on these matters, Mr. Hadden goes into retirement with his pens and paints and pencils.

His first product is a series of sketches. If it is a period play such as Merchant of Venice, then the drawings are more or less conventional. If it is a play such as Mima, the scenes of which are laid in hell, then all is imaginative and greater latitude is permitted. One man's guess as to hell costumes is as good as another, and without fear of successful contradiction.

Costume Engineers

SOMETIMES I fear my art director will tire of my suggestions for changes, but while working on the play I have conceived of certain things I want, and until we see eye to eye in the matter I will not pass the first drawings. Finally, however, this is accomplished and Mr. Hadden turns to his most exact and arduous task. This is to draw to scale—a scale based on the actual measurements of the player chosen for the rôle—a colored portrait of the costume required.

Let us stop for a moment and consider, if you please, what this portends. The player is five feet ten inches tall, let us say. His costume comes midway between knee and ankle in length. Then the costume plate must show in fractions of inches exactly that length. The sleeve measurement from shoulder to wrist and shoulder to elbow must be right to the sixty-fourth of an inch. Collar height, width of belt and trimmings, size of pocket openings, if any, and all other decorations—these must be done to scale and without error.

"Why such care?" you will ask. Because the expert costumer will take one of my costume plates with the scale legend and his instruments of precision, and actually will cut his pattern for the costume from the measurements thus indicated.

But we give an even greater detail than just a black-and-white drawing to scale and the measurements of the player. Each drawing is colored to show every detail of the costume with relation to the color scheme. All decorations also are shown similarly.

Therefore the costumer has but to follow the plates closely, using the fabrics I designate, and he should be able to make up the finished garment without further supervision. This is why I say, "We build today as the engineers do." We put it on paper and leave the actual fabricating to experts capable of understanding what actually is a glorified blue print.

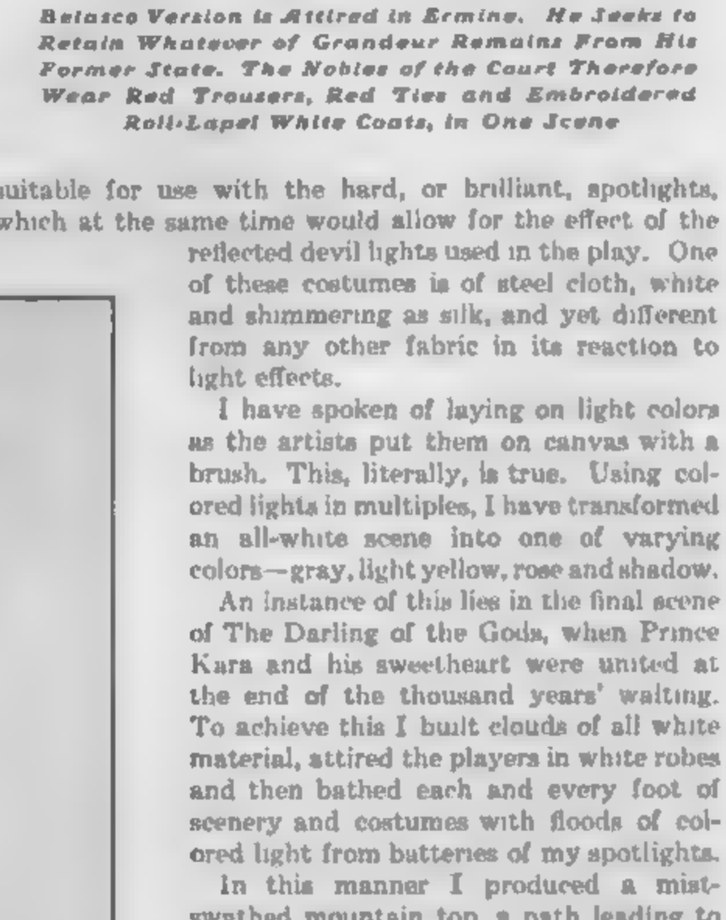
The Electrician's Palette

FABRICS provide us another activity for the preproduction period. In the main we seek out and select our own fabrics. Always do we do this in the case of the principals, who, by the way, are cared for by special costumers and never enter the blue-print stage.

In the play The Return of Peter Grimm, I spent an entire summer in search of a particular type of cloth which would lend the ghostly air to the elderly blunderer returned from the spirit land. I inspected thousands of bolts of cloth under special lights before I found the peculiar slate-gray shade of cloth which blended into a sort of aura under a silver-white glow. And then, to protect myself, for the pattern was out of manufacture, I bought all of the remaining supply of the cloth from the makers. I did not want to go through that stupendous task again.

In The Merchant of Venice I almost despaired of finding what would fill my needs for certain of the feminine costumes, until my Paris agent discovered a fabric in Persia which actually reflected back the light projected on it.

Again, in Mima, we had to go to France and Belgium for costume material for Lenore Ulric; this because we were forced outside of the usual group of fabrics to find material



A Noble of Satan's Court. Rex Satanis in the Belasco Version is Attired in Ermine. He Seeks to Retain Whatever of Grandeur Remains From His Former State. The Nobles of the Court Therefore Wear Red Trousers, Red Ties and Embroidered Roll-Lapel White Coats, in One Scene

suitable for use with the hard, or brilliant, spotlights, which at the same time would allow for the effect of the reflected devil lights used in the play. One of these costumes is of steel cloth, white and shimmering as silk, and yet different from any other fabric in its reaction to light effects.

I have spoken of laying on light colors as the artists put them on canvas with a brush. This, literally, is true. Using colored lights in multiples, I have transformed an all-white scene into one of varying colors—gray, light yellow, rose and shadow.

An instance of this lies in the final scene of The Darling of the Gods, when Prince Kara and his sweetheart were united at the end of the thousand years' waiting. To achieve this I built clouds of all white material, attired the players in white robes and then bathed each and every foot of scenery and costumes with floods of colored light from batteries of my spotlights.

In this manner I produced a mist-swathed mountain top, a path leading to it, rose tints and dawn sunlight edging the clouds, and then, to make the illusion complete, special lights picked out and illuminated the faces of the players without spilling over onto any other portion of the scene.

This Costume is Drawn to the Scale of the Wearer's Height, Waist, Shoulder and Arm Measurements. The Careful Artisan Can Reverse the Scale and Cut His Pattern From This Drawing

Clothed in Light

FROM this even the novice may gather something of the importance of lights in productions, and particularly why it is necessary to consider them as an adjunct to costuming. Granted the necessity, it would be possible to dress every player in a differently colored costume by the use of lights alone, and to change the colors as often as necessary, provided sufficient individual projecting lights and operators could be grouped about and above the stage.

We take equally great care in designing costume appurtenances, such as shoes, weapons, staffs, helmets, banners, and what not. Each is drawn to scale and colored with great exactitude. Every tiny detail is shown and, given a sufficiently expert artisan, each drawing should result in a finished article of correct length, breadth

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Rx

By CHARLES BRACKETT

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"What Fun! I've Always Longed to be a Woman of Mystery, With a Mouth Like a Poisonous Flower"

THIS story starts out with me in a false light; so I'll have to begin by telling you the truth about myself, which is much more flattering. I don't go around trying to pick ladies up. I'm just a friendly soul who occasionally expands to a total stranger. It seems silly to go about with pleasantness shut up within you as though you were some kind of safety lock box. Walt Whitman didn't approve of it, and neither do I.

Of course, I must admit that the ladies who've brought on these moments of expansiveness have always been pleasing to the eye. But I don't embark upon such small adventures looking for rendezvous. All I want is a smile and a word or two at the actual moment. When I get them the day becomes bright, and I lose the feeling of being a cog in a machine and become a human being, and one several years younger than I felt myself to be before the encounter. If that be libertinism, make the most of it.

The lady in brown who stood in front of Joe's fruit counter trying to determine with her thumb which was a good Persian melon was extremely pleasing to the eye. There was nothing smart about her, so I didn't think she'd draw herself to her full height and snub me, and she wasn't so young as to make it seem probable that she'd misconstrue my intention; but she had a kind of radiant prettiness which made me think of old-fashioned similes—a lamp in a window, a beacon from the sea. In fact, she looked like a complete darling.

If any further excuse is needed for my conduct, I might state that it was one of those crackling white mornings which make you feel as though New York were a friendly small town anyway.

"Melons this morning," I said jauntily. "Joe is getting swell."

Instantly I knew I'd made a mistake. She gave me one quick, shy look.

"Yes," she said, putting down the melon with a hand that trembled.

"You want, mister?" Joe asked me at that moment, having finished with the customer he'd been serving.

"A dozen English muffins," I told him, "and a package of tea, and some marmalade, and I guess some caviar and some of those crackers you serve it in. I'm having a party."

"What kinda tea?"

"Some brand everybody likes. Get them over by four o'clock, will you, Joe? She'll let you in."

Mrs. Rader, my landlady, is always simply "she" to Joe. If you say "Mrs. Rader" it confuses him.

"Aw right."

I turned, hoping the lady in brown had got herself together and would manage a smile for me, but she had disappeared. As I left the shop I saw her hurrying down Lexington Avenue, agitation in every step. The snow bank lining the sidewalk might have been a long, pitiless baseboard offering no breach for escape to a tremulous mouse.

I went guiltily in the other direction, though it carried me a block out of my way.

That was what you got for trying to be neighborly in a metropolis. I hoped Joe hadn't noticed and wouldn't forbid me the shop as somebody who drove away more desirable customers. Just as well I'd given such an affluent order, including caviar. Joe could forgive anything to a caviar consumer. A race of realists, the Italians.

It was Saturday, which meant a busy half day at the office. The incident, and in fact everything except the problem of a layout for the Quality Pepsin people, had entirely left my mind by the time I started for home. I mounted the brownstone steps of Mrs. Rader's, taking the latchkey from my pocket mechanically and seeing, in my mind's eye, refined Old English letters forming the words: "Quality Gum—The Choice of a Gentleman"; or would "Quality—The Gum of our Grandparents" be better?

A woman was on the porch trying to unlock the door. I walked around her, dropping my key in my pocket again. She was evidently having some trouble with the lock. It is an elaborate one. Mrs. Rader, like so many people with nothing to have stolen, lives in terror of thieves.

"Can I help?" I asked. "You have to twist ——"

The woman turned. It was the brown lady of Joe's.

She gave a startled "Oh," and backed from me. If there'd been a policeman in sight she would certainly have summoned him: "This man has tried to molest me twice."

"Don't," I said, meaning—don't be alarmed. "I live here. I —— Look out."

But she'd gone too far, and if I hadn't caught her arm she'd have plunged backward down the steps to the sidewalk.

"Gracious!" she said.

"Whew!"

We stood and panted an instant; then I unlocked the door.

"You have to turn the key twice," I explained.

"Oh, yes."

I held open the door. As she passed in I said, "I'm sorry about this morning. You see ——"

"Yes."

"I'm not what they used to call a 'masher.' You looked familiar. I suppose it's from seeing you here in the halls."

"I only moved in this morning." The lady pricked that explanation.

"I thought I'd found such a good excuse." I sighed and turned to my door, which is on the first floor at the right.

The lady in brown started toward the stairs, paused. I had opened my door before she spoke.

"Will you tell me something?" she asked.

"Of course."

"Why did you speak to me, really?" Her face was lifted in an eager, pleading way.

"No. I won't tell you that," I said.

"Why not?"

"Because you'd think I was being fresh again."

"Oh," she commented, looking infinitely puzzled, and she went up the stairs.

Half an hour must have elapsed. I'd lighted a fire, and split the muffins, and set the kettle on the electric stove, and I was just composing some cocktails when there was a rap at the door.

"Come in," I called, thinking it was Mrs. Rader; though I should have known how different it was from the rat-a-tat of her imperious knuckles.

It was the lady of Joe's and the doorstep. She was no longer the same color brown, because she'd taken off her coat and hat.

Her dress was sand-colored kasha and entirely inconspicuous; her hair, which was long and done in a knot, was ash blond. It grew in a deep widow's peak, which made her face seem even prettier than my first inspection had told me.

Her eyes were dark brown, her complexion was olive, and perhaps her loveliest feature was her mouth—a full-lipped mouth that indicated both strength and great sweetness.

She was so pretty that, had she carried herself with assurance, one would have classed her instantly as a beauty. Less assurance I have never seen.

"Hello," I said in astonishment.

"I've been worrying about what you said ever since," she informed me. "Finally I decided to come down and say that you just must tell me."

"Tell you what?"

"Why you spoke to me," she replied. "I don't care whether it sounds fresh or not. I've got to know. Other men have looked at me and spoken to me, too, since I've been in New York. Is it something I wear or something I do? I haven't been here but a little while and it worries me to death."

"Don't you know, really?"

"No."

There was nothing but trouble in her face.

"It's just because you're so pretty. At least that was my reason."

"Honestly?"

I told myself it couldn't be genuine, but certainly the way she pronounced that word was an excellent imitation of incredulous surprise.

Just then Mrs. Rader came banging along the hall.

"Well, Mr. Laing, I didn't know you knew our new tenant."

"Known her for years," I said.

"Here's your cake."

She handed it to me. Mrs. Rader can be persuaded to make excellent cakes when I entertain, at an outrageous price.

"Thanks."

"Looks good, doesn't it?" she commented modestly, and turning to my caller, she said, "Find everything all right up in your place?"

"Oh, perfectly. Mrs. Beech even left sugar and coffee."

"Mrs. Beech is O. K.," Mrs. Rader remarked. "Well, so long." She bustled away.

"I suppose you had to say that you knew me," my caller commented.

"Oh, yes. Mrs. Rader might have thought you were annoying me if I hadn't. I am Mrs. Rader's constant care. Some people are coming here for tea this afternoon. Won't you join us?"

"Oh, I couldn't." She looked like a gazelle in a thicket as she said it.

"Mrs. Rader will think it awfully odd if you don't," I reminded her. "She may even suspect that I told her a willful lie."

"Do you really think so?"

"I'm sure of it. And if Mrs. Rader gets suspicious of me my days of happiness are over. Please come. There are ladies coming and there's going to be real tea as well as other things. That in itself should reassure you."

"What time?" she capitulated.

"About half-past four or a quarter to five."

The first of my guests to arrive was T. Mary Gifford. T. Mary had just had a novel turned down by the magazine which had encouraged her to write it on being confided the idea. She had arrived early so that she could weep on my shoulder before weeping on the shoulders of the others.

"What's the use of putting your heart in a thing for those prurient fools?" she demanded petulantly. "You give them great slices of it still warm from beating, and they just think you're trying to be dirty. I don't know why I go on. I haven't any idea why I go on."

I would have been more impressed had not T. Mary confided to me during the composition of the work in question that she'd been reduced to writing the sort of tripe "they" liked.

"You'll sell it some place." I tried to comfort her. "Put it away for a while and then take it out and write it over possibly."

"That's all very well for you to say. You have a steady job. I've borrowed money to write that book. I'm broke and desperate!"

"But you got something from the English rights to Broken Teacups, didn't you?"

"Have they been sold?" T. Mary cried. "Have you seen Babs?"

Babs is our literary agent.

"Yesterday afternoon," I answered.

"And she hasn't let me know yet. Isn't she the most unbusinesslike person alive? Oh, that's grand."

What T. Mary would receive for the English rights of Broken Teacups was a pittance compared with what she'd expected for her serial, but so blessedly illogical is human nature that the news had quite eliminated her disappointment.

"I wonder if I'd be silly to take an extra room for my flat," she was saying to me when the Codman Mortons arrived. "The people next door have offered to let me have one of their rooms for twenty dollars a month, and I really am awfully cramped."

Codman Morton is a designer of stage settings of some ability, but it's his wife Kate who gives him his position in our group.

Kate Morton acts as a sort of Chamber of Social Commerce for the rest of us. She's the only one of the crowd who doesn't "do something." She's too lazy to. All the energy she has she puts into telephoning. For instance, I might explain to you how she'd spent most of her morning:

"Hello, hello; is that you, T. Mary? What do you think has happened? Codman's been tactless again and told the cook he thought the gin was going too fast. Yes, of course she stamped out, and she left the sink full of dishes. I really don't see the point when it's only home-made anyway, but I'm in despair. Could you really come over and help me with the dishes, darling? It will save my life if you do. But first tell me what you've been doing lately.

"Hello. . . . Oh, hello, Gene. Have you heard the screamingly funny thing that happened to T. Mary over the week-end? She had one of her suicidal moods and decided to End It All. She went out to Far Rockaway, because it was such a beautiful, wistful name and sounded like a splendid, rugged Brittany sort of coast from which she could fling herself into a gray ocean. Well, you know what Far Rockaway is like. At the station she got so depressed she had to take the first train back, and she wept every inch of the way over the horror of middle-class existence. Oh, she'll be all right now. She's coming over at any moment to do my dishes. Nothing like good, healthy work to keep away morbid thoughts. Well, what have you been doing?

"Hello. . . . Oh, hello, Roger. I called up to find out what you did last night. Gene had nothing to report. T. Mary had a magnificent adventure over the week-end, but I'm too tired to repeat it now. Did you and Laura really go? I knew it would be dreary. You should know better than to try to listen to classical music at your age. It's almost as bad as modern music. Let's do something this afternoon, all of us. Saturdays are so horrible. Tea at your place? That's fine. Do you want me to telephone everybody?"

Due to Kate Morton, our group is more tightly knit than any clique in a small town. Sometimes I think of New York as a collection of thousands of such groups, each one with its Kate Morton.

In addition to such service, Kate provides us with infinite conversation. She is ten years older than Codman. They quarrel violently.

One can discuss and analyze and shake one's head over their difficulties for hours on end.

It was apparent on their entrance that afternoon that they had been having one of their scenes. Kate's eyes were feverishly bright, and she'd put on too much make-up, and Codman was tensely silent.

"Roger, my darling delight," Kate greeted me. "Give me a kiss, 'long as my exile, sweet as my revenge.'"

In case you shouldn't know, that's just a quotation from Coriolanus and had nothing whatever to do with the circumstances of the moment. Kate has some idea that by that sort of remark she can make Codman jealous, and that it's a good thing to make him jealous.

We exchanged the very casual peck customary in our group on such occasions.

"Hello, Codman," I said.

"Haven't I done wonders with T. Mary?" Kate went on. "She was so depressed when she arrived at my place this morning, but I made the supreme sacrifice and let her do every dish. Now she's doing a perfect Cheshire cat over there in her corner."

"You nothing," I retorted. "It's her English triumph that's set her up."

"Her English triumph?"

"She has just sold the British rights to Broken Teacups."

"Oh, grand!"

"Where's Gene?" Kate asked.

"He may be late. He was reading a part at three o'clock."

"I think he's been up to something he doesn't want to tell me,

(Continued on Page 151)

"Melons This Morning," I Said Jauntily. "Joe is Getting Swell." Instantly I Knew I'd Made a Mistake. She Gave Me One Quick, Shy Look

UNTIL THAT DAY

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

"Have You Gone Off Your Head, Fran?" "I Have Not," Said Fran Coolly, "and I'm Terribly Glad You Asked Me Here"

YOUNG JIMMY BRETHERTON was singing his Song of Solomon to an attentive if slightly startled audience of two. They hadn't expected to hear it that especial evening, but as he proceeded, standing very tall, with his back to the low, gossipy fire which the chill of early April made grateful, more and more it appeared that the singing was premeditated. The prelude, of itself: "Got a moment to listen to something, you two?"

They two had, and said so.

"Darling," said Medora Bretherton, young Jimmy's slender ash-blond mother, "aren't you well? You look so final."

"I'm all right," said young Jimmy, grinning pleasantly.

"What's on your mind, old boy?" said Jacques.

Jacques was young Jimmy's father. They two—Medora and Jacques—had brought young Jimmy into a tricky world, twenty-three years before, at the height of a deathless passion.

A legitimate love child—that was young Jimmy—and looked it. Splendid head, rough with his mother's ash-blond waves, steady eyes, dark with his father's unconquerable reticence. Splendid body, clear fine mind, and a fighting soul—they two had not done badly by young Jimmy, and meant to do better yet.

Still, his Song of Solomon took them rather unawares. Sometime they had expected to hear it. Not quite yet perhaps.

"She's a good egg, y'know. They don't come any better than Fran!"

"Why, Jimmy darling!" said Medora, looking from her lean dark husband to her lean fair son and back again, completely, if sweetly, amazed.

"Of course, she's no knock-out for looks." Young Jimmy admitted that cheerfully.

"Very nice-looking girl, I should say," observed Jacques with his accustomed impartiality.

"She has lovely teeth," Medora murmured. "Not that she seems the sort to use them."

"She's a nice, clean, healthy-looking kid, if you see what I mean," said young Jimmy, "and she's got a swell sense of humor." He looked from his quiet, slightly frowning father to his languid, faintly smiling mother, and something very young and rather touching glimmered in his own smile. "That's darned important in marriage," he said. "Isn't it?"

"Rather important in anything!" said Jacques. "Marriage isn't the only trial by humor."

"Well, there you are!" said young Jimmy. "She's got just about the things I want in a wife." He grinned again and added as an afterthought of some sort: "She thinks I'll do, of course."

"I take it you're in love," said Jacques—for him—bluntly.

"Jimmy darling," sighed Medora, "this is so sudden!"

She picked up the bit of lacework she had laid down upon the beginning of his lyric outburst. Medora was always making lace; her fine slim fingers had, in the twenty-four years of her marriage, created yards upon yards of spider web; flowers and leaves to fill a gossamer forest. When she looked down at the slender frame that held her handiwork, her lashes made a softly wistful shadow upon her cheek. Her delicately rouged mouth tipped up at one corner in a question that had become a habit. She seemed a woman under glass, somehow, imperceptibly but determinedly removed from the winds of life. Young Jimmy, as an outgrowth of her controlled, sweet impassivity, didn't seem possible. He towered over her; he grinned down her habitual protest; he teased fun into her face.

Of course there was Jacques to be considered, too, in the phenomenon of young Jimmy. But Jacques was grave, where young Jimmy was gay. Where young Jimmy went hot-foot, Jacques carried a road map. Yet, deep in Jacques' eyes strange fires smoldered, while young Jimmy could say coolly—and mean it—"She's a nice, clean, healthy-looking kid. She's got just about the things I want in a wife."

One thing only wrapped the three of them in a common garment; more than is ordinary, Medora and Jacques loved young Jimmy. More than is ordinary, young Jimmy loved them.

"You two," he called them mostly.

"Of course," he said now, "I didn't want to go any further without letting you two in on it."

"You mean," said Jacques, "you prefer to have us at the wedding?"

"If it can be arranged," said young Jimmy impudently.

"I shall die of jealousy," said Medora, sighing above her lacework.

"No, you won't," said young Jimmy. "No mother complexes, sweetness. You'll be just as keen about Fran as I am; see if you're not. Gosh, that girl's got a head; she can beat any fellow I know for standing right up to a situation and looking a hole through it. She's as honest as a puppy and as frank as a medical student."

"Shall you want her looking holes through all your situations?" asked Medora doubtfully.

"If they need it," said young Jimmy gamely.

"Better keep the deciding vote on that yourself," said Jacques.

"Sure!" said young Jimmy. "Why not? But Fran's going to be a big help." He arrived suddenly, without further discussion, at the heart of his purpose: "Listen, you two," he said earnestly, "this is Friday. Why can't I bring her over here after the dance tonight, to stay till Monday morning? Give us a chance really to—you know—get together. She wants awfully to know us better."

"Meaning you?" asked Jacques with a dry smile.

"Meaning you," said young Jimmy amiably, "and Miss Medora. She'll take a chance on what she's already seen of me."

He took out his cigarette case, offered it to his father, a moment later offered his lighter. Medora didn't smoke.

"Well," said young Jimmy, "how about it? I've got to be shoving off."

"But, Jimmy," said Medora, "she won't be prepared for such a sudden week-end, will she?"

"Sure, she will," said young Jimmy comfortably. "I told her to have an overnight bag at the club; said I'd see if you'd ask her."

"Then that's settled, of course," said Jacques. He slouched deep in his old leather chair, squinting at the fire through his own cigarette smoke. "Bring her back with you, old boy. Your mother and I will be delighted."

"Of course, darling," said Medora, "I should quite love to have her." She drew a careful thread between one and the other side of an infinitesimal petal; her lip shook, and for an instant she set her teeth into it gently. "What room would you like her to have, Jimmy?"

"Oh, anything will do for her," said young Jimmy. "She'll probably be up by daylight, exploring the place."

"Really?" faltered Medora.

"No, sweetness," said young Jimmy. "She'll stay in bed if she has to be tied, till you want her around."

Jacques said quietly: "Won't her people be expecting her home tonight?"

"Oh, she told 'em she might be coming here," said young Jimmy.

"I see," said Jacques, smiling at the fire.

"I'm so pleased, Jimmy," said Medora. "Did this—did it only just happen, darling? I mean, when did you ask her?"

"To come here tonight? Oh, we cooked that up this afternoon," said young Jimmy, "playing golf."

"No, no. I mean," said Medora, "when did you—if you don't mind talking about it—when did you ask her to marry you?"

"Not at all that I know of," said young Jimmy. "Found out, a day or two ago, we were both sort of taking it for granted. You know how those things are!"

"Of course," said Medora. She looked at Jacques with the ghost of a smile. She went back to her lacework. Jacques chuckled and threw the end of his cigarette into the fire.

Young Jimmy slapped his father on the shoulder in an oddly cublike caress. He stood for a moment behind his mother's chair, tilted back her charming delicately featured face and kissed her.

"O.K. with me," he said happily. "O.K. with you two?"

"O.K.," said his father briefly but warmly.

"Jimmy!" said Medora—a curious small cry—and kissed him back.

Young Jimmy went out whistling a tuneless opus.

Medora put up her lacework and folded her hands in her lap. Jacques lit a fresh cigarette and walked to the window, where he watched young Jimmy's car turn out of the drive with a skirl on its four-noted horn that was like a call to battle a long way off.

Firelight and lamplight and books against three of the four dim walls; lilacs on the table, lilacs and red roses on the mantelshelf, beneath the portrait of Medora as a girl of seventeen. A warm, still, peaceful room, a room to remember and to dream in. This was the house Jacques had built the year young Jimmy was born. This room had seen young Jimmy's earliest dogged crawlings and stumblings and standings upright and disastrous, howling crashes. Young Jimmy, of course, like you and me and all the rest, had eventually learned to walk. He gave the impression of having learned it to the uttermost detail.

Jacques came back to the fire. He sat down in his deep leather chair again. He had sat there a great many evenings, and it bore the impress of his body, as a grave in the sand takes on the contour of one who lies in it, dreaming.

"Casual as Fate," said Jacques at long length.

"Jimmy?" asked Medora.

"The whole lot of 'em," said Jacques.

"She's a nice girl, of course," said Medora.

Jacques said, "Eminently suitable."

"Jimmy was always such a funny little chap," said Medora yearningly. "Well?" She got up and walked to the window, looked out, saw nothing but the chill spring night and came back, as Jacques had done. But she stood by the fire and looked down at him, curiously intent. "Well?" she insisted.

"Well?" said Jacques.

"We decided ten years ago," said Medora. "Nothing is changed."

He retorted, inhumanly cool beside the leashed passion of her impatience:

"As you say, we decided some years ago. Now the time seems to have come."

"It has come!" cried Medora, strangely exultant. "He's satisfied, he's happy. He says she's just what he wants in a wife. That means he doesn't depend any more for his illusions on you and me. Ten years," she said, her voice shaking, "is quite a long time to give to saving anyone's illusions, isn't it?"

"We decided it was the thing to do," said Jacques.

"I'm not saying it wasn't worth it," said Medora—"I mean, Jimmy's worth it—but I've almost gone mad sometimes ——"

"I'd no idea," said Jacques, politely distressed, "it was as bad as that. I have tried ——"

"You!" said Medora. She laid the flat of her palm upon her breast as if to quiet something there. "I haven't known you," she said, "in ten years. No stranger could have been more considerate, only," she said, "I'm not dead, you know. I'm not even drugged or dreaming. I've never forgiven you."

"Were you ever asked?" said Jacques, stony and still

"I've wondered sometimes if you thought I had, if you thought a woman of any pride ——"

"Must we go into that?" he interrupted her to ask with courteous detachment. "There is really no argument ——"

"There can't be!" she said. "There shan't be, when I've waited all this time."

"Any action you may bring will go uncontested," said Jacques, "I assure you."

Medora conceded: "Of course I don't wish—I mean to say I should dislike that sort of thing as much as you. There must be a dignified way."

"Nonsupport?" suggested Jacques, with a slight grimace of amusement. His eyes rested an imperceptible moment on the clotted webs of black Chantilly which made up Medora's gown, on the pearls about her long white throat, on the shadowy, ordered beauty of the room they sat in.

She said, flushing deeply, "That is unfair."

"Sorry!" said Jacques. "And this is neither love nor war, eh? Well, there is always desertion, incompatibility, mental cruelty."

"Incompatibility, I think, would be simplest," said Medora.

Jacques pointed out: "It has been considered rather complicated by the psychiatric gentry."

"Because desertion seems rather a reflection ——"

"On a woman's ability—the phrase is, 'to hold her husband,'" said Jacques. "One of your congenital fetishes, Medora." He went on, with apparent irrelevance: "I had a letter today from Seaford—man in my class at Princeton ——"

"Can't you tell me about that another time?" asked Medora, patience obviously overstrained.

"If you prefer," said Jacques. "It might, however, be an answer to what we're discussing. He's starting next month on an expedition into Manchuria, looking for dinosaur eggs, or something equally essential. I suppose," said Jacques, staring thoughtfully at the opposite wall, "the world couldn't have an omelet without breaking ——"

"You are quite maddening," said Medora. "Am I supposed to be interested in Mr. Seaford and his Manchuria and his eggs?"

"Credit where credit is due," said Jacques. "The eggs were the dinosaur's. Why, Seaford asks if I'd like to go along, that's all. Supposing I accepted, supposing I kept myself on the other side of the world a sufficient length of time—that might be considered desertion, with honor, or don't you think so?"

"I think it's not too impossible," said Medora. She drove, as women do, her train of thought to its terminus. "And I could never consent to mental cruelty—is that it?—because you have, of course, been as decent as was possible under the circumstances." She got herself back into control slowly. Like the patina of time on ivory, immobility settled over her heavy white eyelids, the tender modeling of her mouth and chin. "Of course," she said, "it would never have done to let Jimmy see while he was just a little boy."

"So we decided," said Jacques.

"One ought to pay for one's own mistakes," said Medora. "Children ought not to have to pay."

Jacques said, "Quite." He looked a trifle bored.

"Now, he'll be looking to someone else—I mean, for his faith," said Medora.

"In short, he's off our hands," said Jacques.

Medora said, "You speak as if he meant nothing to you!"

"He's had, from me, ten of what are usually referred to as the best years of a man's life," said Jacques slowly and distinctly.

"I didn't know," said Medora icily, "that it had been so frightful. I have endeavored ——"

Jacques silenced her with a look and a nod.

"Like you," he said, "I have lived with a stranger."

"Then the sooner it's over ——"

"Undoubtedly. I might suggest, however, that we get the marriage over first."

"And this week-end," said Medora; she smiled stiffly, "don't you think that we had better make it as pleasant as we can for Fran? After all, if Jimmy really is in love with her ——"

"I will reproduce what romantic atmosphere I am able," said Jacques, "to satisfy the expectations of the newly engaged."

"If Jimmy hasn't guessed in ten years ——"

"We should be safe," he reassured her, "for a little longer ——"

She turned in the doorway, having picked up her lacework in passing, and for any quiver of voice or lip, she might have been a caller making her good-bys.

"Paris, do you think?" she asked. "I should so dislike Reno."

"Just as you prefer," said Jacques. "Paris certainly seems more likely to be amusing."

"I don't think it's necessary for me to wait for Jimmy and Fran, do you?"

"Personally, I have no intention of sitting up all night," said Jacques.

Medora went away to bed. Jacques selected a book and followed shortly. Silence settled upon the room with the dead fire; it was a room that had known a good many silences.

Toward morning a leaf fell from one of the red roses and lay on the veined yellowish marble of the mantelshelf like a bloodstain on aging flesh. By some regrettable oversight on the part of the maid who dusted the room, it was still lying there when Fran Keating came down, a little before noon; and with one hand lying in young Jimmy's hold, she picked up the leaf and ate it.

"Hey, hey!" said young Jimmy. "Haven't you had any breakfast?"

(Continued on Page 171)

"Well, There You are!" Said Young Jimmy. "She's Got Just About the Things I Want in a Wife"

New York Going—Going—Gone!

By Joseph P. Day

As Told to Marie Beynon Rey

AMERICA absorbs more property by auction than all the other countries in the world combined, and New York City more than all the other cities. This state of affairs is a necessity of our growth and, happily, a condition admirably adapted to our temperament.

Real-estate auctioneering is a peculiarly American form of transaction. There is something in the bigness and swiftness of the deal, plus a gambling element, that appeals strongly to the American temperament. Still, it is not alone the appeal to our get-rich-quick instinct but likewise to our firm and well-established belief in progress and prosperity that has made the auction such a popular and satisfactory method of transferring property. Never, by the slower methods of private sale, could New York City property have reached the prices it demands today. The rapid development of the city, physically and commercially, demanded the swiftest possible means of transferring real estate so that from the hands of private individuals holding the land for private use the property might pass into the ownership of organizations capable of developing it to its fullest extent. If auctioneering had never existed before, it would have had to be invented for New York.

The Sound of the Auctioneer's Hammer is an Irresistible Lure

It is within the past twenty-five years that this method of sale has been so highly developed. During this quarter century New York has grown in size, population, wealth and business activity more than in all its previous 275 years of existence, and this phenomenal growth was greatly facilitated by the sale of property by auction.

When—largely due to the advent of the skyscraper at the opening of this century—New York land values began to double and triple and quadruple, and some means for transferring this land in bulk, swiftly and frequently, became a necessity, the man of the hour—the real-estate auctioneer—was not at hand.

Everything Wrong

FUNNY little men there were, bouncing about on platforms, stimulating themselves with champagne, cracking old jokes, giving away hand-painted tea sets to the highest bidder, poking fun at the yokels—only a cut above the circus barker or the patent-medicine vender. But this was not the type of man New York needed to carry on its great business of disposing of the most valuable land in the world. What was needed in that crisis was substantial business men, schooled in every branch of real estate, capable of building and managing large organizations, able to handle big business; auctioneers by temperament perhaps, but business men by training. Let us glance for a moment at the auctioneer of that early time—1885. A few typical incidents will place this gentry before you.

A well-known auctioneer who was to auction off a tract of land in the vicinity of New York drove out at ten o'clock of the morning of the sale—which was to take place at 1:00 P.M.—to look over the property for the first time. When this quick-witted, capable man saw the property a shade passed over his face. True, the big tent stood ready, flags fluttering from the corners, the free-lunch wagons were unloading their sandwiches, coffee and potato salads, the brass band was circulating tunefully in the neighborhood, the fireworks for the early evening performance were being set up—all the paraphernalia of a really first-class auction of the naughty 90's was in process of preparation. Still the great man frowned. To his experienced eye all was not well.

"Why hasn't something been done to dress up this property?" the auctioneer asked his assistant.

"Why, what was there to do?" parried the man of lesser talents. "It's just a piece of flat, waste land; not a ripple, not a house, not a tree. We laid out the streets. What more could we do?"

"Does that woods over there belong to the property?"

"Yes"

"Get a gang of laborers and follow me."

Ornaments

WITHIN two hours, before the first prospective purchasers appeared, large, handsome shade trees lined the streets of the property. But a few days after the sale, great was the shock of the new owners to discover that these fine trees were wilting one by one, and an examination showed the good and sufficient cause. Rootless, they were stuck in the ground, sawed off a few inches above the earth.

Many were the tricks of the trade in those days. The general feeling prevailed that the auctioneer was a trickster, that what he had to sell was somewhat in the nature of a gold brick, that he was sharp and he was shifty, and it was well to keep a wary eye out in your dealings with him. His clients were his victims—somewhat as were the patrons of a three-card-monte game. But there was an excitement, a spice, a gambling atmosphere about the whole affair that held the interest of the crowd and kept them coming; just as the auctions of dubious jewelry in side-street shops of the city today have their constant streams of victims—people who actually believe that they can get a $500 diamond on a ten-dollar bid. If the purchaser of land at auction in those days wasn't a victim it wasn't the auctioneer's fault. He was in the position of a man who sells a twenty-four-carat solid-gold nugget firmly believing he is selling a gold brick.

For example, one operator prepared to dispose of certain properties in a now-famous Southern city by offering the usual inducements—free lunches, bands, and so on; and in addition he advertised a lottery, to be held on the property during the sale, in which prizes of solid-gold watches, imported china tea sets, Swiss clocks and Sèvres vases were to go to those drawing the highest numbers. This device proved to be a big drawing card and the gambling spirit drew unprecedented crowds to the auction tent. Needless to say, the prizes went only to those who purchased lots—though the lottery was supposed to be quite independent—and equally needless to say that the solid-gold watches were of the thinnest gold plate, the imported china tea sets were domestic job lots bought at a bankruptcy sale, and the clocks and vases equally spurious.

Today a Subdivision, Tomorrow Town Lots. Pelham Parkway Goes Under the Hammer

Twenty years later this auctioneer returned to this same Southern city and, looking over its broad, palm-lined streets, its villas, its pearly beaches and spreading lawns, remarked to the manager of one of its magnificent hotels, who, twenty years before, had kept a small hotel in the town, "Well, Bill, when I sold this town for $400 a lot and gave away gold watches to get the buyers out to the sale, I certainly thought I was sticking them. In fact, I knew it. Today these same lots are selling for $100,000. I wasn't sticking those fellows. They were sticking me!"

In a word, real-estate auctioneering in the early days was, on the whole, far from a dignified, substantial business. Even its very foundations, aside from the character of the men engaged in it, were shaky. There were no proper surveys, titles, street layouts, monuments, maps, and so on. Frequently the purchaser didn't know definitely what he had purchased and he sometimes found later that he had no legal title to the land. But many another business which had started life beneath the bar sinister has attained to an honorable position in the world—banking, for example, which began as usury; and advertising, which started as patent-medicine propaganda; and today real-estate auctioneering is as dignified a commercial pursuit as any other. New York could not be dealt in by charlatans. The time produced the men it needed.

Mr. Day in Action at a Long Island Auction

Men and Weather Vary

DOUBTLESS, auctioneering demands a certain specialized temperament. After all, selling huge parcels of land to a heterogeneous collection of strangers with whom one has had no previous contacts; selling, perhaps, thousands of acres in a few hours at prices that establish a new record; meeting all contingencies of weather, strain, indifference and competition; and handling the crowd so that it will respond to the slightest suggestion require a different sort of ability from that exercised in making a private sale, however large, to a client with whom one has plenty of time in which to establish cordial relations and a thorough understanding of his needs and desires.

The conditions which must be met by the auctioneer of real estate are so many and so varied that it might almost be said that no two sales present the same problem. The prospective purchasers gathered before him at sales in Canada, Florida, Hoboken or Kalamazoo represent all kinds and conditions of people. One day his audience will consist of a thrifty group of Scotsmen in a suburban section of Canada, with minds made up as to the exact sum, to a ha'penny, that they will pay for a lot—and try to coax them beyond it! The following evening it may be a group of society folk—prominent financiers and their wives—all in evening dress, gathered as for a smart musicale in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Astor to bid in the Henry Astor estate for $5,000,000. Again it will be a gathering largely of immigrants, already swelling with prosperity, their wits already sharpened to more than Yankee keenness, conscious of the value of a gamble, eager to buy sites for stores or building speculations people who look as though they hadn't ten cents in their jeans and who have, perhaps, a quarter of a million dollars. Or it may be an audience of speculation-crazed men and women ready to pay anything—all they have, more than they have—for land that is still under water. There is no kind of audience that sometime or other does not gather before the auctioneer; and it is his business to feel out, in the first few moments of the sale, the general tone and temperament of this crowd, as well as the psychology of the individual bidders, so that he may manipulate all these conflicting elements so as to bring the sale to its most successful conclusion. In the few moments that each series of bids occupies he must know how to appeal to the dominating qualities of each bidder—the vanity of this one, the parsimoniousness of that, the competitive instinct here, the spirit of antagonism there, the sentimentality of one man, the loyalty of another.

And not only audiences but the weather must be met on its own terms. Not all days are fair and warmer. There are occasions—and every auctioneer has to contend with them—when a cloud-burst will descend upon the biggest sale of the year, a blizzard intervene, a tornado spring up, and somehow he must carry on and bring the sale to success

For every situation that arises, whether it is new and totally unexpected or an old condition that he has faced many times before, the auctioneer must be prepared. And he must think just one second faster than anyone in the audience. He must be capable of meeting any type of man on his own ground and of turning that man's mental quirks to the best advantage. The auctioneer need not be a profound thinker, but he must be an agile thinker.

An amusing example of meeting a certain mental attitude on the part of the crowd and turning it to advantage is that of a sale of property in Winnipeg, Canada. What we had to deal with there was the strongly marked racial characteristics of the Scotch, en masse—the concentrated thrift, hard-headedness and obstinacy of men who are ever ready for a sharp bargain, but never for a gamble.

The property for sale was in the residential section—all improved property near the center of the town—some vacant lots, some built up with good, substantial houses.

The sale started on Saturday afternoon, and it went anything but well. Scotch caution was a new mental attitude for me. The crowd presented a solid phalanx of indifference, impervious to all my tried-and-true methods of attack. Nothing, it seemed, could induce those Scotchmen to reach for their bank rolls. Saturday's sale was a flat failure.

A Weak Spot in the Audience

THERE was still Monday. All day Sunday I pondered Scotch psychology—all that I had heard, mostly in the form of jokes; all that I had learned by contact with individual Scotchmen. Where was his Achilles' heel? Where could my arrows on Monday find a weak spot? Suddenly I bethought me of the Scotchman's love of home, his fierce clannishness, his loyalty to his own kind. Perhaps that sentiment could be appealed to.

In the barber shop on Monday morning I asked the barber who was the most popular man in town.

"Tavish MacTavish," he answered. "A fine man if ever there was one. President of the school board he is, and a more upstanding man you won't find this side of Edinboro."

That was a hint. But it required working on. Further inquiry disclosed that the home of Tavish MacTavish was in the very center of the property I was selling. So I sent a man to visit MacTavish and find out if he had any idea of attending the auction that day. MacTavish had every intention of attending the sale. The property to be sold surrounded his own home and he was interested to see who were the purchasers. On going over the map of the property we discovered that some of the lots to be sold were on the same side of the street as MacTavish's; others were across the way, still others in the rear. In a word, MacTavish occupied a strategic position in the property.

That afternoon I let things drag until one of my assistants informed me that the great MacTavish had arrived. Immediately I put up the block of lots adjoining his house.

"We are now putting up for sale some of the most valuable lots in Winnipeg," I said.

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Buyers Crowd the Big Tent at the Van Cortlandt Estate Sale

WINGED WOLF

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

IT WAS a strange thing, Norton reflected, that the Hispaniola had lived through so wild a night, only to perish upon a morning so peaceful and beautiful. It was certain that she was doomed. Captain Calkins had admitted it, and the lifeboats were being lowered. The little fruit steamer might last two hours longer; on the other hand, she might sink in ten minutes. Her cargo had shifted badly in the gale and several plates were sprung. She was low in the water, wallowing heavily, with a desperate list to starboard; the Atlantic was pouring into her by the gallon. It was time to get out of her—high time.

A Clyde liner, summoned by wireless, was not more than seventy miles away. The June sun shone brilliantly, the air was pleasantly warm, the furious sou'-wester of the previous night had dropped to a mere zephyr. A fairly heavy sea was still running, but the lifeboats, Norton knew, were in good condition—he had examined them himself. There was really nothing to worry about.

Yes, there was—one thing. He smiled as sudden recollection came to him. In the excitement of the storm and its aftermath he had almost forgotten one item of his scanty baggage. Norton, the only passenger on the Hispaniola, was to go in the captain's boat. He waited, with his two suitcases and duffel bag, on the sloping deck, his feet braced against the rail, and Captain Calkins stood a little way aft, supervising the launching of the second lifeboat—the first was already manned and standing by.

"Captain," Norton shouted, "any room for that pet of mine?"

Calkins, a young New Yorker, indomitably cheerful, but a little wan now with his first ship sinking under him, grinned over his shoulder.

"Afraid not, Mr. Norton," he replied. "Tell you what you do: Let him out of his cage. It's not over a hundred miles to land, an' he ought to make it. . . . Hendricks, lend Mr. Norton a hand."

Five minutes later Norton and Hendricks had the big wooden crate on deck. They pried up the slats at one end, and with a piece of broken slat, Norton pushed and prodded something inside. A huge gray-and-white bird, horned like an owl, bearded like a lynx and equipped with powerful hooked beak and enormous talons, walked awkwardly out of the wrecked cage and stood regarding them fiercely, its tall, divided fanlike crest rising and falling.

"What d'ye call it, mister?" Hendricks asked.

"Crested harpy," Norton answered. "The Mexicans call it the *Lobo Volante*, or Winged Wolf. It's the biggest and strongest bird of prey in the world. I got this one in Brazil and I was taking it to a friend of mine in Jersey who has a private zoo. Wonder if it'll have sense enough to fly ashore."

The Hispaniola rose sluggishly, wearily on a green wave, wallowed deeply and dipped her starboard rail under water. From somewhere deep in her vitals issued a long, low, metallic groan. Forward of the funnel, one of the tall ventilators, half tipped over in the gale, swayed crazily with the motion of the ship. "All right, Mr. Norton!" Captain Calkins' shout was imperative. "Time to be gettin' away from here!"

The two lifeboats were three hundred yards from the steamer when she sank. During the interval Norton's eyes scarcely strayed from the crested harpy. He was more interested somehow in the fate of the giant bird than in the spectacle of the sinking ship. The harpy had mounted upon his cage, but a lurch of the vessel sent the cage sliding slowly down the sloping deck. It brought up against the rail, and the big bird, balancing himself with waving wings, climbed to the rail and perched there, fronting the breeze. His tall, double crest rose and fell as he watched the dark, heaving water just under him; now and again, with quick, alert movements of his head, he glanced up at the steamer's masts.

Norton, watching the harpy closely, realized suddenly that the ship's stern was lifting out of the water. It rose till the propellers were in plain view; then it began to slide forward into and under the sea. The harpy's wings unfolded; with strong, deliberate beats he spiraled upward, mounting higher and higher in wide circles. Norton watched the Hispaniola's uptilted stern disappear beneath the waves, then searched the air for the big bird.

For the First Time the Larger Wild Folk of the Island Woods Were Harried by a Winged Enemy—a Bird

The harpy was still circling upward, but as Norton watched him he swung off at a tangent and headed toward the west, his broad, rounded wings driving him steadily onward

Captain Calkins grunted.

"You're pointed right, big boy," he said. "You'll be safe on terra cotta long before we get there."

Norton's gaze followed the distant bird. Here, he reflected, was a queer happening—a giant harpy from the Brazilian wilderness loose on the open Atlantic somewhere south of Hatteras; a Winged Wolf of the Amazonian jungles, a slayer of monkeys and of sloths, going to seek its fortune in the North American woods. Probably the harpy would reach land safely; it seemed to know through some mysterious instinct in what direction the land lay.

Norton, a veteran naturalist and explorer, had spent years hunting and collecting in the tropics. He had studied the crested harpy in its native wilds and he considered it the most powerful of all the eagle family, probably the mightiest and most savage feathered killer in existence. He knew that it often attacked foxes, young deer and other animals of twice or thrice its own bulk, and on one occasion he had seen a harpy attack and kill a calf. Winged Wolf was too tame a name for it, he considered; it might better have been named the Flying Death. Norton, watching the great bird fade into the distance, wondered how it would fare in its new hunting ground.

A male raccoon ambled slowly along a deer path winding amid low sand dunes. It was late afternoon, but the light was still brilliant; the slender shadows of tall, scattered clumps of sea oats lay long and black on the white sands. The wind made a tinkling, rustling music in the sea oats audible above the rumbling monotone of the surf; but as the coon ambled on, the sound of the surf grew louder, and presently, looking down a long, narrow swale between two dunes, he saw the ocean in front of him, beyond a strip of hard, smooth beach.

At the edge of the beach the raccoon paused to reconnoiter. His black, alert eyes, searching the long, gently sloping strand in both directions, detected no sign of danger. As far as his vision extended the beach lay empty and untenanted except by small flocks of shore birds—Wilson's plovers, least sandpipers and two tall party-colored oyster catchers—feeding here and there near the margin of the water.

The coon was interested in none of these. He did not see a tiny speck far away over the ocean—a speck which, small as it was, grew momentarily larger and more distinct—evidently some big bird flying in from the open Atlantic. The round, bright eyes in his black-masked, whiskered face swept for an instant the whole vast panorama of beach and air and ocean, then fastened upon a small, dark object lying on the beach well above the water line, a hundred yards to the right of the spot where he was standing.

He could not distinguish what this object was, but he believed it to be a dead sea bird of some kind, killed in the gale of the previous night and cast up by the waves. If so, he was in luck; it was in search of such titbits as this that he had come from his home in the woods behind the belt of dunes to patrol the beach while the sun was still two hours high in the west. After another swift but careful glance up and down the strand, he moved warily toward the dark object that had fixed his attention.

He had covered half the distance when he stopped suddenly. A movement in the shallow water at the edge of the beach had caught his eye; watching the spot intently, he saw a strange sight—a great, black, rounded thing like a flattened dome moving slowly landward through the marginal water. He saw it only for an instant; an advancing wave hid it almost at once. It might have been a short, thick section of log floating up with the tide; but the raccoon, crouching low against the sand, his body motionless as though it had been turned to stone, kept his beady eyes fixed eagerly upon the spot.

The wave swept in, fringed with white foam, then receded; as the waters sank, the big, black, rounded object which they had hidden was again partly revealed. It did not rest motionless in the shallow water as a stranded log would have done; instead, it moved slowly toward the shore.

The raccoon's small eyes glittered. Here was luck indeed—an extraordinary piece of luck. The strange, black,

monstrous thing had emerged from the water now. Two pairs of flattened, paddlelike flippers propelled it awkwardly and laboriously over the smooth sands. In front of the ponderous, oblong mass of it, some three and a half feet in length and more than half as wide, was thrust a huge, plated, yellow-brown head, dull eyed and reptilelike, yet beaked like the head of some gigantic bird of prey.

The raccoon had known from the first exactly what this grotesque sea monster was—a giant loggerhead turtle coming ashore to lay her eggs in the soft soil above high-water mark. Many times in his adventurous life he had watched these fantastic dwellers in the deep emerge from the surf and make their way slowly across the beach to the edge of the dunes. Still more often he had come upon their broad trails leading up from the water, and scores of times he had followed these trails across the hard strand to the rim of the sand hills and had dug up and feasted upon the store of round, white, parchment-shelled eggs. Always, however, in his experience the sea turtles had come up at night; never before had he seen one of them emerge from the sea during the daylight hours.

He did not know that the coming of this turtle while the sun was yet well above the horizon was wholly due to the storm of the previous night. She had tried at that time to make a landing but had been frightened away by the surf that then lashed the coast. Now, when her appointed time for laying had already passed, another and more insistent impulse overcame the instinct which ordinarily would have caused her to await the return of darkness.

The raccoon, had he known this, would not have been interested. What did interest him was the fact that here was a sea turtle coming up to lay her eggs—and of all the delicacies of the sea and shore, he liked turtle eggs best. If the turtle saw him she would probably turn immediately and go back into the sea. He was in plain view, but if he made no move she might not recognize him as a living thing. He waited, therefore, motionless as one of the lumps of dry, dead coral lying here and there on the beach. His attention wholly concentrated on the turtle, he remained unaware of the swift approach of another actor in this little drama of the lonely seaside sands.

The turtle was heading straight for him. The raccoon realized presently that unless the giant reptile changed her course he would be faced with a difficult dilemma—he would have to move out of her way or else let her walk into him. To move would betray his presence; to stay where he was might have serious consequences. He knew that sea turtles on land were helpless creatures, so ponderous and unwieldy—a big one might weigh four hundred pounds or even more—that they were not ordinarily to be feared. But as this turtle dragged her huge bulk nearer and nearer, the raccoon's beady eyes studied with an intent and apprehensive interest the great, beaked head in front of that lumbering mass.

She was within a dozen feet of him now. He could see a long, pendulous fold of skin beneath her throat expanding and contracting; he could hear the sighing sound of her labored, difficult breathing as her broad flippers, digging into the sand, forced her heavy body slowly forward; he could see the dull glint of her big, cold, fishy eyes.

Suddenly in the raccoon's brain discretion became the better part of valor. With a quick, catlike movement, he whisked himself out of the monster's path; then, crouching close to the sand, he froze once more into utter immobility.

The movement spelled his doom. For the first time the sea turtle saw him; turning her ponderous body slowly, she began her laborious journey back to the surf. A hundred feet in the air, other eyes also saw him—the eyes of a huge, crested, mighty-taloned bird sailing in from the ocean on wide, rounded, motionless wings.

The raccoon saw a swift shadow slide past him over the white sands. He cocked an eye aloft and saw a great white-and-gray bird sailing there. Instantly his gaze returned to the turtle. There were no birds among his enemies; even the big bald eagles of the coast had never undertaken to molest him.

Suddenly a rushing, swishing sound filled his ears. Startled, he reared himself upward on his hind legs, only to be hurled in an instant flat upon the ground.

Twisting his body sideways, he was aware of wide wings darkening over him, of savage eyes glaring out of a fierce, crested, bearded face. He struck blindly with fangs and forefeet; his mouth was filled with soft feathers which choked and strangled him. A burning pain stabbed his side; across his face tremendous talons raked downward, slashing through fur and flesh. Long, needle-pointed, knife-edged claws pierced his throat and tore it open. A blackness enveloped him; after a few convulsive movements of his limbs, he lay still.

Thus, strangely, a stranger came to a strange land. Norton, watching the beginning of the harpy's journey as the great bird ceased circling over the spot where the Hispaniola had sunk and headed for the shores of the continent a hundred miles away, had wondered how it would fare in its new home. He foresaw no such dramatic arrival as this.

As a matter of fact, that arrival very nearly did not take place. The harpy's long flight over the ocean taxed his powers severely. A bird of the forests rather than of the upper air like his kinsmen, the bald and golden eagles, he had never before attempted so long a continuous flight. The instinct of direction, which had excited Norton's wonder, had not been perfect, after all; though at the outset the harpy seemed to know mysteriously just where the land lay, this knowledge failed him later, and swerving southward, he added many unnecessary miles to his journey. When at last, in late afternoon, he sighted the purple line of woods on Buck Bay Island on the Carolina coast, the strokes of his broad, rounded wings, shorter and less adequate in proportion to his bulk than the ample pinions of a bald eagle, had become slow and labored.

The sight of land gave him new energy; and it was a lucky chance that brought him to the land precisely at the spot where the raccoon was watching the slow approach of the sea turtle over the sands. His eyes marked the big reptile dragging herself slowly across the beach below him, but the motionless gray lump in front of the turtle did not reveal itself as a living thing until it whisked itself suddenly out of the turtle's path.

In that moment all the harpy's strength returned to him; a fierce and terrible hunger, engendered by the prodigious physical exertion of his long flight, flamed suddenly in his eyes. He did not know what the raccoon was; he had never seen an animal exactly like it before. But the Winged Wolf of the Brazilian jungles hesitated not an instant; and weary though he was, all but exhausted after his unaccustomed journey, the new strength that hunger inspired lasted long enough to give him an easy victory.

It was, as events were to prove, the first of many victories. The harpy feasted sumptuously on the raccoon as the sun sank lower; then, no longer weary but heavy with drowsiness, he spread his wings and, after circling for a few minutes over the beach and the dunes, headed for the dense woods clothing the interior of the island. He slept soundly that night in a big oak deep in the woods. At dawn he opened his eyes and, stretching first one pinion and then the other, set about preening his feathers. Presently, when the light was stronger, he left his perch and soared upward in wide, interweaving circles.

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Twisting His Body Sideways, He Was Aware of Wide Wings Darkening Over Him, of Savage Eyes Glaring Out of a Fierce, Crested, Bearded Face

TOWARD THE MILLENNIUM

Rome Falls—By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

"Marcianus!" She Broke Away Desperately. "No! I Cannot! I Must Not!"

DESPITE the public calamities of that eleven-hundred-and-sixty-third year *ab Urbe condita*—from the foundation of the City—subsequently to be reckoned as 410 A.D.—Gaul in chaos between a barbarian irruption and a rebel usurper of the purple, Spain invaded for the first time in centuries, Africa only precariously held to its function as the granary for Rome, the Emperor Honorius careless of all but his prize chickens in his marsh surrounded refuge at Ravenna, and Alaric and his Goths still formidably in Italy—life was distinctly pleasant to Marcianus, *tribunus* of one of the legionary cohorts recently collected from the frontiers to reënforce the scant garrison of the capital. It could hardly be otherwise when one was twenty-five years of age and for the first time in one's life in that Eternal City—stretching in an endless magnificence of architecture over her Seven Hills, possessing still intact the marvelous monuments of her glorious past, ostentatiously parading an unparalleled luxury, still proudly inviolate behind her great Aurelian Wall, for eight hundred years unentered by any enemy save in chains—to behold which was the seldom realized heart's desire of every provincial-born Roman of good family. Also he was deliciously, thrillingly, in love. At this third meeting with her he was more in love than ever.

Her name was Flavia, the niece and ward of the Senator Apollonius, *præfectus annonæ*, the immensely important official responsible for the free bread supply to the citizens of Rome. She sat next him now amid the gay company feasting in that plutocrat's splendid marble-built summertime triclinium which looked onto the terraced, statue-adorned gardens of his palatial villa upon the Quirinal Hill.

In contrast to the other noble ladies present, excessively rouged and painted, laughing and talking in bold flirtatiousness with their chaplet-crowned partners, she was adorably modest in a young simplicity, embarrassedly looking down to her plate while the troupe of scantily clad girl dancers—they belonged, like all these successively appearing professional entertainers, to the senator's multitudinous establishment of household slaves—performed amid vociferous acclamation. She blushed sensitively as he spoke to her, turned to him her large blue eyes—they went so well with her reddish-gold authentically Roman hair—in flattering attention.

"You do not like these dances?"

"I think that Christians ought not——" She hesitated, blushed again, was encouraged by his interest. "My Aunt Faustina says I'm always saying silly things. . . . You see, I was brought up by Marcella in her convent on the Aventine and the world is still new to me—but I do think Christians ought not to make their slaves behave like shameless heathens. They have souls like we have, even if their bodies are not their own."

He was amused at her naïve earnestness. Almost, he thought, she was the only genuine Christian he had met in Rome. Personally, like many of the upper class in the provinces where the old pagan religion still continued in a stubborn conservatism, he was content to be vaguely a philosopher. But he did not advertise the fact in this city, where it was not only fashionable but politic to adhere ostentatiously to the triumphant new creed which, in a hundred years after its first official toleration, had recently succeeded in prohibiting the worship of the old gods.

"So you think your uncle should make his *scenici* sing hymns?" he said banteringly. "I am afraid his very excellent banquets would be less popular."

She sent a glance of distress around the triply arranged tables now in uproarious applause.

"I know," she murmured. "There are so few real Christians. It seems to me sometimes——" Again she hesitated.

"Yes?"

"—— that God must surely destroy Rome for her wickedness."

"I hope not," he said fervently. "If Rome were destroyed it would be the end of all things. The world would be overrun with the barbarians. No, I can't believe it. Rome is Rome the Eternal." He smiled. "You can't understand what she means to us provincials. She is everything—above everything. *Dea Roma Immortalis!*"

The large blue eyes contemplated him.

"Are you not a Christian, then?"

It was his turn to be embarrassed.

"My dear young lady," he began, "in the army we——"

A look of pain came into her face.

"Oh!" she exclaimed in a low voice. "I thought——" She broke off in confusion.

He cursed inwardly the unlucky twist the conversation had taken.

From the other side of her a voice spoke loudly in a foreign accent. It was Ilmeric, tribune of a cohort of *auxilia* and a tame barbarian like most of the officers in the army. He was in the midst of an argument with the man reclining opposite him.

"If we had another heathen Augustus like the apostate Julian, the empire would fall to pieces. It is because Rome is Christian that we Christians serve her!"

The grim-visaged elderly man he addressed was the Senator Tatius, who, during the dreadful famine of the first siege by Alaric two years before, had led the panic-stricken demand for the public performance of the old pagan rites upon the Capitoline Hill and had forced the formidable Bishop of Rome to grant a permission which—when the moment came—none had dared avail himself of.

"Nonsense!" he said harshly. "Whether or not you Christians serve her, Rome is doomed because she has abandoned the gods that made her great. Men resemble the gods they worship, young man. The Galilean religion is a religion of slaves. The stern old gods of Rome were the gods of men determined to be not slaves but masters. It was Mars and Jupiter and the ancestral *lares* who led the Roman eagles to the conquest of the world. Now the old gods are driven out. Their temples are desecrated. The Galilean has triumphed. You see the result. The empire is in chaos. Rome is finished!"

There was an awkward silence at the utterance of these opinions, secretly, indeed, half shared by many.

A clever-featured young man with a golden crucifix hanging prominently from his neck intervened. He was one of those deacons of good family who of late had become numerous in a church already offering a brilliant career to the ambitious.

"No, senator," he said with a smooth superiority. "Rome is not finished. She begins a new era. Under the eagle of Jupiter she conquered men's bodies. Under the Cross of Christ she will rule their souls. Greater than ever before will be her empire, chief over all churches in a world become entirely Christian—*omnium orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput!*"

"The other churches do not agree, unfortunately," laughed a young man along the table. "I hear Milan has been protesting again at the unwarrantable pretensions of our good Bishop Innocent. Bah! One fine day our friend Alaric will lead his Goths down in real earnest, and we shall all be pious Arians to save our skins!" He laughed again, turned to the *pocillator*—the boy-slave wine bearer—to have his cup refilled. "In the meantime, let us eat and drink while we can, for I agree with our respectable Tatius—Rome is finished!"

"You lie!" shouted an inebriated youth reclining opposite Marcianus. "Rome is immortal! *Ave, Roma Immortalis!* Let Alaric come! We'll swallow him up like we've swallowed up all the other barbarians—make the fools do our fighting for us while we take the spoils. It's lucky we have 'em, for one can't expect any self-respecting Roman to go into the army these days!"

Marcianus had been quite content that the talk had drifted away from him, but at this he sprang angrily erect from his couch.

"I happen to be both a self-respecting Roman and an officer, puppy!" he said sternly. "My comrade here"—he indicated the blond-bearded barbarian whose face had flushed with a similar wrath—"is a Goth and a Roman officer equal to the best! Be good enough not to insult the army to which we are both proud to belong!"

The drunken youth shrank from the menace in his tone, muttered something incoherent. An overpainted woman screamed shrilly to the giver of the feast.

"Apollonius! Apollonius! Husband! These dreadful men down here are talking politics and quarreling! No one takes any notice of us poor women. Do bid them remember they are in polite society!"

The obese old senator shook the gauzy multicolored veils over his arms, spoke in languid fatuity:

"Have patience, Faustina, my love! I will show them something far more interesting than their foolish politics." He turned to the *triclíniarchus*, the head slave of the dining room. "Bring in the fish, Astyanax!"

The slave inclined himself pompously—his was an important position, entitling him to possess private slaves of his own—gave the order to his assistants.

A procession of slaves advanced into the triclinium—boys and girls costumed sketchily as Tritons and Nereids, making a weird music on conch shells, preceding a false-bearded seaweed-hung personage identifiable as Neptune by his crown and trident, and accompanied by a beautiful nearly nude female slave indicated as Amphitrite by her crown of crab claws. Behind them, high on the upstretched arms of half a dozen more Nereids, was borne an enormous freshly caught turbot. Bringing up the rear were other slaves carrying a large pair of scales, and others—*litterati*, or clerks—with tablet and stylus. The procession halted in front of the host. Neptune recited some fulsomely hyperbolean verses to the effect that he, king of the sea, had brought this king of fishes as a gift to the prince of hospitality for the delectation of his guests. The guests applauded noisily, in sycophantic admiration.

"You have beaten Pompeianus, senator!" shouted one. "His stag had dummy horns and his Diana could not compare with your Amphitrite! He should go to your school to learn!" He used the slang catch phrase, "*Per te ille discat!*" yelled to popular performers at the theater by enthusiastic audiences, and the other guests repeated it vociferously: "*Per te ille discat!*"

The obese old senator smiled in gratified vanity.

"Bring the scales!" he commanded.

The scales were set up, the fish put upon them, its weight and dimensions cried aloud by the chief *litteratus*, recorded solemnly by another on his tablet. Again the guests applauded.

A frizzly curled woman on Marcianus' right cried ecstatically: "Only Apollonius could have given us such a fish!" To Marcianus she remarked: "Look! Amphitrite is bandy-legged. They say the old fool is perfectly mad on her. But Faustina doesn't mind now she's got that new actor. I hear she's spending a fortune on him. For my part, I don't care for actors; they're always so absurdly conceited. Personally, my partiality," she smirked at him, "is for soldiers. They're so strong and deliciously brutal—I mean officers, of course!" She smirked again.

Marcianus ignored her. He could think only of Flavia, casting down her gaze in avoidance of the immodest spectacle of the quasi-nude slave girls dancing as they escorted the great fish, now being borne out again in procession to the kitchens to be cooked. Had she done with him now that she suspected he was not a Christian? What could he say to her that would make her smile to him again?

The giver of the feast was talking, and there was a sudden obsequious silence to listen to him:

"It was nothing, my friends. I am a poor man these days, alas! They took the best of my gold plate for the ransom we had to pay Alaric after the first siege, and more than a thousand of my town slaves ran away to him. All I can offer you now is the poor scrapings from my country villas. We live in sad times. *Roma fuit! Roma fuit!*"

The guests condoled with him hypocritically. It was notorious that Apollonius was one of the richest men in Rome, possessing estates and mines all over the empire, and in Italy many of those huge slave-tilled latifundia, each extending for many miles, which had centuries ago forced out of existence the sturdy yeoman farmers who had been the strength of the early republic.

Ilmeric smiled grimly.

"Alaric will nevertheless still find plenty to loot, I think," he said under his breath.

Across the table, others had recommenced that eternal topic which, in those days of suspense, lurked in everyone's mind, a skeleton at every feast. Metellus, the beak-nosed bald-headed chief of the corps known euphemistically as the *agentes in rebus*, the secret service of the empire, spoke seriously:

"As a matter of fact, the news is bad. The Augustus of the East has at last sent the promised troops to Honorius. A miserable four thousand, and they have been two years in coming! And our ineffable Augustus is so excited by their arrival that he is taking a very high hand with Alaric. I trust we're not going to have the Goths outside the walls again. They might not be content with merely cutting off the food supply this time."

"Bah!" exclaimed a jolly-faced man with his chaplet over one eye. "It will all happen just as before. Rome will surrender and Alaric will obligingly keep his Goths outside and set up another Augustus like he did Attalus last year. Let us hope he makes a better choice, though. Attalus had a fine eye for a statue or a woman, but as an Augustus he was probably the biggest fool and braggart that ever wore the purple, and that is saying a good deal. I don't wonder that Alaric deposed him in disgust."

"What is Alaric's real game, do you think?" cried another. "For my part, I can't understand him. Everybody knows he could make an end of Honorius in a mouthful. Yet he goes on negotiating with him. I couldn't believe it

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The Girl Freya Again Thrust Herself Forward. "Brethren!" Her Voice Was Choked With Passion. "Hear Me Now! Ever Have I Hated Rome!"

I Gave Them What They Wanted

During This Second Session Ball Made It Clear That He Considered Callaghan the Most Inept Boss He Had Ever Met, and That Struck Mike Right Where He Lived

II

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

THE conferences in which we worked out the details of the new franchise for the street-railway company take high rank among the many funny sessions it has been my pleasure to attend. Both of the high contracting parties came to the conference board armed with a pair of deuces and ready to bluff valiantly, but even more ready to concede almost anything the opposing side might demand. Under the able management of Percy Ball the street-railway company had already done so well that it could concede a great deal in order to continue growing with an obviously prosperous and expanding city. Ball felt that it was absurd and unfair for the city to make stiffer terms for a renewal of the franchise, but it was his duty to seek protection by compromise for the large investment already in existence and hope for better luck in the future. As boss, Mike Callaghan knew it would eventually be disastrous to his political machine if he crippled the company, and yet it was necessary to make hostile demonstrations. We had elected Mayor Drake on a platform of opposition to the company's proposal for renewal of the franchise on liberal terms, but we had offered no program of our own. Thus we were pledged to insist upon stiff terms, but between ourselves we didn't really know what would constitute stiff terms. We had to grope our way inch by inch and keep the other side talking while we sifted their remarks in search of clews.

Mayor Drake, of course, was just a figurehead. It wasn't up to him to know anything about franchise terms and, believe me, he didn't. On that subject his innocence was unassailable. Without help at his elbow every minute, he would have been lost, but he always knew how to make the right gesture in an emergency, so he announced that a committee of four distinguished citizens would be appointed to advise him and, of course, to hear everything that was said. The negotiations should not be secret. The latter point was what interested the public, and its reaction was entirely favorable. Next he suggested that Mr. Ball should nominate two members of the committee, and again the reaction was favorable. Ball named the general attorney for his company and Mr. Farmer, the defeated candidate for mayor. Drake named Mike Callaghan and myself. That was my first appearance as a public figure and paved the way for my election to the state legislature, and eventually for my succession to Mike's throne.

When we had gathered in the mayor's office, Drake presiding, everyone turned to Callaghan for a declaration that would form the basis of negotiations. There was not even a pretense that the mayor counted, in spite of the fact that he would utter the final decision. It also amused me to observe how completely the city-council members had been left out. Everyone knew that they would vote as directed. In those days a boss was a boss and wore his crown in public.

"This franchise," Callaghan boomed, "is worth one hundred thousand dollars!" Percy Ball nearly collapsed. That was vastly more than the company could pay, and to him it meant a disastrous end for his years of work. Callaghan, although scowling belligerently, was really watching Ball like a cat at a rat hole. The game was on and this was his first bet.

"We can't pay that," Ball said in a low tone. "We couldn't pay even one-fourth of that. If you have nothing better to offer, we might as well adjourn."

"Do you mean to say," Callaghan growled, "that a franchise isn't worth money?"

"I don't see that it is," Ball answered. "It's merely a permit to do business."

"Nothing of the sort," Callaghan retorted. "It's a monopoly. That's the kind of permit it is."

"Well, do you want three or four different companies' car tracks on our main streets?" Farmer asked.

"That isn't the point," Callaghan answered. "The point is that a franchise is a monopoly and it's worth money. It's worth at least one hundred thousand dollars—probably twice that."

"Do you mean that we ought to pay that much annually for permission to operate?" Ball asked, fairly stunned. Callaghan didn't answer at once. He was sizing up his man. Percy Ball was absolutely honest and by nature frank. This kind of game brought him no joy. Callaghan quickly sensed this fact and respected Ball for it, but he had to fight on until he could grab a clew to the right amount.

Sparring for time, he asked curtly: "What do you think I mean?"

"If the one hundred thousand dollars is a lump sum for renewal of the franchise and could be paid in annual installments over the life of the contract," Ball suggested, "I could answer more easily. All would depend then upon the length of the franchise. We asked for twenty years, and you have said that that is too long. What do you think would be right?"

"Ten years," Callaghan snapped. Ball seemed to stand up under this announcement without undue shock. I judged that it was about what he had expected. As far as Callaghan and I were concerned, that settled the matter of the length of the franchise; we would stand pat for

ten years. On every point we had to feel our way in just this manner.

The company's annual report had just been issued, so we decided to have it read and explained by the general attorney. Callaghan and I knew what was in it just as well as he did, but we wanted to hear his explanations and see if we could pick up any more clews. After an hour and a half it seemed fairly clear that an additional tax of ten thousand dollars a year would not bankrupt the company, moreover, if the proposed new lines paid as well as expected, this sum would soon be relatively slight. And if anything went wrong with our calculations we could reduce the assessed valuations of the company's physical properties and thus make a satisfactory rebate. By five o'clock in the afternoon we knew pretty well what we could safely do, but it was far, far less than what Callaghan had hoped for. He wanted something spectacular, figures that would reverberate. Ten thousand dollars would be a juicy addition to the city's treasury, but politically it lacked everything.

We recessed with the understanding that we would meet again at three o'clock on the following afternoon. As we emerged from the mayor's office newspaper reporters demanded statements.

"The mayor will give out the news," Callaghan announced, "and the rest of us have nothing to say."

That was more than agreeable, so we signified the fact by nodding. Callaghan strolled out of the office, down the corridor, and suddenly disappeared, although I was following him not more than twenty paces behind. I waited for him fully ten minutes at the elevator. Finally I saw him come out of the private, rear door to the mayor's office, and I knew that he must have gone back to prepare Drake's statement.

Next morning I read in my newspaper:

As mayor I take the position that the street-car company's franchise is worth two hundred thousand dollars. They have never paid a cent for it, but they will in the future. The representatives of the company have not agreed to this figure. Today's conference reached no conclusion. Sessions will be held daily until the franchise terms are agreed upon.

Callaghan and I met at his office just before three o'clock on the following day and together walked to the city hall.

"What do you hear about the mayor's statement?" he asked. And then, before I could reply: "Isn't it a peach?"

"Well," I said, "it's making all kinds of a hit with the people, but I hope we aren't riding for a fall."

"We aren't," he answered, and grinned.

"If I were in your place," I told him, "I'd have figured out a plan that wouldn't call for an inch of compromise."

"That's what I've done," he said. "We're not going to compromise." Plainly he didn't care to disclose his plan. Knowing the depth of his animosity toward the company, I feared that we were in for serious trouble, possibly disaster. In view of my hopes for a seat in the legislature, the outlook troubled me. Callaghan, however, was in high good humor as we entered the second conference. I can summarize that session by saying that we simply got nowhere. The only important development was that Ball and Callaghan became personal enemies for the first time, although, during the campaign, they had pommeled each other without gloves.

Ball was no novice in dealing with public officials; consequently he had never considered the exchange of insults incident to a campaign personal. As for Callaghan, hardy old veteran that he was, the last thing that would ever have entered his mind would have been resentment because of the barbed remarks hurled at him. But during this second session Ball made it clear that he considered Callaghan the most inept boss he had ever met, and that struck Mike right where he lived. From that moment on, the war was personal. At the close of the session Mayor Drake again gave out a statement to the press saying that he insisted upon two hundred thousand dollars for the franchise, but that the company did not agree. I could see that this was the picture of the fight that the public would receive. Callaghan believed in eliminating details when he addressed the public and making every issue as simple as black and white.

Three more afternoons were spent in bickering that often wandered miles away from even the subject matter as well as the points at issue, and at the close of each session Mayor Drake reported no progress, but that he was standing pat on his original terms. Newspaper readers would necessarily see three men on one side of a table and three on the other, glaring at each other for two hours daily, merely repeating in louder tones what had already been said. But the public liked that.

"Isn't that just like old Mike?" was my barber's comment. "He's a bulldog, old Mike is. The company might just as well come through. He'll never let up on them."

That seemed to be the general opinion, and even those who weren't pleased admired Mike for his stubbornness. After five deadlocked sessions a week-end intervened, but when Monday came we again gathered in the mayor's office.

"It's about time we got down to brass tacks," Callaghan announced impatiently. "You fellows might as well understand that we aren't going to compromise on a valuation of two hundred thousand dollars for that franchise. There's no use talking about that any more. The next question, then, is the tax to be levied on that valuation. We are not required to levy the same rate on a franchise that we levy on a physical property. It ought to be much higher. In fact, my recommendation would be five per cent. Now there's something to discuss. What do you say?"

Ball gulped. This was the first intimation that the two hundred thousand dollars was a mere valuation. Five

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"Well," the Chief Said, Wiping His Forehead and Sighing, "Did You See Blatchford Fire at That Uniform?"

The Million-Pound Deposit

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

The Young Man Gave a Little Gasp. He and De Brest Exchanged Quick Glances

XII

THE dining-car attendant pushed open the door of Dutley's jealously guarded carriage as soon as they had left Sheffield.

"Dinner, sir?" he inquired, brandishing the menu.

Dutley beckoned him in.

"Tell me," he begged; "is there a tall, clean-shaven young man, with very smooth black hair, rather like a foreigner, in the dining car?"

The attendant smiled happily.

"He was the first gentleman in, sir," he announced. "He's at a table near the door, drinking an *apéritif* now. He was with Sir Matthew Parkinson on the platform at Leeds. I seen them together directly the train drawed up."

"Capital," Dutley murmured, producing a ten-shilling note. "If I come along to dinner, do you think you could manage to put me—accidentally, mind—at the same table as this young man?"

"Sure I could, sir," was the prompt response. "There's rather a crowd on the train tonight, and no one won't be able to have tables to themselves."

The note changed hands. Dutley followed the attendant and seated himself where he was directed in the dining car. His curt exclamation, when he found himself opposite De Brest, was exceedingly well done. He half rose to his feet. The young man looked deprecatingly across at him.

"There is no necessity for you to leave the table, Lord Dutley," he said. "I am willing to apologize for my behavior the other evening."

Dutley resumed his seat. "Not sure that it isn't I who ought to apologize," he acknowledged.

De Brest waved the suggestion on one side.

"I was too persistent," he confessed. "My admiration of Miss Bessiter was naturally an annoyance to you. I apologize."

"All right," Dutley conceded. "We'll call it a wash-out. Split a bottle with our dinner, eh?"

"I shall be very happy," the young man agreed.

"Where have you come from?" Dutley inquired. "I didn't see you get in at Leeds."

De Brest hesitated. He came to the conclusion, however, that Lord Dutley was speaking the truth, as indeed he was.

"I have come from Glasgow," he confided.

Dutley felt a little thrill, although there was no evidence of it in his expression. De Brest was lying. For what purpose? What was there of secrecy in his visit to Sir Matthew?

"I don't care for the place," he murmured vacantly . . . . "The wine list, waiter."

"Nevertheless, it boasts a stock exchange, and several banking houses of repute are established there. My visit was merely a matter of an hour or so."

"Do you know anything of Leeds?"

"Very little," the baron admitted. "Your English towns outside of London interest me only when it is a question of money-making. I have no connections in Leeds. In Glasgow I have relations with a bank and several shipping firms."

"There's plenty of money to be made in Leeds," Dutley volunteered.

"You should certainly know that, Lord Dutley. When I met you at dinner, I did not at first understand that you were the son of the founder of Boothroyd's. You are to be congratulated. It is a magnificent enterprise."

"Not much to do with me, I am afraid," Dutley regretted. "We have a board of directors, of which I am supposed to be chairman, but since my father's death Sir Matthew Parkinson has practically run the whole show. Happen to know him, by the bye?"

"I have some slight acquaintance with Sir Matthew," the other acknowledged, after a brief hesitation. "A capital man of business, without a doubt."

"Most Yorkshiremen are shrewd," Dutley remarked. "Sir Matthew has a great reputation as a financier, I believe. Never took to business myself. My brain wasn't fashioned that way."

There was a gleam of skillfully veiled contempt in the baron's at times unpleasant-looking eyes.

"It is fortunate that we are not all built in a similar manner," he said. "To me, business is a great joy—banking business especially."

"Where are your headquarters?"

"In Amsterdam. I have agencies in most of the cities of Europe. Nothing makes me happier than when I am engaged in floating a loan for some of my friends, or helping them to invest their funds to advantage. Money-making," De Brest went on thoughtfully, "is so easy when one understands the game. It is worth while too. However much one has, it is always possible to find a use for a little more."

"Quite true," Dutley agreed.

"I wonder," the baron reflected, "that you have never thought of a little judicious speculation."

"Never occurred to me," was the indifferent reply. "I'm afraid I haven't the brain for that sort of thing. Besides, Boothroyd's pays me pretty well. I don't suppose I could get much larger dividends anywhere."

"Or greater safety," the baron observed. "Nevertheless, it is one of the axioms of finance that you should not have, as you say in England, all your eggs in one basket."

"I suppose," Dutley reflected, "every great firm must have its ups and downs. I've just come from the Works. We're not doing quite so well now."

Again there was a gleam in De Brest's eye which spoke of his interest.

"That may account," he said, "for the way your shares have dropped in the market today and yesterday. Closing price in Glasgow today was seventy-three."

"That's the devil of a drop!"

"It is a very severe fall for so firmly established a company," the baron said. "Of course, you may resent my advice, Lord Dutley. You have acknowledged, though, that you are not a business man. Very well, then. You are a large holder of Boothroyd's. Where are your share certificates, by the bye?"

"Deposited at my bank."

"Against an overdraft or anything?"

Dutley shook his head. "I'm fairly extravagant," he said, "but I've never managed to quite spend the dividends on five hundred thousand shares."

"Five hundred thousand shares!" the baron repeated in an awed tone. "An amazing holding! Now, let me show you, Lord Dutley, how to make a little money. Deposit with your bankers as security, say a hundred thousand pounds' worth of your shares, borrow that amount on them—you would be able to do so at something very little over bank rate—and with the money you borrow buy shares or take an interest in some investment companies where you could easily make 10 per cent. Five per cent, you see, is clear profit. You have nothing to risk, no inconveniences, and you don't sell any shares."

"Sounds like a spot of all right," Dutley admitted.

"Of course it's all right," De Brest went on, trying hard to retain his pose of good-natured indifference. "There are half a dozen perfectly safe things you could come into where you could be practically guaranteed 10 per cent, with the possibility of 20."

"As, for example?"

The baron refilled his companion's glass and smiled. He was thinking just at that moment that there was no man in the world whom it would make him happier to strip of every penny he possessed than the man opposite.

"I'm afraid I couldn't answer your question offhand like that, Lord Dutley," he said. "If anyone comes to me in my capacity as a banker, with money to invest, why, that's a different matter, but one can't give away all one's good things in response to a casual inquiry, you see. We might part at St. Pancras. You might decide not to bother your head with business affairs. Next time you were with friends, like the Bessiters, for instance, who are interested in finance, our conversation would occur to you, and you would say, naturally enough: 'Oh, I heard of a good thing the other day—so-and-so.' Your friends—especially if they knew that the tip came from me—would probably buy. Up would go the price, and our little conversation would have cost me more than a trifle. Now you get the business man's attitude, Lord Dutley."

"I quite see," Dutley agreed. "After all, it doesn't matter much, does it? We've both got all we want without worrying to make it a bit more."

"A banker never has all he wants," De Brest said earnestly. "Remember that, Lord Dutley, because it is important. The possibilities of finance are illimitable. The banker who has fifty millions under his control can use another ten millions with five minutes' notice. Money is in demand all over the world for industrial and financial purposes. The only thing is to choose the place where the greatest margin exists between the interest you have to pay and the interest you can arrange to receive."

"Quite," Dutley observed, a little vaguely. "Smoke?"

The two men lit cigars. The baron refused a liqueur, but Dutley ordered a *fin*.

"Jolly interesting life, yours," he went on, "so long as you have a taste for it. I suppose you get to know a good deal about different sorts of businesses?"

"Certainly I do," De Brest assented. "I even know something about yours, and that is almost the most complicated manufacturing business in the world."

"You know more about it than I do, I expect."

"Very likely. Anyhow, I know the value of it. The chemistry is a bit beyond me. I know that it takes many years before you can turn out the right thing in artificial silk, because I have financed one or two of the smaller Continental companies myself, and I have had to wait quite a long time for my money. It generally came right in the end though. I suppose," he added, looking intently at the ash of his cigar, "even a huge business like yours, as you were saying, has its ups and downs?"

"Bound to have," Dutley acknowledged. "I'm an ignoramus of course, but I've been trying to rub that in to Sir Matthew. He's got the hump because things aren't going very well at the works. I've been trying to cheer him up. We've been making the goods for so long now that it isn't likely we're going to lose the knack of it all at once."

De Brest's assent was whole-hearted, but his smile was enigmatic. Dutley called for his bill, insisted upon paying for the champagne, and returned to his carriage with a little nod of farewell. He stretched himself out in a corner and, with an evening paper on his knee, settled down to an hour's reflection. No one who might have intruded upon his solitude could have imagined him engaged in very profound thought. Not a line of his face was wrinkled. His pleasant blue eyes were entirely untroubled. Yet, very slowly before them was growing into shape the first phase of an amazing and incongruous possibility.

The train rushed through the night into the suburbs of London, a vast field of lights on each side. The door was suddenly opened. Dutley's fingers strayed to his waistcoat pocket for his ticket, but it was the Baron de Brest who stood there, his hat and overcoat on, all ready to alight.

"Referring to our very agreeable conversation, Lord Dutley," he said, "if my proposal for numbering you among my investing clients should commend itself to you, I would like you to accept my card. We might lunch sometime together at the Milan Grill."

"Very kind of you," Dutley replied, glancing at the card and placing it carefully in his pocket. "I hate bothering about business, but I'm glad to know where you are to be found, at any rate."

"Within the next few days," De Brest continued impressively, moving a little farther into the carriage and holding on to the rack, "I have to make up my mind whether I advance to a new but very promising enterprise a considerable sum of money. Anyone with a hundred thousand pounds to spare could rely upon making something like 14 per cent upon his investment in a very short time. Will you think this over, Lord Dutley?"

"I will indeed."

"The only trouble is," De Brest concluded, lighting a cigarette and speaking with somewhat forced nonchalance, "that I have to decide by Thursday. Afterward it would probably be too late. You have my address. If you think anything of the matter, let me know, and we will arrange a meeting."

"A bite of lunch at the Milan, eh?" Dutley murmured. "I won't forget, baron. Very good of you to think of me."

De Brest hesitated, as though he had something more to say, but whatever it was he left it unsaid. Dutley watched him as he closed the door and made his way down the corridor. His lips relaxed a little. He permitted himself to smile.

A Prim Little Figure of a Man, Carrying a Small Black Bag and Holding an Umbrella Over His Head, Was Walking Briskly and Purposefully

XIII

"WHAT on earth does this denote?" Dutley inquired, about half an hour later, as he stood and looked around in Lucille's sitting room. "A funeral, or what sort of a celebration?"

"Don't be an idiot, Charles," Lucille replied with a little frown.

He waved his hand toward the banks of orchids and vases of tuberoses.

"But, my dear child!" he expostulated. "Why this floral display? Why this perfume of altar cloths and the funeral department of a florist's shop?"

"Orchids and tuberoses happen to be my favorite flowers," Lucille declared severely—"as you seem to have forgotten since your return."

"Someone's been spoiling you," he remarked.

"The flowers came from Sigismund de Brest," Lucille announced, with a note of defiance in her voice.

"The deuce they did! Must have cost him an awful lot," Dutley speculated, eying them critically.

"I suppose he can afford them."

"Perhaps."

"In any case," Lucille continued, "it's the thought I value. In the course of quite an ordinary conversation, I happened to tell him how much I liked tuberoses."

"He could afford the thought, no doubt."

"And why do you think he couldn't afford the flowers?"

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ROLL YOUR OWN

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD VINCENT CULTER

On Our Honeymoon, We Stood Before Niagara Falls and I Repeated in as Low a Voice as Possible Six Stanzas From "Nature Whispers That You Love Me"

UP TO the time of becoming engaged to Luetta, I had thought myself violently opposed to poetry of any and every kind. This was the result of a tragedy which had occurred when I was but fourteen years of age. A relative, who a year before had promised me ten dollars in gold if I would read Milton's poems complete, passed to a better world when I was on the last pages of Paradise Regained. She died without leaving a will.

Thus I can state I was not only surprised but astonished when, one starlit evening, I found my eyes filling with tears as, in a soft voice, Luetta recited:

"This rapturous moment will vanish away, Milo,
And never return—no, never;
Though we seek it with tears for a year and a day, Milo—
A year and a day and forever."

"Luetta," I said, catching her hand and choking with unshed tears.

That night Luetta gave me seven poems clipped from various newspapers, and an hour later, as I read them over in my room, I realized that a new world had been opened to me. In fact, I began to wonder whether anybody existed whose soul was so dead he could listen to those poems and not be moved exactly the way I had been.

But the next morning at the office, when reciting to Arnold Blied the selection entitled, The Mirrors in My Sweetheart's Eyes of Blue, I was interrupted with the remark, "Tie that outside, Milo." This was as far as I ever got in my efforts to interest Arnold Blied in poetry.

But from then on Luetta and myself devoted hours every evening to favorite selections, which we read aloud to each other: Do You Remember, Dear; Smile and Bear It; When the Cold Moonlight is Shining; Good-by, Dear Heart; and many others clipped from the newspapers. Thus day by day my appreciation of literature deepened.

On our honeymoon, when we stood before Niagara Falls and I repeated in as low a voice as possible six stanzas from Nature Whispers That You Love Me, I was so visibly moved that Luetta said: "Milo, I have never seen anybody affected by poetry to the extent you are. I believe you are secretly a poetical genius and ought to write poems."

"Oh, I guess not," I replied modestly; though as a matter of fact I had already tried to write one poem and had had to stop because of the difficulty of finding the words for the ends of the lines.

On our return I made a first payment on a suburban house with a small orchard. We both laughed heartily when we found in the kitchen with other furniture a shotgun and rock-salt cartridges which the late owner had used to protect his apple trees.

"We will let them pick all the apples they want," Luetta said, "and we will save the gun for the first person we find who doesn't really love and appreciate poetry."

That is the way our married life began, and it went on just like a beautiful poem until one Sunday, when looking through Luetta's trunk for a volume entitled Heart Songs From Many Sources, I came across a small flat package carefully done up in wrapping paper. Thinking it might be the book, I opened it only to find a rustic frame inclosing a square of birch bark on which was a pyrographic design of Cupid shooting an arrow. On the reverse of the picture the following was written in lead pencil:

Oh, you Luetta. Some afternoon. Will you ever forget it?
D. A.

My first reaction was to start to smash the picture over the corner of the trunk. Then I controlled myself by the argument that perhaps D. A. was just a girl friend. Trying to believe this, I gritted my teeth and replaced the picture in the trunk. It was my intention to say nothing to Luetta, but to wait until some day of her own accord she would mention D. A. But though I thought I had made up my mind to this, what was my surprise, thirty seconds later, to find myself in the kitchen, blurting out, "Well, and just who is D. A.? That is what I would like to find out."

With a low cry Luetta dropped the apple sauce.

"You gave me such a turn, Milo," she said, her face very flushed as she stooped down to mop up the mess. "D. A.—why, I don't think I know anybody with the initials D. A."

"He seemed to know you pretty well," I fired back in a cutting voice. "Have you any other birch-bark plaques in your trunk with cupids on one side and personal messages on the other?"

It was our first quarrel, and lasted until eleven in the evening, with many recriminations on each side. In fact, I was seriously contemplating a divorce action when Luetta began to recite a poem she had recently clipped from the Times, with the title The Past is Past, Today's Today. In the middle of the fifth stanza we made up.

During our discussion the fact had come out that the initials stood for a party by the name of Dallas Adams, who had lived in town before I moved there and who had been engaged to Luetta for about eight weeks or thereabouts. All had ended between them when he had tried to take her to the W. O. W. picnic, reeking of liquor and wearing a necktie composed of a lady's pink silk stocking. Shortly after this Mr. Adams had accepted a position selling a new kind of safety razor through Kansas and Nebraska. Luetta had not heard from him since and had practically forgotten the pyrographic picture, which she now insisted on burning in the grate. We went to bed that night tearful but happy.

"Dallas Adams is nothing but a sly trickster," she said before dropping off to sleep. "Since knowing you, Milo, the mere thought of him is enough to disgust me."

During the next few days, whenever the thought of Dallas Adams came into my head, I would select some appropriate piece of poetry on the general subject of not worrying and try to memorize it. In addition, I made more than one attempt to produce such a poem myself. But after considerable effort the best I could do was the following stanza:

The world is daily growing better.
Think of all the wonderful things that have been invented.
We should always remember this, and whatever happens
Let us always try to be contented.

My First Instinct Was to Haul Back and Hit Dallas Adams as Hard as I Could

After reading this over, I decided it would be better to allow my emotions to be regulated exclusively by the poetry of others.

But though Luetta and I had made up and had dismissed the subject from our conversation, I could not resist asking Arnold Blied an adroit question or two about Dallas Adams. The answers were not very flattering for Dallas. About the only good quality that anybody credited him with, if it could be called a good quality, was his habit of making friends.

"He could make friends with a cross-eyed, nervous mule," said Arnold Blied one Tuesday. "And he was so smooth you never got wise to the fact he was smooth. He had more than one girl walking sideways. But you'll see him for yourself, Milo, because he's about due back for a visit. He sent me a card just the other day."

I did not mention this news to Luetta, but standing before the mirror, I solemnly swore to myself that if I ever met Dallas Adams I would never allow him to pull the wool over my eyes.

Two days later, when Luetta was making a flying visit to a cousin in Milwaukee, I dropped in at the drug store to order a brick of ice cream for the next day.

"Excuse me," said a deep voice, "but do I understand that I have the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Milo Mills?"

"Yes," I said, turning to look at a tall stout man lavishly dressed in white spats.

"Allow me to introduce myself. I am Dallas Adams."

II

MY FIRST instinct was to haul back and hit Dallas Adams as hard as I could, thus letting him see just what I thought of a man who was universally known as a sly trickster. And I think that is what I would have done if he had not begun shaking my hand and working me out of the drug store, while remarking in a voice that quivered like a string on a bass viol:

"Mr. Mills, your wife Luetta—Mrs. Mills, I should say—may have told you that two years ago, when I had the happiness of knowing her, I loved and lost. You, Mr. Mills, you loved and won. As Kipling might have written, You're a better man than I am, Milo Mills. Thus it is with mingled feelings of felicitation and deepest personal regret that I shake you by the hand, sir."

He suited the action to the word, and at first I thought that three of my fingers were broken.

"I am sorry," I began, touched by the way his voice trembled. "I am deeply sorry ——"

"You have no reason whatever to feel sorry, Mr. Mills. It is I who must carry around all my life the crushing weight of remorse. But as the poet says in a little masterpiece entitled, Before I Die, which I clipped from a newspaper two weeks ago:

"My former slips and faults I would efface.
I want to make the world a better place
Before I die."

By the time he had finished ten stanzas of this inspiring poem I had practically abandoned any intention I had of hitting him; and when I spoke, all I said was, "I hope your health is O. K., Mr. Adams."

He nodded twice; then, pulling out a handkerchief, blew his nose and wiped his eyes. "But if I am alive today, Mr. Mills, I owe it all to Luetta, if so I may call her. She loves poetry; she taught me to love it too. At a time when I was ready to throw myself into the gulf of dissipation before ending my existence by violent means, the memory of a little poem Luetta had once given me saved me from myself. I want you to hear that poem, Mr. Mills."

With this he pulled out his pocketbook, and, extracting a bit of newspaper, read fifteen stanzas of a poem entitled Courage. The last five lines ran as follows:

Remember that the darkest night
Is followed by the brightest dawn;
Remember that the direst plight
Is conquered if you but fight on.
Fight on, my friend, fight on.

"That was what saved me, Mr. Mills, and it was all that saved me. And that is why I shall always carry the memory of Mrs. Mills enshrined in my heart."

"Well," I said, feeling that Dallas Adams had been much misrepresented by the people who had talked to me about him, "I hope, if you are going to be in town long enough, you will drop in and see us. Luetta is coming back from Milwaukee tonight."

"Milo," he said, taking hold of my hand again—"for after that generous gesture I insist on calling you Milo—yes, I will be only too happy to come and see you both. I want to make amends. I want to make Mrs. Mills feel that she can find it in her heart to forgive me."

It was a great surprise to me to notice the way Luetta acted when I told her about Dallas being in town.

"He has certainly got his nerve," she said, "to introduce himself to you, and he has certainly got super-nerve to want to see me."

In a few words I explained how favorably impressed I had been with Dallas and that in my opinion he was sincerely sorry for any past mistakes and would like to reestablish himself in the good opinion of all. With that I pulled out three poems which Dallas had given me and which were entitled respectively, Behind the Clouds, The Handclasp of a Pal, and one called Forgive and Forget, whose last two lines ran:

Your lips are atremble, your eyelids are wet;
Forgive and forget, dear, forgive and forget.

Luetta bounded out of her chair.

"My lips are not trembling so you could notice it, and there is nothing on my eyelids except eyelashes. As for you, Milo Mills, if you have invited Dallas Adams to this house, you're a plain idiot. You can entertain him yourself. I'll be elsewhere."

She was so determined about it that the following night, when Dallas came to call, I was much surprised to find not only that Luetta had decided to stay home but also that she had dressed up for the occasion. There was a moment of coldness in spite of the fact that Dallas had brought a large bouquet of flowers and a five-pound box of chocolates. And when he began to apologize for past behavior,

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"For Goodness Sakes, Dallas, Don't Ask Him to Recite Any More. . . . Milo, Take Your Hands From Behind Your Back or I'll Scream"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions, Five Cents the Copy; $2 00 the Year—52 issues. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check.

In Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador), Ten Cents the Copy; $3 00 the Year—52 issues—Canadian or U. S. Funds

In Continental Europe and the British Isles, $4 00 the Year—52 issues.

In Argentina Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay and Venezuela, $4 00 the Year—52 issues.

In all other Foreign Countries, $10 00 the Year—52 issues.

Remittances from outside U. S. and Canada by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 4, 1929

A Governor Goes Milling

SOME time since, the state of North Dakota, in a vagary of socialistic enterprise, established a state flour mill. Just why was not clear to outsiders; possibly not clear to those living within the state at the time. The mill has made flour, but also made trouble. The direct operations have not been regarded as a commercial success. Built to grind Dakota wheat, the mill has at times had to import wheat in order to maintain flour standards. Last year the question of management of the mill was submitted to election and the people voted to have the mill run by a commission. The legislature, however, chose to disregard the mandate, refused to pass a mill-commission bill and left the mill on the hands of the governor.

Governor Shafer, a capable and conscientious executive, feels that he has troubles enough as governor and wants no more as miller. He holds the notion that knowledge of milling is required to run a flour mill. He is quoted as having said that, being without experience in the milling business or professed genius in industrial management, success could hardly be expected of him. Also, that he did not intend to neglect other official duties in order to manage the mill. All of which is out of tune in the experimental society of North Dakota. Evidently the doughty governor is a partisan in matters related to the functions of his office.

Prices May Trend Downward

GRADUALLY the view seems to be gaining acceptance that we face a downward trend of prices. This of course means the general price level, not necessarily the prices of everything. This view is based upon a modified quantity theory of money. Gold has again become the basis of the currency of the world. With growth of population, the requirements of currency and credit expand. Also, with industrial and social developments, the increasing per capita production of wealth involves an increase in currency and credit. Under these circumstances a lag in the supply of gold leads to a changed relationship between supply of gold and supply of goods.

Before the war the production of new gold was around four hundred and fifty million dollars per annum. It now seems doubtful if this can be maintained. With each year, the known gold deposits are being thinned, miners must go deeper, the costs of extracting the precious metal rise.

Possibly new deposits may be discovered or cheaper methods of mining perfected. But the men who devote their attention to this subject seem agreed that an absolute decline in production of new gold is in prospect, which means still more a relative decline.

But this is only one side of the subject. There is such a thing as economy in the monetary employment of gold. A few years ago an international conference called attention to the importance of governmental economy in the monetary use of gold. This was to be attained through international coöperation, whereby competition in acquisition of gold would be eliminated and mutual assistance rendered in the use of gold as basis of currencies. The central banks could all follow policies of high reserves or they could all, in agreement of policy, feel content with lesser reserves.

To some extent gold balances could serve the monetary purposes of gold reserves. The so-called gold-exchange standard is perhaps the most explicit development in this direction. But however defined and arranged, it was agreed that under the recognized circumstance of a dwindling gold supply, economy in use of gold would become imperative if the existing relation between money and production of wealth was to be continued.

Apparently economy in the monetary use of gold is not being attained. The central banks of most countries seem intent on drawing in and hoarding gold. In a large number of countries the gold reserves are growing. Also this is looked upon as desirable. There is competition for, not coöperation in, the use of gold. For the world as a whole, however, production is expanding faster than gold is coming in. Thus a gradual downward trend of prices is anticipated, because both the supply and the use of gold are becoming restricted. This anticipated trend, however, is likely to develop slowly.

Investment Without Representation

AFTER the war Europe sought American financial assistance. Gold was needed for stabilization of currencies, loans were wanted to tide industries over periods of liquidation, investments were desired to revamp business along modern lines. Continents other than Europe similarly sought dollars. There was then no talk of the American dollar except in terms of rehabilitation and development.

Recently, the tone has changed; at least in certain quarters. We hear now of "penetration," of "invasion" of foreign countries by the dollar. Domestic investors in foreign countries are being publicly urged not to allow the control of their industries to pass to Americans. To read some of the European sheets, one might imagine that the methods of trusts before the days of regulation of trusts were being employed to install Americans in possession of foreign concerns and in control of their domestic and foreign policies. The British General Electric Company has sought, by a scheme of differential stock issue, to retain a degree of control in excess of proportionate holdings, in effect to set up a gerrymander against the foreign stockholders.

In one way or another, as indicated by various signs in different countries, the attempt is being made to hold the dollar, while restricting influence in policy. Apparently, the newer idea is to have the American dollar as a silent partner, without voice in the final decisions of the directorate.

Of course, it will be denied that anything so extreme is contemplated as is indicated in the bald and blunt statement we have employed. Also, it will be urged that vital national interests are at stake, and that the American dollar should not speak so loudly in meeting as does the coin of the nationals in a foreign company in which American capital has become interested. But if the hard logic of the proposals now being tentatively put forth in some countries is followed to the end, it will eventuate that the domestic capital is to hold a preponderating influence relatively. In short, the policies of such concerns would not be determined solely by profits and losses, by considerations of development of business, but also by considerations of preconceived national policy. Time will tell.

We wonder whether in the old days when British, Dutch, German and French capital flowed freely into foreign enterprises there was encountered any policy of disparity between investors? Was there such disenfranchisement, investment without proportional representation?

Age-Old Fraud

OF ALL the gentry who live by their wits, those who attain the highest degree of temporary respectability—with the possible exception of bogus noblemen—are the larger financial swindlers, the perpetrators of pretentious and novel get-rich-quick schemes. Though the principle of fraud is very old, it assumes new disguises from time to time and provides much valuable material for the study of weak human nature. For the moment there seems to be a lull in get-rich-quick operations in this country, but no one is wise enough to say whether this condition will last or will prove to have been only an incubation period. The French are struggling with a whole epidemic of financial frauds, and making a sorry mess of it.

Figuratively speaking, the French police have been filling the jails with promoters and swindlers who had come to the end of their rope. One of the most picturesque was a woman who, tired of running a small shop, began to float new banks and financial companies with high-sounding titles, and received subscriptions from all sections of the country and all social classes. A law professor, tired of his meager salary, entered upon the same road, and so rapidly did his companies multiply before the hand of justice fell upon him, that there is difficulty in merely ascertaining how many enterprises he was engaged in.

But we need not feel so superior to the French. Only a few months ago a final dividend of 2 per cent was declared by the trustees of the bankrupt estate of one Charles Ponzi of Boston. About ten thousand creditors have participated in the dividends sent out by the trustees since 1923—five, in all, or a total of thirty-seven per cent. Mr. Ponzi began his operations in June, 1920, with about $200. His business amounted to $14,000,000 by July of that year, and the crash came in August. The business grew rapidly because the credulous persons who invested their money in the scheme expected a return of fifty per cent in forty-five days. The operations were based upon the theory that profits could be made in international reply coupons—a postal medium by which international relations in postal finance are simplified. For a short time even persons versed in finance were puzzled.

The suggestive feature in this case, however, has been the legal aftermath. Great numbers of so-called investors withdrew their money after August second and just before the final crash came. These persons no doubt considered themselves wise, but the courts decided that it was common knowledge on and after August second that Ponzi was insolvent, and therefore those who withdrew their money were accepting preferential payments from a bankrupt. Thus they could be made to restore their recoveries to the estate. For years the battle of lawsuits continued, but in the end the reluctant investors were compelled to restore their recoveries and merely share in the common dividend. Hundreds voluntarily restored their money rather than add to their losses the further costs of unsuccessful court actions.

One of the most deplorable features about any bogus financial scheme is that it usually has an element of imitation of the sound and legitimate. The recent epidemic in France has flourished in the healthy soil of a desirable investment growth. It is generally the same here. "But how shall I know the false from the true?" asks the investor who is anxious to build up an estate. There is, of course, no simple or single answer. Luck plays a part, but common sense, good judgment, that indefinable yet essential quality known as discrimination, patience, courage and reasonableness also come into the picture. No wonder so many people lose money!

The Town Comes to the Farmer

By W. M. JARDINE

WHAT is it worth to the farmer when industry, instead of becoming more concentrated in a few large cities, develops a tendency to spread out in many small places? What are the prospects for industrial decentralization in the United States? These are complex and difficult questions, to which positive answers cannot safely be ventured. Each involves both pros and cons. Consider, for example, just one of the results of industrial decentralization upon agriculture—namely, its tendency to promote diversity in farm operations. This is usually but not always desirable. American agriculture holds a place for specialized as well as for diversified farming. He would be a bold prophet who would attempt to predetermine the most advantageous balance between these two systems of agriculture. This is only another way of saying that the effects of industrial decentralization, in so far as they relate to farming practices, cannot be accurately known in advance.

It is equally hazardous to be dogmatic about industrial decentralization itself. Unquestionably a tendency exists for many industries to establish small units in small places. This tendency, however, prevails side by side with an opposite movement toward the concentration of certain industries for large-unit production. It is impossible to say whether the future will see a greater development of the first or of the second tendency. Manufacturers know that the question whether large or small unit production is the more economical often presents extreme difficulty. It involves the relation between the volume of output and the cost of production per unit. Some industries have advantages that enable them to operate economically in comparatively small plants. Others have not. For each industry experience and not theory is the test. All we can say with any confidence is that in recent years a great development of American industry has taken place in comparatively small places. In offering some observations as to the relation between industrial decentralization and agriculture I am fully conscious that hard-and-fast conclusions are not warranted. My own feeling, nevertheless, is that agriculture stands to benefit greatly from industrial decentralization wherever that process is beneficial to industry.

Two districts in Tennessee, both mainly agricultural, have been studied recently by the University of Tennessee to show how industrial development in small towns affects agriculture. One district is almost exclusively agricultural, while the other has a thriving industrial center. Agriculture in the district lacking industrial development has improved little in the past decade. In the other district agriculture has improved greatly, with corresponding progress in well-being. The two localities are nearly equal in soil fertility and in the character of their farming population. Hence, the superior agricultural development of the locality containing an industrial town is evidently related to that fact. This contrast is significant because a decided spread of American industry into rural districts is taking place. Nearly every state in the Union can furnish examples like that revealed in the Tennessee study. It used to be taken for granted that increasing concentration of industry is natural in the United States. Profits gained through large-scale production were so conspicuous that manufacturing seemed impelled toward centralization. But centralization has drawbacks as well as advantages. Sometimes it means locating plants at points distant from raw materials. Often it means congested populations, overcrowding, and high rents. The late General G. E. Tripp, chairman of the Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., declared that industry in this country was overcentralized. The day of the huge manufacturing plant in the crowded industrial city, he thought, was passing, and he believed the future would see much more manufacturing done in small-unit plants, scattered throughout the rural districts. Considerable evidence could be adduced that General Tripp was right, at least with respect to some industries.

The industrial migration South and West that has taken place since the war is well known. The Piedmont section of North and South Carolina has had a remarkable industrial and commercial growth. Textile, tobacco, and furniture industries have thrived amazingly on natural advantages comprising nearness to raw materials as well as to markets, an adequate power supply, good transportation facilities, and a favorable labor

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THE WILD FLOWER AND WHAT HAS MADE IT WILD

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Strange Interlude Influence

A Couple of the Girls Talk Over Lindbergh's Engagement

HONESTLY, isn't it perfectly wonderful about that girl getting engaged to Lindbergh [It is not!]"

"I'm delighted! I hope she's happy with him.

"So do I. But I'd never marry him myself. [If I didn't get the chance.]"

"[Oh, no, you wouldn't!] Well, I don't think I would either. Think of all those practical jokes."

"Exactly. [You'd love 'em, and you know it.] And besides, he'd be going on long flights and be late for dinner half the time."

"Of course. Really I simply don't see what she sees in him. [Not much.]"

"But I do think she'll make him a good wife. She does seem perfectly sweet."

"Simply divine. But I'd never be content to be merely the wife of a famous man. [If I don't hitch up with somebody within a year I'll be on the shelf for good.]"

"[What a line that girl can throw!] It's the same way with me. It positively nauseates me the way some girls do nothing at all but rave about Lindbergh, Lindbergh, Lindbergh."

"And I'm afraid his cultural side has been neglected. [What eyes he has!]"

"[As though that made any difference to a moron like you.] Well, I'm not complaining. I hope he stays happily married."

But After a While She Had Five More

"So be it. Well, cheerio, Alice; I've got to be on my way. [You little hypocrite.]"

"Right-o. See you Wednesday. [Of all the sour-grapeartists——]"

—PARKE CUMMINGS.

Strengthening Home Ties

"I'VE just been out at the municipal airport to see my daughter Eloise," said Grover Cleveland Smith as he drew out his chair at the weekly luncheon of the Jonesville, Indiana, Kiwanis Club in the Hotel New Trianon. "Eloise was making her spring visit of seven and a half minutes to her mother and me, and if the 11:30 train on the Nickel Plate hadn't pulled off the Main Street crossing just when it did, we'd have missed her. I've just begun to realize what aviation means to this country.

"Why, since the Chamber of Commerce raised that five hundred thousand for an airport here, we've seen Eloise four times for a total of thirty-two minutes.

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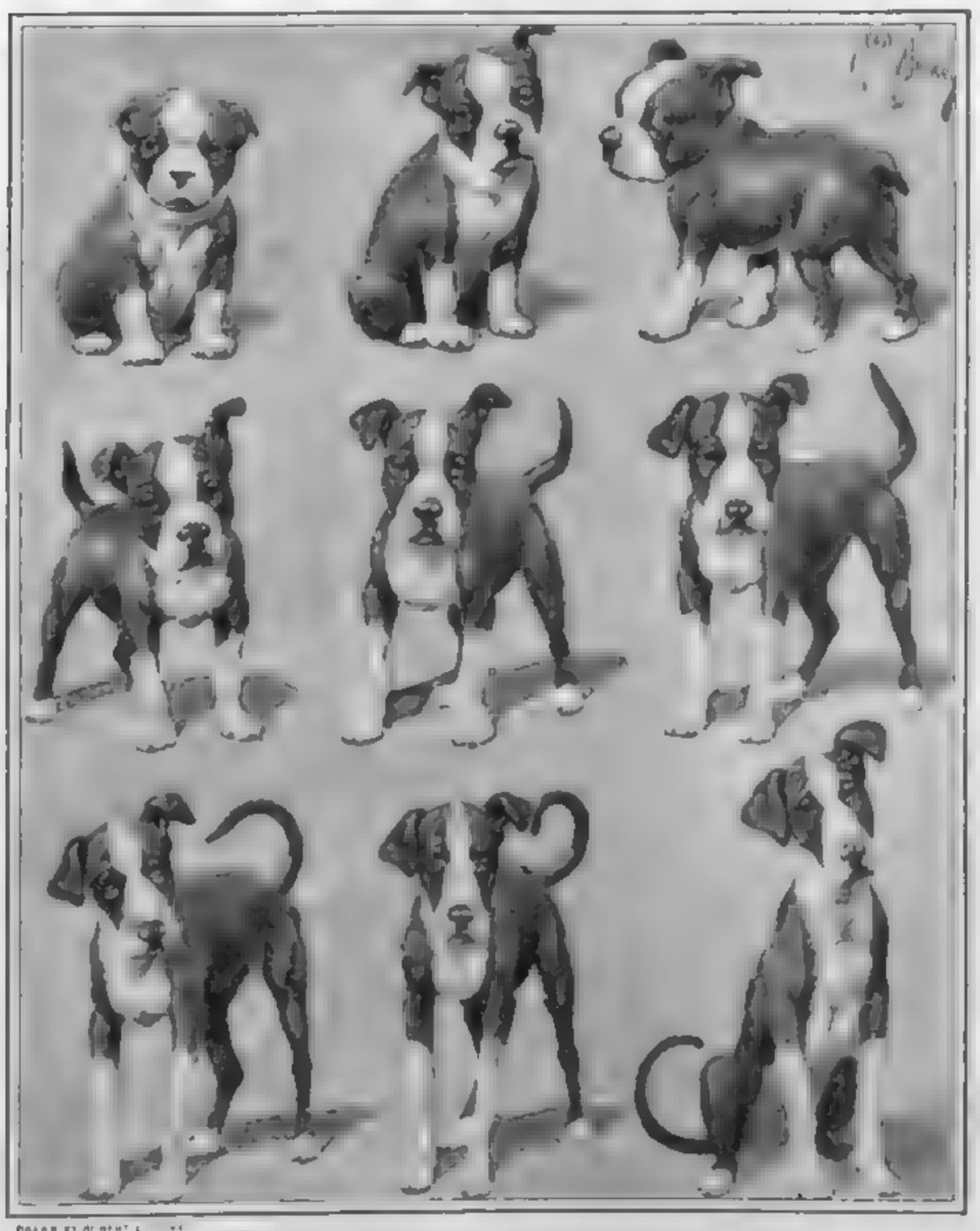


One of Life's Minor Tragedies: the Development of the Puppy You Purchased (at a Substantial Figure) as Being One of a Prize-Winning Boston Terrier Strain

Farmer to Stranger Who Was Just Asked Directions: "Turn to Your Left Here at the Next Corner and Go Down Fifty-Seven Service Stations Until You Get to a Little Red Schoolhouse ——"

The way to please the whole family with soups!

FATHER prefers this. Son Edward prefers that. While Edith has a special fondness for something else again. And so on through the family . . . each having individual favorites in food, which mother soon learns and tries to supply in their regular turn.

How she thanks Campbell's Soups for their delightful variety! Although she probably serves the Tomato Soup and the Vegetable Soup more frequently, she likes to select from the 19 other Campbell's Soups.

So everybody's desires are met. It's such a help to you to know that each of the twenty-one Campbell's Soups has a deliciousness all its own!

Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the twenty-one Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

Let your grocer supply you with any of these Campbell's Soups

Asparagus
Pea
Beef
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Okra
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef

Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO
SOUP
CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY
CAMDEN N.J. U.S.A.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE

By WILL PAYNE

FOR some time I have been much interested, with others, in a small charitable enterprise. We are all good people, if you will take my word for it, and all in hearty agreement upon the general object that we have in view. But when it comes to the particular, concrete steps by which that object is to be attained, it is surprising to find how much we can find to disagree about—sometimes so earnestly that every little uplifter turns pink with suppressed indignation. It is surprising how much time and talk it takes to get anything done—which, at the next meeting, may turn out not to have been done after all.

Most of the male members of this charitable band are engaged in business—for example, banking. When the bank directors meet, questions come up on which members hold different views. Often they will be intrinsically far more important than the questions at the charitable meeting. But almost always the bank questions get settled quickly, differing members promptly come to an agreement, or those that are overruled acquiesce in the majority decision at once and without heat. The thing gets done. By and large the bank directors will dispatch as much business in ten minutes as we will in an hour.

Without doubt a great many readers of this publication have had the same experience. They have served on school board, park board, hospital board, town-improvement association, poor children's milk committee—any one of a thousand undertakings that are for a public benefit instead of for a private gain. They know what a quantity of time and talk it takes to get things done. If they are also engaged in business they know how quickly, in comparison, decisions are reached in that field. The difference is fundamental and unavoidable.

But aside from direct personal experience, everybody knows how public affairs lag. Muscle Shoals, for example, and Boulder Dam. For a dozen years or more citizens of New York have had a Subway problem that never seems to get anywhere nearer settlement. Citizens of Philadelphia recall the tremendous difficulties in getting a sesquicentennial exposition going. For twenty years Chicago fumbled over a lake-front problem.

In public affairs it is so everywhere in the United States. At the same time, in the business field vast, complex, difficult undertakings are carried through swiftly, and sometimes by the very men who are participating in public affairs that are all balled up. That difference between public and private is inherent.

Business Before Pleasure

BUSINESS is the simplest of human interests. It means making one's living and it is carried on for private gain—a beautifully definite, clear-cut objective. Man cannot live by bread alone, nor without bread. Any million men will agree at once upon the necessity of bread, but if you ask them what, specifically, comes next after the bread, you will get a million different answers. As soon as they get away from the simple common denominator they fly apart. So, in the nature of the case, it is easier to agree in business than in anything else. I can make a living, or a profit, growing wheat. You can make a living, or a profit, grinding the wheat into flour. Jones can make a living, or a profit, baking the flour into bread. We at once agree upon that arrangement. Indeed, there seems nothing to argue about. But we have a loaf left over which we agree to devote to the good of mankind. Then we fall into a great row as to the precise manner in which a loaf of bread will best serve the good of mankind. I want to use it in one way, you in another way, Jones in a third. We argue until the loaf is stale. The simple, clear-cut motive of private gain gets bread to people who want it. The moment we break away from that simplest of motives we are all over the place. On bread and butter we agree. On everything else we disagree.

The world has to make a living somehow or other, so business is imperative. Mostly the questions that come up now have to be settled now. They will not stand still while we debate, orate, resolve and redact. If we don't settle them now somebody else will or they will settle themselves. If Jones cannot decide how to bake the bread the dough will sour, and that settles that. In business, therefore, men soon learn to subordinate their differences: they compromise or acquiesce; a decision is taken; they move on.

But after bread and butter are provided we can take time to air our opinions. There is no hurry. We can talk and put it off to next week and talk again. Naturally, we all think very well of our own opinions or we would not be holding them. We like to state them at length and argue for them. If business will not let us do that, perhaps we are all the more inclined to take it out in fields that will let us. And outside of business we are much apter to get mad about our opinions, too, which never forwards the matter. For when you step away from that simple, clear-cut motive of private gain you are pretty sure to step on something that is charged, to some extent or other, with emotion. Altruism is an emotion. If the thing is for any public good it must be more or less emotional. And it is always over their emotions, never over their logic, that men fight. Two of my acquaintances were keen business rivals for years without a breach in friendly personal relations. But when they were put on a city planning board and each was sure the other's plan would disfigure the town forever, they sputtered wrath. That case is common. In business the main pull is centripetal. In public it is mostly centrifugal.

Undoubtedly in business there are plenty of rows, shindies, knock-down-and-drag-outs and other evidences of violent disagreement. But if you will consider what business does the world over day by day, the enormous mass of transactions that involve opposing interests and might prove points of friction, I think you will agree that, comparatively speaking, it moves with the smoothness of oil and the celerity of lightning. Of course, it is also the oldest of collective human interests—older even than war. Men made a living before they fought. So, time out of mind, in that field, men have trained themselves to agree, and perfected modes of agreement. It is incomparably the surest way men know, or ever have known, or ever will know, of getting along with one another and working together. After the World War, when victors and vanquished could not agree upon anything by political means, and it seemed that all Central Europe was going to chaotic pot, it was French business men and German business men who laid the first bridges of conciliation and coöperation between the two sides—followed by a business men's Dawes Plan that led to peace. It was business—commerce—that set up the first friendly contacts between the tribes and then the nations. Because it is the surest of all ways of agreement, it has been the great civilizer.

The Powerhouse at Muscle Shoals, a Public Project That Has Caused Endless Debate

Nobody's Business

THE moment you get away from it you are on debatable ground; and there is no logical end to any debate except the exhaustion of the debaters or of the audience. Any debate whatever could perfectly well go on forever if human endurance lasted that long.

Some do actually go on through generations and centuries. All quite well might. When, for example, a debate in the Senate finally comes to an end, that by no means signifies that the debaters have run out of arguments. They could readily think up more. Anyone could. Webster's second and most famous reply to Hayne occupied two days, but that was only a grain of sand on the seashore. The subject of state's rights is still debated and probably will be a thousand years hence. Nothing was ever settled by a debate, but people get tired of talking and finally vote or fight, as the case may be.

If a thing is not for private gain it will usually be, in some sort or other, for a public good; but that at once takes you from simple arithmetic into philosophy. Men who will readily agree as to what is for their private gain will as quickly disagree as to what is for the public good. That word "public" is so often in our mouths that we forget it is a mere figure of speech which does not signify any actual human being or any number of actual human beings. You are not public, I am not public, Jones is not public. No definite number of us is public. We are all individuals differing from one another in many ways, especially in our opinions. It is doubtful that of the millions of men and women who voted for Hoover last November any hundred would give just the same reasons. They agreed in voting for Hoover. They differ in a thousand other particulars. That one little point of agreement, abstracted from all the rest of their personalities, makes the public. It is a fleshless, bloodless figure of speech. The public is nobody, and it is not necessary to be diligent on nobody's business. As nobody's agent we may take our time, for nobody's agent is really irresponsible. We do take our time.

To be sure, public affairs do sometimes move swiftly and powerfully. That happens in a great emergency, especially

(Continued on Page 233)

Tender slices of Libby's Corned Beef served cold with potato chips

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods, ask your grocer for Libby's . . . Canned Meats, Fruits, Vegetables, Pickles, Condiments, Salmon, Evaporated Milk

PARTIAL LIST OF CANNED MEATS

CORNED BEEF VIENNA SAUSAGE
CORNED BEEF HASH VEAL LOAF BONELESS CHICKEN BEEFSTEAK AND ONIONS
LUNCH TONGUE CHILI CON CARNE CHICKEN À LA KING CHOP SUEY
MEXICAN TAMALES BOUILLON CUBES MEAT-WICH SPREAD RED ALASKA SALMON MINCE MEAT

Recipes that are "different," in a new kind of file case. A book with indexed folders, bound in kitchen blue. Each recipe on a card. 72 new dishes, unusual, yet simple, from appetizers to dessert. To get case and recipes, send 50c in stamps (60c in Canada) with your name and address plainly printed, to Mary Hale Martin, Dept. C-29, Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago. Canadian Kitchens, Chatham, Ont., Canada. Write for *FREE* recipe leaflet, "Meats You'll Enjoy Meeting."

LIBBY MCNEILL & LIBBY - CHICAGO

TILL THE VOTE'S COUNTED

Doctor Perkins Blinked. He Opened His Mouth to Speak and Was Unable to Close It

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

DOCTORS," said Dick Bumpus, "have two acute passions—buying worthless stocks and going into politics."

"The first," said Dr. Brant Perkins, "is because they make their money so easily, and the second is because their inherent nobility makes them fit leaders of the people."

"But," said Dick, "when the political urge runs in the direction of upsetting the apple cart of Sheriff Kay, why, that's something else again. You'll find a card on my door which says, 'Will return in an hour.' I'm not in. I don't care for it. You can take it back to the kitchen and fetch me something else."

"You forget County Attorney Diston," said the doctor. "He's naughty, too."

"Dine with a tiger," said Dick, "and then take a nice swim with a crocodile."

"We can arouse public opinion against them."

"Sure. And so everybody would come to our funeral in carriages. Take it outside, doc, and leave it there. It clutters up the shop."

"I've tried to keep out of it myself," said the doctor.

"But the Peddy Orphan pushed you in!"

"That brat!" said the doctor.

"Succinct and alliterative," observed his friend. "And bespeaking a guilty conscience."

"Her father was murdered."

"Unquestionably."

"And scant effort has been made to catch the guilty man."

"Indisputable. How much effort would be made to catch the assassin if you get bumped off while throwing a monkey wrench into Kay's cogwheels?"

"I've got to find somebody to run for sheriff."

"To say nothing of county attorney."

"Oh, that's fixed. You're it, little playmate. I picked you out."

"Thanks, awfully. Why not run Old Man Wicks for sheriff? He's ninety-seven, and tired of life anyhow. And just for instance, how would you get anybody nominated? Kay runs both Republican and Democratic county conventions."

"I aim," said Brant, "to run an independent ticket."

"Fine. You can do it secretly, so nobody ever finds it out but you and me."

The conversation was interrupted by the ringing of the doctor's telephone, and Brant lifted the receiver from its hook.

He listened briefly and said, "Be right there."

"Sorry," he said to Bumpus, "I've got to go out."

"A doctor's life is the life for me, yo-ho!" sang Dick. "Where away, skipper?"

"There's been a fracas down at the bunk house and somebody's hurt."

Young Bumpus became silent and serious; he frowned at the floor and bit his lip.

"Well?" asked the doctor

"Doesn't this remind you of something?"

"What?"

"The Peddy Orphan's father," said Bumpus. "The technic seems familiar. Row in the bunk house, call for the candidate, sudden and unsoluble initiation of the candidate into the hereafter."

"Not twice in the same place," said Brant. "That would betray a lack of imagination."

"They've let imagination run riot a couple of times without result. You've evaded the novelties. They've reason to have faith in this expedient, and hence the pyramids. You'd better stay home and go to bed."

"Not sleepy," said Brant, putting on his hat and reaching for his bag. "Pleasant dreams."

"But," said Dick, "I didn't want to go to the bunk house."

"You're not," said the doctor. "I am."

"Physicians shouldn't make mistakes," Dick said gravely. "They lead to funerals. If you're fool enough to go down to the mill, I'm idiot enough to trundle along."

"Not your party."

"Then I'll crash the gate. Somebody must listen to the last words of the great man, so on your way, Hippocrates—on your way."

They drove out of town and along the shoulder of the hill for a mile or two until, looking down, they could see the black bulk of the mill below them, and yellowish lights in the windows of the bunk house.

"I think," said Brant, "we'll leave the car here. Engines make a noise."

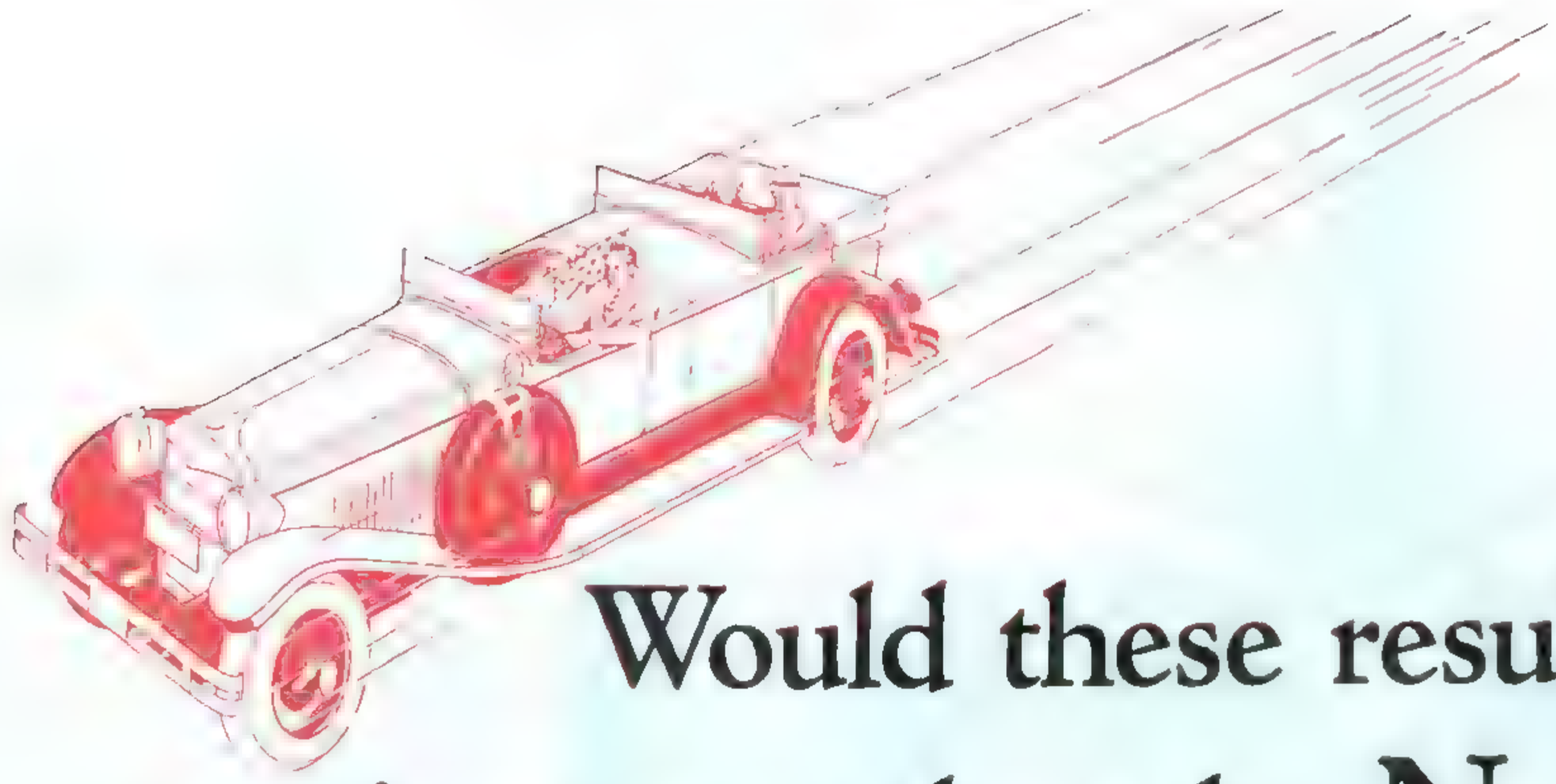
"Ah," said Dick to himself, "he shows a fragmentary intelligence, a sort of low cunning. What is the plan of campaign?"

"First look-see," said the doctor. "To be hypothetical: Let us suppose there is something putrid in Denmark. In that case, some ill-wisher will be present in the wings. It is no stretch of imagination to guess he might be the same citizen who awaited the arrival of the Peddy Orphan's father."

"Owing to his familiarity with the machinery," said Dick. "I follow you."

"Then," suggested the doctor, "don't you think it would be nice to know who he is?"

(Continued on Page 45)



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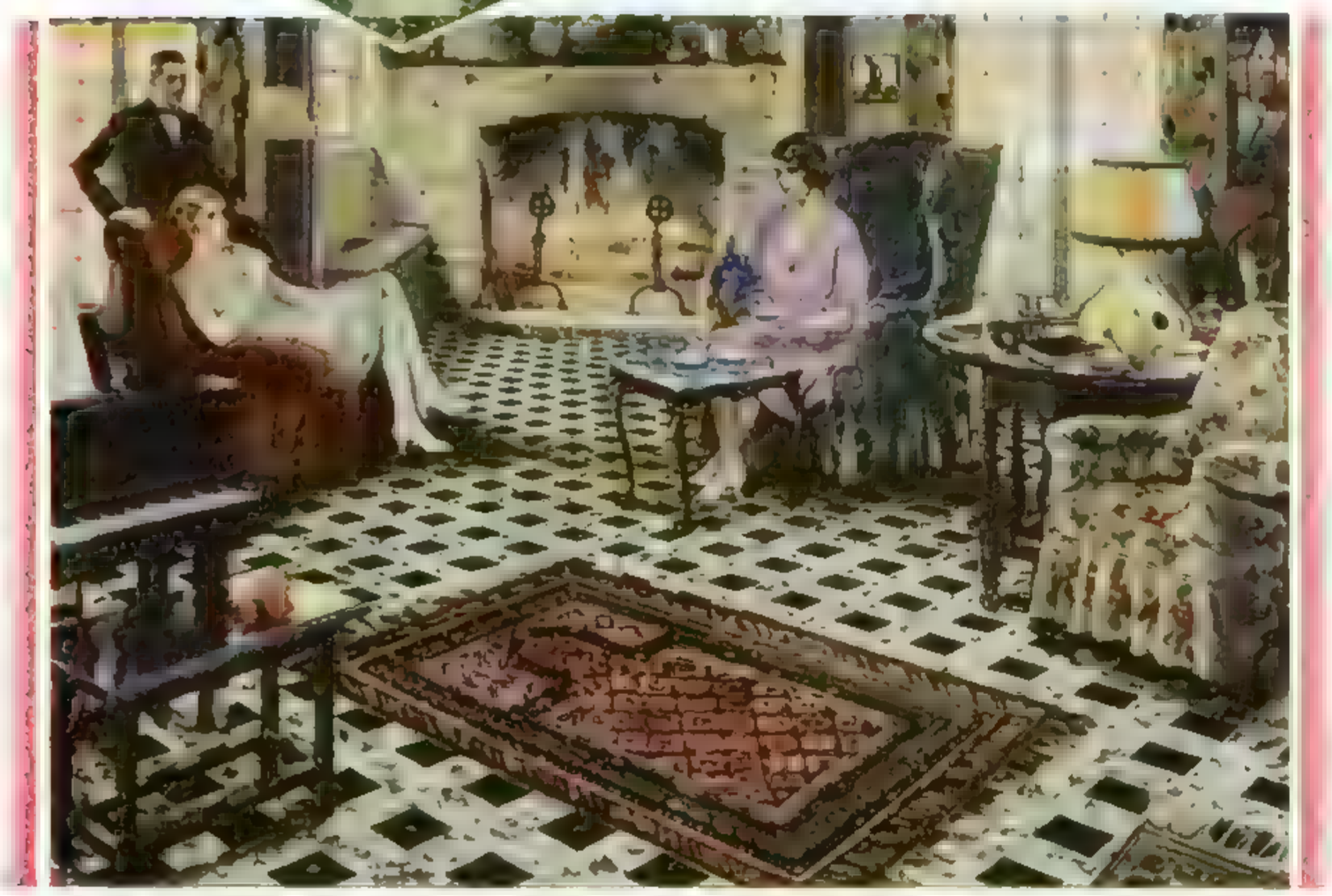

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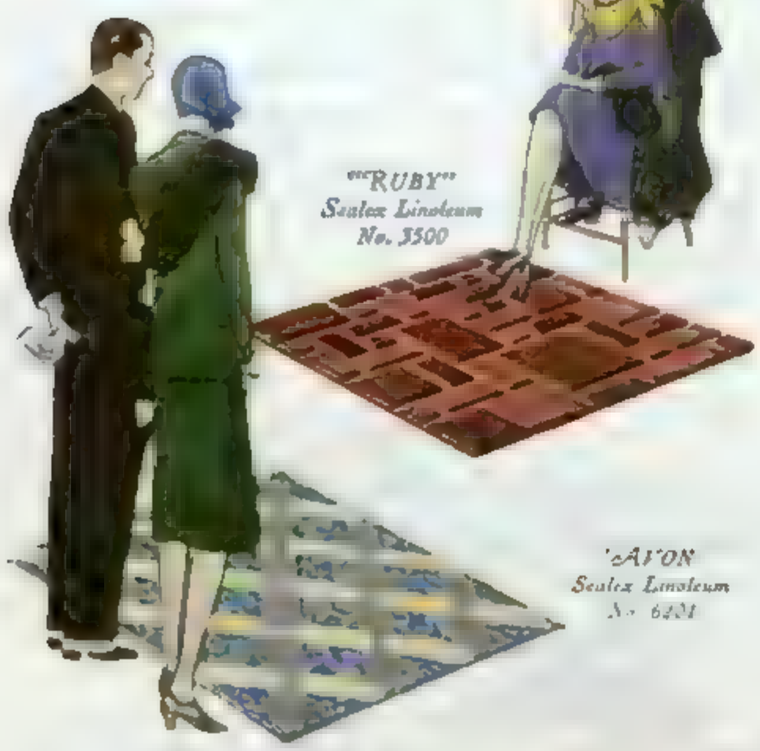

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Sealex Linoleums are made in a variety of types, richly patterned Inlaids, Embossed, two-tone Jaspé, Plain and Battleship.

A colonial design in 8" planks with quaint "Jewels"—
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(Continued from Page 42

"Adopted without alterations or amendments. Let us see. The order of business at the last meeting was: Peddy Orphan's father opens front door, lights go out, shot from the gloom, vacancy in the office of sheriff."

"Therefore we shall not trifle with front doors. Just in case."

The doctor stopped and glanced at a house beside the road. "Wonder if they've a telephone here at McKay's"

"There's a pole and a wire. Why?"

"We'll borrow it," said Brant, and mounted the stoop to rap on the door. Permission was given to use the telephone and Dick listened while the doctor called the bunk house.

"Hello, bunk house?" he asked, and was answered in the affirmative.

"This is Doctor Perkins. I've been delayed. What time have you now? Ten o'clock? Good. I'll be there at 10:30."

"Good idea," approved Dick "Gives us half an hour to frolic."

The bunk house was a low structure of rough lumber and tar paper. The principal door was in the middle of its longest face, and there were no more windows than necessary. Attached to the easterly end was the cook shanty, with only a roofed passageway between. The two young men approached this building with appropriate caution, and not from the roadway but rather by way of the piles of drying lumber at the rear.

"They don't care much for light or air," observed the doctor.

"Not many windows," said Dick, "but there are two skylights in the roof. Just window sash on hinges."

"Ah," said the doctor. "That causes one to pause and consider."

"Handy, eh?" said Dick.

"You could pop a man through the skylight and be far, far away before the tumult and the shouting died. Even I could hide in this labyrinth of lumber piles for many happy minutes."

"Exactly," said Dick. "'Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart for any fate.'"

"'Still achieving, still pursuing,'" Brant capped the quotation, "while some laddie learns to labor and to wait on the roof."

"If he's there he'll be expecting you at 10:30, which gives us twenty-three minutes to do this and that, and to go here and there."

"Some excitement must still reign if there has been a fracas," said the doctor, "and a modicum of empty sound and fury."

"Nevertheless, let us walk softly," said Dick, "in case there is a man on the roof.. Altitude sharpens the ears."

They emerged from the shelter of the lumber piles, but kept between them and the bunk house a small shed used for the storage of oil. This was but twenty feet from the wall of the building which was their objective. Suddenly the doctor cocked his head and nudged Dick

"Car coming from town," he whispered.

"Yeah. See those wires from the mill. Electric light. Right onto the roof. A malicious hand could arrange to nip them and arrange for darkness."

"As in the case of the Peddy Orphan's father," whispered Brant. He projected his head cautiously. "I think I see a ladder," he said. "Wish the moon would come out. That roof is black as a pocket. Where's the skylight?"

"Two of 'em."

Brant strove to pierce the night with his eyes. "Some kind of a blob there," he said. "It moves. Once in a while it shows against the sky line as if a man lifted his head."

"Slick," said Dick.

"That car's coming down the hill this way," said the doctor. "Stand by for orders. You move down to the end there and create a diversion by rattling a board against the eaves. While this possible miscreant is interested in your coy maneuvers I will scale the ladder and board him amidships."

"Me, too," insisted Dick.

"Do as you're told or you can't play," said the doctor "And now. Somehow I'm worried about something. I don't like that car. What if an innocent bystander came in the door and our friend popped at him without waiting to see who it is?"

"I go," said Dick, and presently came an interesting sound from the far corner of the bunk house. Brant, in his stocking feet, was up the ladder and on the roof. Now, at close range, he could see a spot of denseness like, and yet unlike, the body of a man lying at full length beside the skylight. The doctor edged forward while Dick continued to entertain the man with stealthy sounds. Below, Brant heard a car come to a stop and reared upward on his knees. The lurking man lay just before him, and now he could see that a rifle lay over the sill of the skylight. He could see through the glass to the front door, which swung open, to disclose the Peddy Orphan standing on the sill.

Brant pounced downward, his heart in his mouth. The rifle thundered, the lights went out. In the doctor's clutch writhed and clawed and scratched and bit a veritable wildcat, but his writhings were brief, for Brant was beside himself with rage and with something else which he had no time at that moment to identify. It was a great, a clutching, grinding horror. What if that bullet, intended for him, had found the Peddy Orphan?

Almost instantly Dick Bumpus was at his side.

"Got him?" he whispered.

"Yes."

"Shoot at you?"

"No," said Brant. "Gaffle onto him and we'll lug him off the roof." He fell silent for a moment. "If," he said in a queer, toneless voice, "he killed her I'll take out his engine and step on it."

Continued on Page 101

"Thank Heaven I Got Here in Time to Jump Him and Foozle His Aim"

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STEAMING UP

By Samuel M. Vauclain

As Told to Earl Chapin May

NO MATTER how dark your business sky may be, the commercial sun is shining somewhere. This explains why far-seeing men have developed foreign trade for centuries.

Long before the Christian era a tribe of trade extensionists sent their sailing ships from what we know as Syria to every Mediterranean port, on through the Strait of Gibraltar between the forbidding Pillars of Hercules, thence northward across the icy Baltic and southward around Africa. These trade extensionists were Phenicians.

By coupling their daring maritime commercial missions with control of caravans which crossed Asia, the Sahara and Abyssinia, the Phenicians became prosperous. Yet they were always digging up new territory. There is good reason to believe that Phenicians brought the Old Testament gold of Ophir not from Africa or the Eastern Hemisphere but out of the Peruvian Andes 2000 years before Pizarro and his fellow conquistadores loaded their Spanish galleons with Inca gold. It is no wonder the adventuring tribe of Phenicians became a powerful, wealthy nation.

Pardon a locomotive builder for reciting history, but I want to show that the world's first great mercantile people founded its fortune on foreign trade; hence, there's nothing novel about true trade expansion. We've had plenty of ancient and modern examples.

Signing the Rumanian Locomotive Contract in the Office of the Rumanian Minister of Public Works

Mr. Baldwin Passes a Crisis

I'M NOT disparaging local commerce. Home trade knits our communities together. But our country's size and prosperity have given us a false sense of self-sufficiency. Hence, only lately have most of our business leaders looked outside this country's borders. By looking, they've discovered golden opportunities.

Those who preceded me in my business had more vision than most of their contemporaries. Yet the vision of those predecessors was made keener by a financial panic. Hard times have forced many United States commercial houses to develop export business. That, too, is history.

The hard times of 1837 were unusually dramatic because they marked the bursting of the first big boom in North America. The United States, so lately struggling colonies, went raging into wild-cat banking, private citizens became land-crazy, huge cities were surveyed and staked out between buffalo tracks on Western prairies.

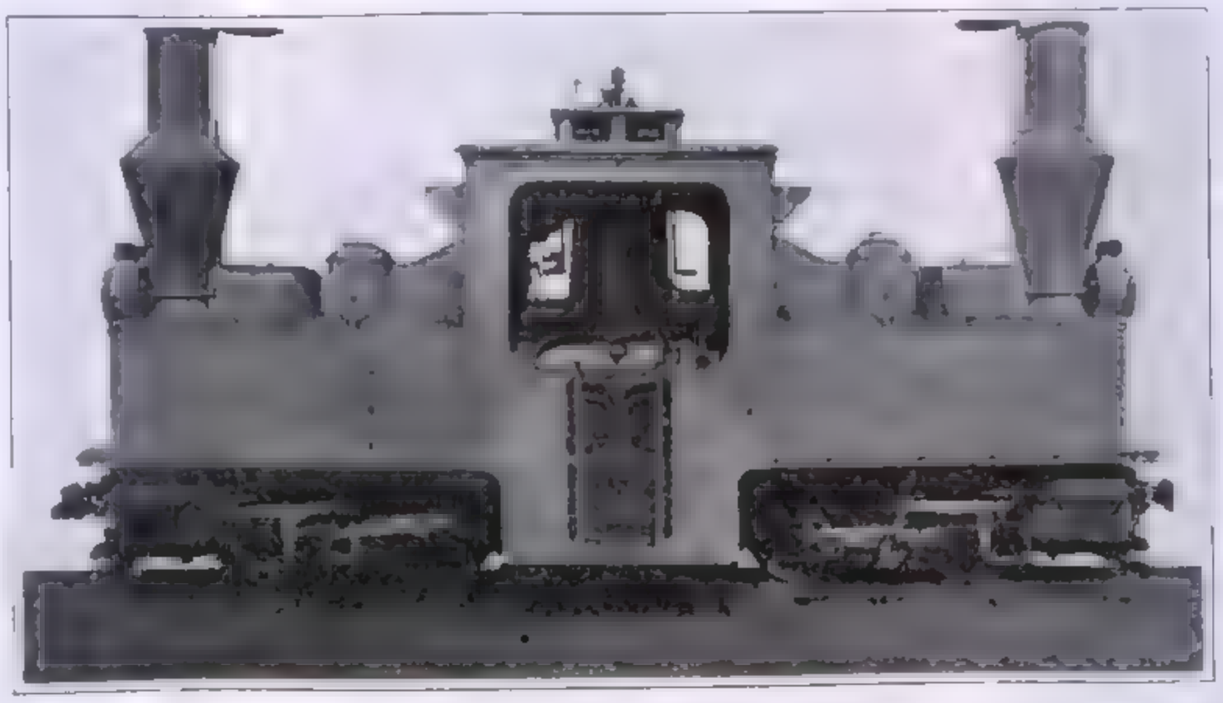
When someone stuck a pin in the inflated balloon, Matthias W. Baldwin, the ex-silversmith and watch repairer, was laboring in Philadelphia with his one hundredth steam locomotive, trying to make it burn stone coal from Mauch Chunk, in the backwoods of Pennsylvania. Wood seemed to be the engine's preference. But the kind of fuel was immaterial, since no one wanted locomotives.

Mr. Baldwin's creditors yearned for money. The 500-odd miles of railroad in this country could give him neither cash nor encouragement. Providentially, Mr. Alfred Cruger, of Havana, Cuba, came into the market for three small locomotives. There was life in the Cuban sugar business. Numbers 104, 105 and another engine were shipped to him the following year for welcomed cash.

These were the first steam locomotives exported from this country. Their sale price was about $30,000. In 1919 I sold and shipped to the Polish Government 150 locomotives for $7,000,000. Last year we sent a shipload of engines and equipment to Brazil. Since Cuba received our first export shipment we've sent locomotives to seventy-seven other countries, scattered over five continents.

Through every year after I came to the Works we shipped engines to distant lands, but they were only places on the map to me. Yet the subject of foreign sales was fascinating, because the specifications were changed to meet unseen conditions.

Our country was still excited about the Spanish War when the Chinese Eastern Railway purchased 148 locomotives from us. Most of them were heavy, freight-hauling Consolidations, but about thirty were Vauclain compound, tank-carrying engines with old-fashioned, wide-flaring smokestacks and English-style buffers front and rear; but the cabs were completely inclosed because of the northern latitude.



A Pocket Locomotive for Trench Service

We made locomotives for the New Zealand Government Railways having an unusually wide and deep fire box for burning lignite coal. Because these engines were shipped across the Pacific Ocean they became known in railroading circles as Pacific engines. Many are used on heavy passenger service in this and other countries.

We built many engines for English, French and Algerian railroads, and sent two samples to Bavaria. I'd traveled a good deal in this country, but had never been outside this continent. My partners visited Europe annually and came back each fall to regale me with tales of wonderful shops, workmanship and foreign-made locomotives. I was interested, but too busy to think of leaving the Works for long. Year after year they kept hammering away about a special English method of making boilers steam-tight, but without using calking tools. Finally my interest became a restless curiosity. I just had to see those boilers made. So, in January, 1906, I went to Europe accompanied by Mrs. Vauclain, my youngest son, my eldest daughter and youngest daughter and a maid—quite a boiler-inspection party.

It was a novel trip, though cheerless. The English boat and boat train were so cold that I got a cold in sympathy. Also, I lived a simple life on soup; the only warming food obtainable. I'm immune from temperatures when I'm busy, but in spite of extra clothing, I suffered on that trip; especially on our private car of that boat train, because every other passenger passed through it, to and from the dining car. Like me, they were probably fed on soup. I kept going—to inspect those English boilers.

The Hot-Soup Heating System

WARMTH is suggested by a locomotive boiler. The thought of one recalls the fire box, blazing coal, hot water and singing steam. The London hotel to which we went had high ceilings, damp stone walls, but no steam heat.

"There's no hotel in London with pipes," the manager explained, pointing hopefully to the midget fireplace. "Perhaps," he added, "what you need is a good bowl of hot soup."

I know now that he wasn't spoofing me, but I wrapped more mufflers around my neck, and by driving to a number of hostelries, found one so warm and American that the high prices didn't stagger me. I was getting closer to my calking ground.

It pays to travel in foreign countries. You learn much that you might not otherwise know. During my extended stay in England I visited several locomotive works, I invaded divers railroad shops, and asked hopefully for boilers made without calking tools. No one had heard of such boilers. The calking tool was supremely popular with English boiler makers. Not only did the makers calk each seam, but they also calked each rivet carefully. That calking episode taught me to learn foreign methods by experience.

Eight years afterward, during the World War—when I was in Europe after business, because the opening of that great conflict had found the Works running at about a third of our capacity—I made a trip to Russia which yielded a number of orders for machine tools that were to be used for making shells and shrapnel, for 100,000 rifles to be manufactured by an American arms company, and a few other items of importance.

After journeying back home to America and returning with the rifles portion of the contract signed, I encountered, in London, a representative of a Canadian company.

He knew that my prospective destination was Petrograd and he told me that it would be quite useless for me to continue on my perilous journey, as his company had a commission from the Russian Government to handle all its purchases in the United States or from United States manufacturers.

To prove it, he displayed a huge scroll of parchment. It was written in Russian, which I couldn't read, but carried a seal which was decidedly impressive, since I couldn't make that out, either. So I thanked him for his kindly interest and information and went on my way to Russia carrying, concealed in trunks and other baggage, an American rifle all ready to shoot Russian cartridges; a United States Government standard rifle with a goodly load of ammunition; a twenty-two caliber rifle to be presented to a member of the Russian royal family; two fine automatic pistols, with ammunition, to be presented to my good friend, General Smithloski, Chief of Artillery, and a few other bits of contraband.

In company with several other missionaries, including several friends from the Cramp Shipbuilding Company and a New England shoe salesman who knew Russia, we passed the customs and reached Russia's capital. There Lencke looked me up. Lencke had once worked for me at Baldwin's, then toured Europe on a pneumatic-tool-selling trip, and finally settled down in Petrograd, where he was making pneumatic hammers. He was always a good friend to me.

A Group in the Rumanian Palace Grounds at Bucharest

When the Works Went to War

THROUGH his inside information as to conditions, and the assistance of my agents, Mr. Dorr and Mr. Hodges, I was able to close the big rifle contract at the price originally specified, though another bidder undercut me. Thirty million dollars in gold was involved. It took four weeks to close the contract, which, though signed by another American company and the Russian Government, was to be filled at the Baldwin Locomotive Works—if I could get back home with some master gauges.

When I asked General Smithloski to sell me three sets of gauges, he smiled and said, "There are only three sets in Russia. You may have one of them." So I parted with 60,000 rubles—a considerable sum in those good old days packed the gauges in eight large boxes with handles like steamer trunks, and, to effect my departure with forbidden gold and my rifle gauges, took out a bill of lading with the American consul, did likewise with the Swedish consul, and thus departed under Russian military guard.

The Swedish customs officers detained me until I flashed a seal, six inches wide and weighing sixteen ounces, given me by the Swedish consul at Petrograd. By paying $175 gold, for extra baggage, I brought my precious gauges through Sweden into Christiania, Norway, though I kept wide awake during the night-long railroad journey for fear the baggage car might be switched on me.

At the dock I engaged passage on the steamship United States and asked the clerk how I might get my large amount of baggage from the railroad station. He suggested that I speak about it to a small, red-whiskered person whom he indicated. I spoke. Then I shook hands. A twenty-dollar gold piece left my palm for his. He said he'd have my baggage on the steamship.

Ten minutes before sailing time I'd seen every piece of baggage loaded but mine. The gauges were still among the missing. I stayed ashore. Just as the ship was about to cast off, a long line of laborers came, pushing trucks, each truck carrying one of my rifle gauges. The trucks rolled across the gang plank and back again. My gauges were on board finally.

As I scurried up the companion ladder my little red-whiskered porter explained to me, "Mr. Vauclain, I put your baggage on last so it will be on top where you can get it off first at New York City I used to work for you in Philadelphia."

I've often wondered what that Canadian gentleman whom I met in London got out of his Russian concession. There were a lot of quirks and turns about transacting European business while the war was on.

Our business had been very spotty between the lull of 1907 and the opening of the World War. Most of Europe was engrossed in manufacturing ordnance, ammunition and other war supplies, but because of its enormous area, Russia needed lots of motive power. That was why, on my first wartime trip to Russia, I booked an order for thirty Mallets for the Vologda-Archangel Railway, to be followed by an order for 100 Decapods, which, by the way, were not delivered, because the Russian revolution changed governments. It was also why we secured a good deal of business from the French Government shortly after the beginning of hostilities.

We certainly gave La Belle France service. On November third we received a cabled order for twenty tank locomotives to be shipped "as promptly as possible." We manufactured, boxed and shipped them on November twenty-first. This was a sample of 1914 performances. But while I was in London the Works cabled me to run over to Paris and ascertain why the French Government hadn't come through with an order for 100 Pechot locomotives designed by one of the French military officers.

These Pechots were double-headers—two engines placed back to back, with the cab between two fire boxes in the middle of the dual unit. As they were intended for special war service and a good many might be needed, the Works wanted to know what delayed our French friends. After Scotland Yard and the French secret service had taken a long look at me, I reached a mourning Paris. The Germans had been driven from the Marne, but the city was filled with funerals

Too Low a Bid

IT WAS very difficult to discuss business, but I soon ran down a rumor that, though we were the lowest bidder, the order was going to a competitor in our country. I finally worked my way to headquarters.

"We ignored your bid," explained the French authorities, "because we thought lack of familiarity with the construction of the Pechots caused you to name a price too low for good workmanship."

At other times and places I have had similar experiences.

"Old customers know that if we underestimate our costs in bidding, we invariably complete the job and take the loss without sacrificing materials or workmanship. Maintenance of quality has kept us going more than ninety years," I forcefully explained this to the Frenchman.

The order was transferred to us, though the French Government reimbursed our competitor for a little work already done on the order.

Before the conclusion of the bloody conflict our Works delivered more than 1000 steam and gasoline locomotives to the French Government. We also delivered many Mikado-type engines to French railway corporations, and several hundred, of different types, to the British, for use on the Islands and the Continent.

(Continued on Page 225)

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The "John Lucas," an American Locomotive, Intact After a Quarter Century in the Dutch Guiana Jungle

The Rumanian Conductor Has Blown the Horn. Samuel M. Vauclain in Cab

AS LONG AS MANKIND USES MOTOR CARS THERE WILL ALWAYS BE A BUICK

The motoring public itself has given to Buick the sinews of leadership in the shape of overwhelming demand. A quarter-century of buyer preference has brought to Buick the men, the plants and the resources that spell permanence.

So deeply has Buick woven itself into the life of America that people everywhere regard its very name as a symbol of reliability.

The builders of Buick wish to preserve this good name always. And public good will makes the task at once a duty and a pleasure.

It is a duty because demand so great that more than twice as many people purchase Buicks as any other car priced above $1200 literally inspires Buick to keep everlasting faith with owners.

It is a pleasure because this is Buick's *fondest desire*, and because public favor throughout a quarter of a century has given Buick unrivaled facilities for continued service and advancement.

The fine craftsmen of the industry—leaders in every phase of motor car manufacture—have brought their talents to Buick. Huge plants of the most modern type have risen to perpetuate Buick quality. Tremendous financial resources have followed as a matter of course.

These advantages spell stability. They attest Buick permanence. They make it possible to say that *Buick leadership is leadership that lasts.*

These are wonderful statements to be able to make about any product. Buick makes them, not boastfully, but as a definite assurance to Buick owners that they can count upon Buick always.

As long as mankind uses motor cars, there will always be a Buick. And as long as Buick builds motor cars, it will always build superlatively well.

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Cradle of the Trotting Horse

The Historic Track at Goshen, New York

By EARL CHAPIN MAY

SITTING on a split-rail fence at Jonas Seely's hillside orchard, William Rysdyk clawed his long whiskers while he studied a very serious problem. Neighbor Seely had offered a crippled mare and her suckling colt for $125. "The Charles Kent mare," as Seely called her, was by the recently imported Norfolk, or hackney, trotter, Bellfounder. On her dam's side she traced back through Silvertail to the imported Thoroughbred, Messenger, who, declared Mr. Seely, traced back in the English Studbook through Flying Childers, the Mile a Minute runner, to the Darley Arabian, and was therefore a very thorough Thoroughbred.

"You can't beat that for pedigree," announced Mr. Seely positively, "and the colt was foaled right down there, on that grassy knoll between them oaks. Being foaled in the open makes a colt healthy. Besides, this one was sired by Abdallah, who was sired by imported Messenger."

Mr. Rysdyk clawed his whiskers and moodily surveyed the bargain offered. No horse deal should be concluded in a hurry. "A hundred and twenty-five dollars is a lot of money," he objected heavily. "The mare's been injured on them Noo York cobblestones. If I lose either the mare or colt I'm ruined financially."

"Take 'em or leave 'em," replied Mr. Seely finally.

Slowly Mr. Rysdyk counted out the money. "Guess I'm a fool," he muttered sadly; then shuffled down the stony road leading the lame mare and her gangling offspring. Thus did William Rysdyk, farmer, found the fortune of his family and mark the beginning of an equine dynasty. The colt, which he named Rysdyk's Hambletonian, became the world's greatest progenitor of fast harness horses and made Rysdyk's native Orange County, New York, the cradle of the trotting horse.

An Equine Capital

NO MATTER how many different opinions are expressed at the 6000 trotting races held each year on this and other continents, it is generally agreed that all trots and paces are dominated by the blood of Hambletonian, who lived and died in Orange County.

The highways of this rolling region between New Jersey and the Hudson River lead past paddocks, horse barns, training tracks and monuments in memory of trotting horses, to converge at Goshen, which is a county seat and an equine capital. Goshen is supremely horsy.

Sleek trotters draw light jogging carts along the village thoroughfares. Store windows display old prints of The Grand Horse, St. Julien, King of Trotters and other fast celebrities. Horsy literature enlivens the shelves of the Goshen Public Library. At one end of the village green a watering trough is ornamented with bronze horses' heads. At the other end are hitching posts. Opposite them a huge horseshoe, hanging above the curb, announces the presence of the Goshen Inn. High-wheeled sulkies of Lou Dillon's day decorate the blacksmiths' shops.

The Good Time Stable fronts on Main Street. Between that stable and the inn is the main gate of the Goshen Driving Park.

Inside the gate stretches the Historic Track—most famous half-mile oval in the world. This track is the heart of Orange County, which annually offers $75,000 in stakes and purses for trotting horses, but not a cent for gallopers. This is its tribute to Hambletonian.

Since the early 50's horse fanciers have gathered here from every country on the globe to race, see and purchase Hambletonians. Beneath the long steel grand stand, in the headquarters of The Trotting Club of America, are the Year Books of the American Trotting Register. In these Year Books are recorded the track performances of about 35,000 trotters officially marked with a mile in 2.30 or better, and about 35,000 pacers officially credited with going a mile in 2.25 or less. More than 90 per cent of these standard light-harness horses have pedigrees going back to Hambletonian.

Survival of our first great national sport and its recent return to popularity are credited, largely, to the suckling colt purchased from Jonas Seely by William Rysdyk, of Chester, Orange County. Hence many pilgrims visit the tall granite shaft close to the original Rysdyk residence, adjoining the site of the stable in which his stock horse stood, and read, on the base of the shaft, the legend:

HAMBLETONIAN
THE GREAT PROGENITOR OF TROTTERS
BORN MAY 5, 1849 DIED MARCH 27, 1876

A horse is a trotter, in track vernacular, whether it goes "lateral gaited," and hence trots, or is a "side-wheeler," with a pacing gait.

Speed and Stamina Bred in the Bone

IT WAS the fashion in the days of Hambletonian for every ruralite to own or have some financial interest in a trotting horse. Members of the metropolitan driving clubs patronized Long Island's Fashion Course, but almost every hamlet had its dirt track for trotting races, and when the forty-niners went to California they were soon followed by light-harness horses.

Running horses, or galiopers, are especially favored by our city folks, as they have been for a century, but during the past decade wealthy amateurs have been swinging back to the trotting game. This, too, may be credited to Hambletonian. He is not the only sire to bring glory to America, but his progeny has trotted around the world. With him began the golden age of the trotting horse.

In his second year he became a sire, and during his lifetime sired nearly 1400 sons and daughters. They became the sires or dams of other speedy sons and daughters, and as the line came down through generations it showed more speed and stamina every year. The perpetuation and improvement of this strain are among the wonders of horse history. Kentucky breeders owe much to it, for the first son of Hambletonian became Alexander's Abdallah of the blue-grass country and founded one of the greatest of many sub-Hambletonian families.

Because Alexander's Abdallah was a natural or lot trotter, he was winning Orange County races before Cynthiana, Kentucky, fanciers paid $3000 for him as a seven-year-old. So much promise was given by his progeny that in 1863 the canny Scotchman, R. A. Alexander, bought him for Woodburn Farm near Lexington.

A few months after that guerrillas raided Woodburn Farm and disappeared into neighboring hills with Alexander's Abdallah and other horses. When the guerrillas were routed by Federals, the Abdallah stallion was seized by a Federal

(Continued on Page 55)

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The Late E. H. Harriman Up Behind Nellie S.

(Continued from Page 52)

cavalryman, who rode the barefooted stock horse so violently that the first Hambletonian to invade Kentucky was abandoned, to die of pneumonia. But he left as progeny in Orange County the marvelous campaigning trotter, Goldsmith Maid, who lasted longer and won more money than any race horse until Zev appeared.

Alexander's Abdallah was even kinder to Kentucky, in which he left seven sons, which in two generations produced 1500 standard performers. One of these sons, Almont, added to the fame and fortune of General W. T. Withers, of Lexington, who devoted much of his life to improving trotting stock, although the Withers name is now associated with running races. Another son of Alexander's Abdallah was Belmont, who remained at Woodburn Farm and sired, among other stars, the fast trotter Nutwood, whose dam was Miss Russell, the mother of Maud S. Nutwood's sons and daughters produced 432 standard track performers.

This brief record gives some idea of the speed-bequeathing power of Hambletonian and explains why the great sire, owned by the whiskered Orange County farmer, is so well known to harness-horse fanciers in the Orient. For the grandson of Abdallah's last lawful owner left Centre College, Kentucky, to become a missionary to China, and every good Kentuckian will discourse on fast horses.

Racing Round the World

THE first Hambletonian in the blue-grass country was a great boon to its breeders, but George Wilkes, a later son, gave Kentucky an Orange County atmosphere. This was not due to George Wilkes' early habits; though when the fast road mare, Dolly Spanker, died in foaling him, a kindly woman raised him on alcoholic beverages.

George Wilkes grew up to be "a big little horse, though lusty." He was a natural trotter, like his half brother, but as a stock horse he produced many real speedsters and for several seasons led all sires of 2.30 performers. Many of George Wilkes' sons and daughters took to pacing naturally. Among his descendants were Joe Patchen, 2.01¼; Online, 2.04; John R. Gentry, 2.00½; and Dan Patch, 1.55—our fastest harness horse. The trotting Allerton, 2.09¼, and Axtell, 2.12, traced back to the original Wilkes, the greatest progenitor of the twenty-three sons of Hambletonian taken to old Kentucky for breeding purposes.

General Withers and the Alexanders, first active distributors of Hambletonians, scattered them across the continent from Nova Scotia to Oregon and into transoceanic countries. But a great many breeders journeyed to Orange County for their foundation stock, just as many do today. Robert Steel acquired Happy Medium for his Cedar Park farm near Philadelphia. And Happy's son, Pilot Medium, who was at one time ordered killed "because he never would amount to anything," sired Peter the Great at Kalamazoo, thus giving to the industry one of its most productive sires

The celebrated breeder, Aristides Welch, established the pacing Strathmore on his Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania, farm: descendants of that horse reached California, where a great grandson sired Lou Dillon, first trotter to go a mile inside two minutes.

During this Hambletonian distribution, which carried the strain to New Zealand, Prince Edward Island and Canada, the Californians were on the job. Particularly active was United States Senator Leland Stanford, who yearned to make his Palo Alto speed nursery dominate the West as thoroughly as Stony Ford did in Orange County and the North, and Woodburn Farm did in the blue-grass country and the South. He needed fast foundation stock.

When the statesman and breeder from California joined the group of horsemen, always gathered around the Stony Ford stock farm's friendly fireside, several experts insisted that Messenger Duroc were the coming sires. Green Mountain Maid, leading trotting brood mare of the period, had been bred to Messenger Duroc and Hambletonian.

St. Julien, a Famous Descendant of Hambletonian

Stanford, who liked the appearance of Green Mountain Maid, looked at fourteen Messenger Duroc colts. Then he looked at her only colt by Hambletonian. Stanford had a theory that stock horses should be chosen on physiognomy, that their success as breeders depended as much on their psychical as on their physical organization. The head of the Hambletonian colt appealed to him, so he paid $12,500 for it. It was named Electioneer. It sired most of the fastest colts in the 80's and thus permitted the Palo Alto stock farm to sweep the trotting tracks with Arion, 2.07¾; Sunol, 2.08¼; and other youngsters. Not many years ago, Athanio, grandson of Electioneer, captured a trotting championship in Austria. Stanford literally won by a head at Stony Ford.

Naturally the Hambletonian blood did not reach its preëminence without opposition from advocates of other equine tribes. Friends of the Morgan horses were especially active.

While imported Messenger was being disembarked, in 1788, at the port of Philadelphia, a dusty, poverty-stricken schoolmaster trudged into the hamlet of Randolph, Vermont, leading a two-year-old colt which he said was a Dutch horse given him at Springfield, Massachusetts, in part payment of a debt. The schoolmaster was Justin Morgan and the Dutch horse to which he gave his name founded the Morgan equine tribe.

Horse Fanciers' Favorites

WILLIAM RYSDYK made $200,000 out of his Hambletonian. Justin Morgan died in poverty. Yet twenty years after Mr. Morgan died the tribe of horses named after him was all the rage on farms, roads and racing tracks. Small blood bays with long black manes and tails, small muzzles, high intelligence, fine dispositions and great gameness in work or sport, the Morgans were favorites with marshals of Fourth of July parades as well as with agriculturists. They made splendid showings at trotting meets.

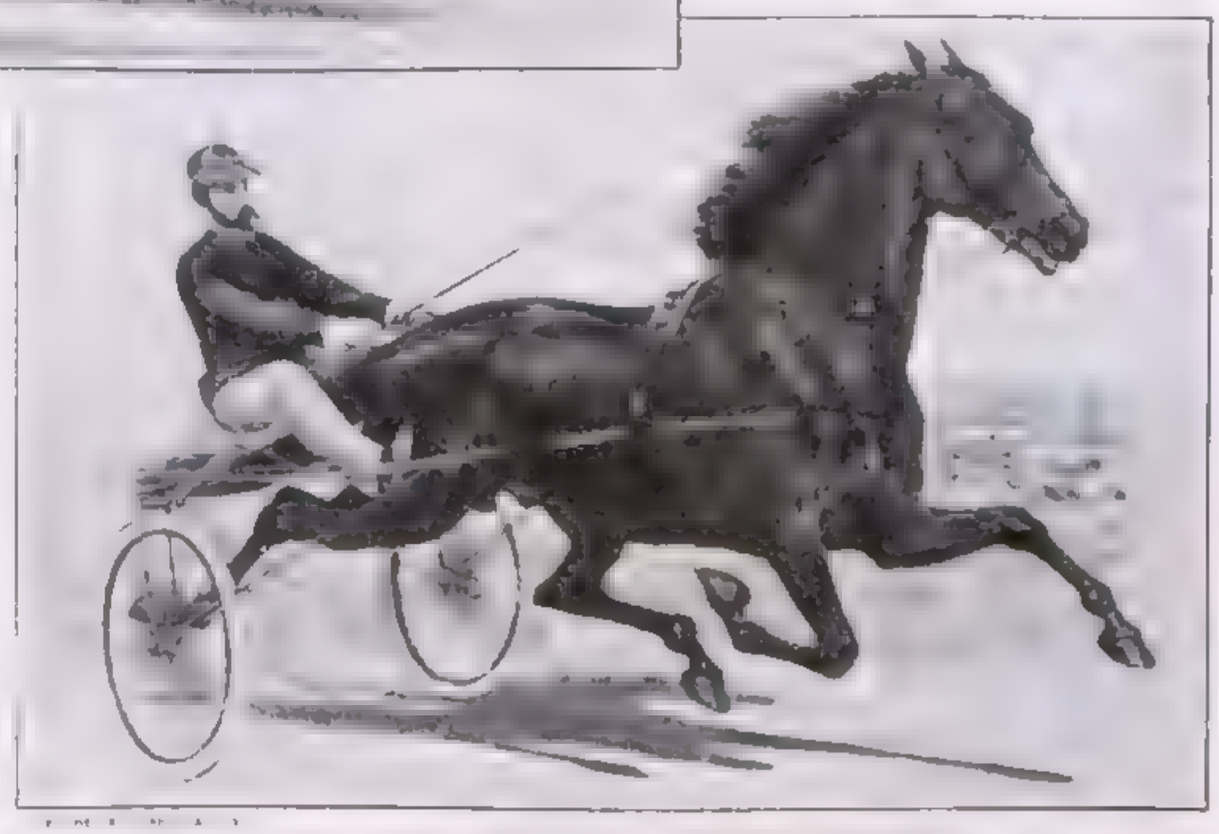
Our first trotting stallion champion, Ethan Allen, was of the Morgan tribe. Forty lineal descendants of the horse, Justin Morgan, trotted miles in less than 2.30, which is comparable to 2.05 today. Yet he had no provable pedigree. He just happened, as far as studbook records showed. Hence admirers of the Morgan tribe were jealous of the pedigreed Hambletonians.

One of the Morganites said publicly: "It is a notorious fact that Rysdyk's Hambletonian does not cross well with the average run of mares; neither do his sons. Imported Messenger was a large, ungainly-looking horse; Mambrino, his son, was badly stringhalted; Abdallah, his grandson, was a large, angular-looking creature with a big head, scarcely any mane, ragged hipped and a rat tail."

You will gather from this that the sire owned by Mr. Rysdyk was not popular with the Morganites. The latter boasted that a Morgan horse reproduced himself irrespective of the character and appearance of the mare, but that Hambletonian did not have that ability.

While the quarrel was at its hottest, Morgans migrated to every state. They retained much of their popularity as trotters until 2.30 miles became almost commonplace, when they were relegated to saddle, road and farm.

Much as modern motorists have preferences for certain cars, so did breeders, trainers and owners in premotor days favor various horse



John R. Gentry, One of E. H. Harriman's Favorites

families, tribes or lines. When Mambrino Chief, a descendant of imported Messenger, produced Mambrino Pilot and other sons of exceptional light-harness speed, there was great excitement over the Mambrinos. But the Mambrino line did not sustain itself and was discarded by most breeders.

An imported Arabian, Grand Bashaw, who stood near Philadelphia from 1820 to 1840, was the progenitor of Green's Bashaw, the first sire of note to stand in Iowa. The Bashaws were race-track favorites until beaten by Hambletonians.

Among the descendants of Grand Bashaw was the pacer Henry Clay, whose son, Cassius M. Clay, sired George M. Patchen, a big purse winner of the 60's. The Clay line was vigorously press-agented by an enthusiast who openly referred to Hambletonian as "Bill Rysdyk's Bull." But he couldn't keep the Clay line going, because George M. Patchen was its only fast one.

The first great reinsman, Hiram Woodruff, caused a boom in Champions when he declared that the Auburn Horse—a descendant of the Champion sire—could break a world's trotting record. That boom also soon subsided.

For more than a quarter century the Buckeyes staked everything on a line called Hiatoga, said to trace to Thoroughbreds brought from Virginia into Southern Ohio after the American Revolution. The Hiatogas trotted and paced considerably, but you seldom hear of a Hiatoga now.

Without Price

THE Cadmus line traced through the famous race horse, American Eclipse, to imported Diomed and imported Messenger. Pocahontas was a champion pacer in the 50's. The champion's descendant, the trotting Smuggler, was also a shining Cadmus star. But the Cadmus star set long ago. Like many of their competitors, the Cadmus sires did not transmit their speed.

So Morgan and various other equine tribes were gradually supplanted by Hambletonians, but, in the meantime, rival breeders brewed trouble in Orange County.

While from his mansion on the hill in Chester village the whiskered Rysdyk joyfully beheld a procession of prospective mothers of light-harness champions wend their way to the court of Hambletonian—at $500 per wend and nothing less—Alden Goldsmith, of near-by Washingtonville, was racing and boosting a son of Hambletonian.

This son was first called Hambletonian, Jr., but Mr. Rysdyk objected violently. He felt that Neighbor Goldsmith should stick to raising draft stock, hogs and cattle, instead of butting into the stallioneering and trotting business, and thus trying to steal the Rysdyk stuff.

Neighbor Goldsmith was a goodly man, so he changed his stallion's name to Volunteer. The offspring of Volunteer became so popular after their sire had won a race against all comers on the Goshen track that Mr. Rysdyk was supremely heated. He could not find fault with the Goldsmith star's paternal ancestry, but hit Goldsmith in the floating ribs by proclaiming the dam of Volunteer a dunghill.

This was a dirty crack, as horsemen know, but the rival farmer retaliated by paying $600 for Goldsmith Maid, a granddaughter of Hambletonian. In the sulky behind this queenly mare, Alden cleaned up everything in Orange County. Holding the reins over her and other trotters and pacers of consequence, Alden and his sons, James and John, carried the Goldsmith name from coast to coast.

During a track career of thirty years the Goldsmiths won $750,000 by driving races when $5000 purses were rarities. Volunteer's speed was continued in St. Julien, who tied the trotting wonder, Maud S, by registering a mile in 2.11¼; then lowered that record half a second.

The Goldsmiths were gentlemen as well as sportsmen. Old Alden was sanctimonious. When the Kentucky breeder, R. S. Veech, telegraphed for a price on Volunteer, the senior Goldsmith promptly wrote:

> While there is no person that would be more welcome than yourself at the farm, if the only object of your visit would be to purchase Volunteer, your trip would not be profitable, as no breeder in Kentucky has money enough to buy him. I have as high a regard for money as most men for the uses it may subserve, but there are certain things which money cannot buy, as the Teacher of old taught Simon the Samaritan.

Volunteer outlived the Goldsmiths. William Rysdyk died before his Hambletonian. But in Orange County traditions do not die.

During one of my visits to Orange County, Dick Miller, son of the late Guy Miller who took care of Hambletonian, pointed out the beauties of the neighborhood. He led me to the foaling oaks on the farm once occupied by Jonas Seely, first owner of Hambletonian, and regretted that so many pilgrims are falsely told that the great sire of trotting horses was born beneath a hillside apple tree.

A quarter mile from the Hambletonian monument he showed me the iron rack from which the great sire ate his hay and the cone-shaped box which held his oats. These relics have been preserved by Richard Delafield, Manhattan banker and member of the Tuxedo Park summer colony. Dick Miller trains horses on a half-mile track built by Richard Delafield.

At Warwick village Dick explained: "This is where Lewis J. Sutton brought the road mare, Katy Darling, up from Carl Young's Third Avenue roadhouse to be mated to Hambletonian and to foal Alexander's Abdallah."

At Newburgh, population 30,000, he remembered that the city was made famous by Colonel Harry Felter, who mated Dolly Spanker, a fast trotter, to Hambletonian, and thus gave George Wilkes to the world. At Walden he recalled that it was the home town of Jonathan Hawkins, who bred Clara to Hambletonian and thus became the owner of Dictator, full brother to Dexter, champion trotter of the 70's. That's the kind of county Orange is, but in Goshen it is at its horsiest.

Before the yawning fireplace of the Goshen Inn its manager, Major H. M. Stamford, tells how he lost $500,000 on a hotel deal one day because a business associate died suddenly, but how his most trying experience befell when eight of his horses were burned in a stable fire at Oneonta, New York, after the racing season twelve years ago.

The inn is replete with portraits of past and present trotting kings. But just across the way, in the Subway Restaurant of Kate Sharts, are the oldest known picture of a trotting race held at Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, October 21, 1831; a horseshoe worn by Uhlan when he broke a record on the Historic Track, and a painting by Everett L. Percival Smith of a cutter race at Goshen between Pierre Lorillard, Jr., and Will Dickerson. Mr. Lorillard's trotter, Notice B, seems to have the better of it. These treasures are in the room where Robert Goelet, C. K. G. Billings and other notables have dined.

The Goshen Inn

Kate Sharts can remember Hambletonian, and that reminds her of his distinguished descendant, the black trotter, Uhlan, much handsomer than his illustrious sire. The little, black-eyed woman who has been "mother of the track" for forty years, nods brightly toward a large photograph of the ample and earnest Mr. C. K. G. Billings driving his Uhlan dexterously, while Charles—Doc—Tanner urges the black champion along by driving a running pacemaker at one side and back of him.

Whenever men speak of trotting horses the names of Uhlan, Billings and Tanner are bracketed. For Doc Tanner was Uhlan's professional driver. But before he attained that eminence, Doc met with rough handling, as when he landed a job with a hard-fisted owner who did not always rely on fists. He beat up young Doc with a pitchfork handle, and Doc always remembered it.

Doc was still trying to get along when he did some driving on the Historic Track for Jimmy Goldsmith. Rensselaer Weston was a real horse lover. As Doc climbed down from the sulky seat Weston handed him a five-dollar bill and a few quiet words of encouragement.

Doc told Kate Sharts about it as he ate her famous apple pie.

Years elapsed and Doc, too, became famous. He drove Uhlan to world's championships. Weston, new track secretary, sorely needed a special attraction for his beloved Historic racing meet. He set his heart on an exhibition mile by Uhlan, but the black trotter was in such demand that this was virtually an impossibility.

Still, Uhlan and Doc Tanner were appearing at the Allentown, Pennsylvania, fair. Weston was dining in the Subway.

"Go get them," said Mr. Weston to Mrs. Sharts. She went. Doc remembered the donation and the pie. Uhlan came, broke a track and an attendance record. Mr. Billings was among those present.

The next year Mrs. E. H. Harriman gave a banner to the track on which "Uhlan, 2.03¾" appeared. Kate Sharts raised it to the peak of the flagstaff in front of a grand stand filled with applauding Orangeites, including several Harrimans.

Few of the millions who followed the career of E. H. Harriman, Empire Builder, knew that his playground was the Historic Track. Yet he got most of his recreation by driving trotters.

Matched

SOME of the wise ones in California dug one another in the ribs and opined that something had been hung on Harriman when that magnate paid $41,000 for the stallion, Stamboul. Many Easterners were sure of it after the American Trotting Register rejected Stamboul's 2.07½ mile record, made at a tin-cup meeting, against the watch, before few spectators, on the Stockton track. Jimmy Goldsmith, who held his own watch at that meeting, sent word to Goshen that 2.11 was the actual time. But Stamboul won the $20,000 Grand Stallion Stakes at Bay District Park, San Francisco, and then came East to gather blue ribbons at the horse shows. Mr. Harriman never tired of driving Stamboul. But the Empire Builder's pet ambition was to beat the Montana magnate, Marcus Daly, in a horse race.

Bitter rivalry culminated in a match for $5000 a side between Elsie S, owned by Harriman, and Daly's trotting Limerick, the race to be held on the Historic Track. Ten months were given to preparation. Experts favored the Daly horse. Weston told his good friend, Harriman, to hire the best driver in the world. Billy Andrews qualified for the job by beating Star Pointer with John R. Gentry, giving that little red horse from Kansas a mark of 2.00½, and driving Hamburg Belle to her world's record for trotters.

Then Andrews went to work on Elsie S, who started the season by going lame. Mr. Harriman spent much time at his trotter's

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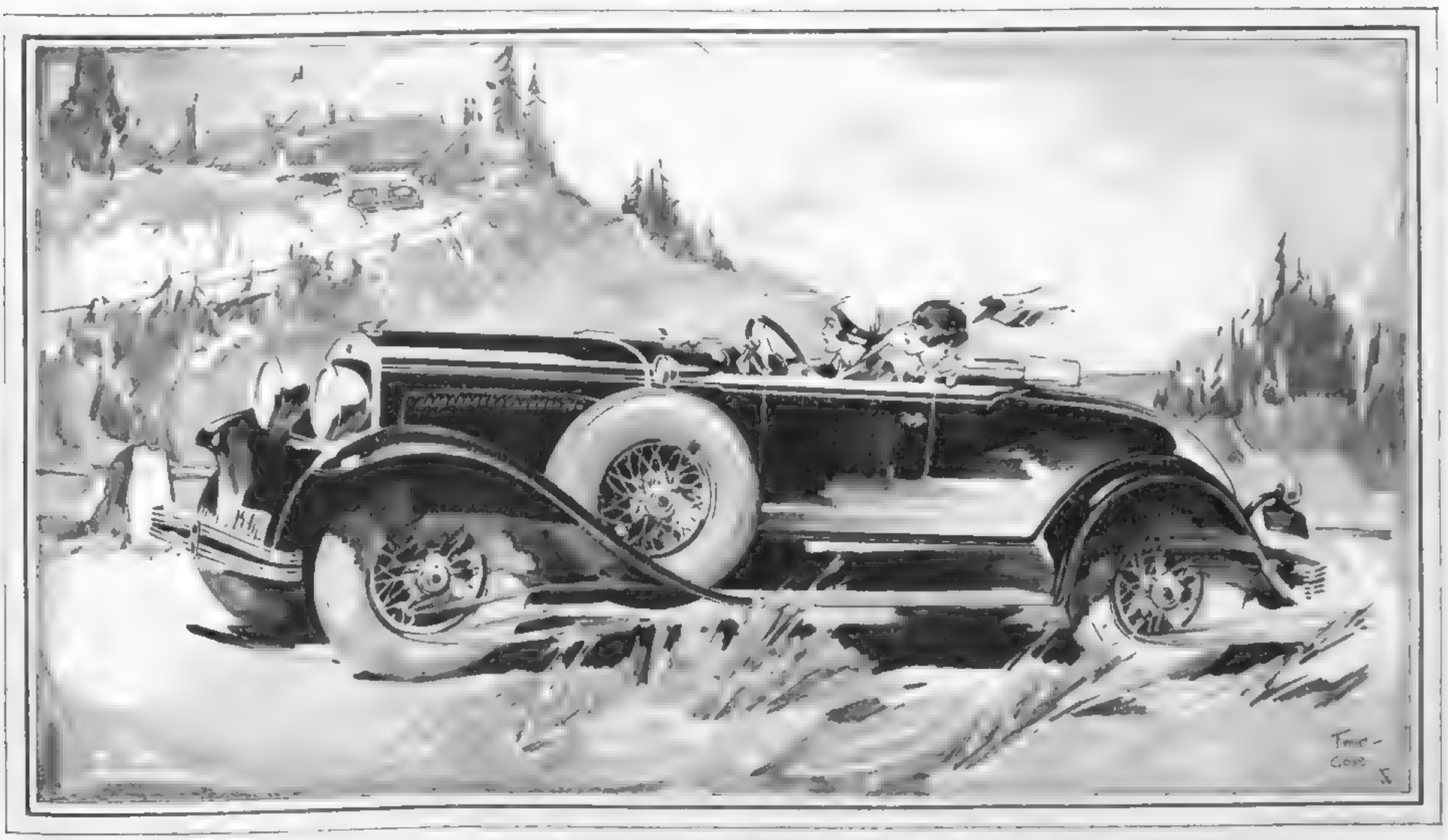

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THERE is only one "*Broadway*" and Universal has it. That it will create a sensation, there can be no doubt. The original stage play was a sensation, and in picture-form, with far more elaborate settings than are possible on the stage, it should be an even greater hit. In movietone, the dialogue of the original play is used, and special songs and music that will start the world humming. The selected cast, including GLENN TRYON, EVELYN BRENT, MERNA KENNEDY, T. E. JACKSON, OTIS HARLAN, ROBERT ELLIS, PAUL PORCASI, LESLIE FENTON and GEORGE OVEY, speaks volumes in praise of the picture.

-C.L.

"*Show Boat*" is acclaimed wherever it has been shown as the finest picture ever made. It's in the air. It's everywhere. In New York, where it opened in splendor and magnificence at $11.00 per ticket, it is a sensation. In Miami; in Palm Beach; Salt Lake City; Hot Springs; Dallas; Memphis; Milwaukee; Charleston; Atlanta—it is greeted by great audiences. Watch this column for further news of this splendid production.

Merna Kennedy and Robert Ellis in "Broadway"

And now comes Carl Laemmle Jr.'s "*The Collegians*" in Movietone. Imagine the fun there will be. One of our enthusiastic experts predicts that these talking "*Collegians*," with their bubbling youth, their witty, joyous college dialogue, their wise-cracks and noisy nonsense, will take audiences by storm. Watch for them and see for yourselves.

One of the most pleasing comments Universal has received on "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" comes from Mrs. H. Doelling, R. R. 2, Box 157, Petaluma, California, who writes as follows: "This is to be a letter of appreciation. Yesterday it was my privilege to see "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," not with sound attachment. However, I keenly enjoyed the drama just the same. It will leave an indelible impression on my mind's eye, something the book never did. You are to be congratulated upon successfully creating this stupendous bit of American history, which seems so realistic that one suffers with the characters. What infinite pains and careful study in regard to detail went to the cleaning of the cast as well as the scene. A director supreme is your Harry Pollard. More power to him. It is a masterpiece and you its creator may well be proud of your achievement. Words fail me when I try to express my appreciation of the fine work you are doing."

Robert Ellis in "Broadway"

Dorothy Gulliver in "The Collegians"

Carl Laemmle, President

If you want photographs of Glenn Tryon, Merna Kennedy, Robert Ellis, send 10c in stamps for each.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 56)

stable. Elsie S rounded slowly into form. In the sixth heat of the matched event Billy drove her to victory. Mr. Harriman, refreshed, went back to railroads, though he showed up often to sit behind Stamboul, John R. Gentry, Elsie S, and others of his trotting stable as they whizzed around the half-mile oval.

E. Roland Harriman carries on his father's traditions. Both he and his brother, W. Averill Harriman, have qualified as reinsmen, on the Historic Track. So have other members of the family.

Among the track's historic races is that between Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Rumsey and the latter's sister, Miss Carol Harriman. The late John R. Townsend was the starter. Townsend, though a director of the National Horse Show Association, instrumental in bringing the first English polo players to America and a skillful four-in-hand and tandem driver, was then president of the Historic; so he sent the Rumseys and Miss Harriman away for a mile behind fleet trotters.

Mr. Rumsey drove Jesse Booth, Mrs. Rumsey held the reins over the black Amateur, and Miss Harriman piloted Belle Grattan, owned by W. Averill Harriman. After Mr. Rumsey led to the first quarter pole, Miss Harriman sent her horse out in front. She was a length to the good at the half-mile pole, but Mr. Rumsey nosed her out at the finish wire. Mrs. Robert L. Gerry, Richard Delafield, Pierre Lorillard, Sr., and Jr., and others of the Tuxedo Park summer colony applauded the event, and later cheered the mule race in which E. Roland Harriman and Robert Goelet participated. The latter contest wasn't so successful technically, for the wise mules, who didn't care to race, bolted out of the draw gate a quarter mile short of the finish wire.

These racing features pleased society, but the Historic was devoted principally to trotting and pacing races, in which the best professionals came from all parts of the continent to win stakes and purses at meets conducted by the track secretary and manager, Rensselaer Weston.

The Mystery of Pedigree

That quiet, diffident little gentleman spent his boyhood at Rensselaer, Indiana, near Oxford, where Dan Patch was born, so he came by his love for horses naturally. Many references to horses in George Bancroft's histories may be properly attributed to Weston, who acted as Bancroft's secretary. Weston was trained in diplomacy while secretary to United States Senator Frederick T. Frelinghuysen of New Jersey. He learned something about financial matters as a member of Tinker & Weston on the New York Stock Exchange. With this equipment he assumed the management of Mr. E. H. Harriman's stables, and when the New York legislature barred race-track betting, and Mr. Harriman underwrote the Historic, Mr. Weston proved that betless racing could be profitable.

Several of his innovations are remembered. He planted flowers and shrubbery in front of the grand stand; gave a two-dollar bill each week to the caretaker who kept the neatest stall—thereby maintaining a clean establishment inexpensively—and he built free bleachers for the caretakers. The latter voted solidly for him.

So successful was Mr. Weston that when a new track was started at Toledo, Ohio, the slogan adopted was: Make it the Goshen of the West. But the Historic wouldn't have prospered in the 80's and the 90's, and it wouldn't thrive as it does today were it not for the vogue of Hambletonian.

Of the many mysteries met at racing tracks there is no greater than that of pedigree. As far as English records show, neither imported Messenger nor Bedfounder had much racing speed. Nothing is known of Amazonia's track performance or ancestry. The Charles Kent mare did most of her trotting to wagon on the road; though she was lamed while pulling a butcher's cart.

During Hambletonian's sole appearance in harness on a track—when he was a three-year-old, at Union Course—he was credited, somewhat doubtfully, with trotting a mile in 2.48—equivalent to 2.30 today. Yet he sired more than 1000 good light-harness horses and was the progenitor of Nancy Hanks, Hamburg Belle, Uhlan, Dan Patch, Peter the Great, Peter Manning, Lu Princeton and a hundred other champions.

Except in his manner of going, Hambletonian handed down very little of himself, particularly in appearance. His style of action can be recognized at many trotting tracks today, for, on the testimony of Guy Miller, the great sire was "a line trotter with splendid though not excessive action and a nicely balanced stride."

"When the horse was first led out," said John H. Wallace, first compiler of the Trotting Register, "his movements were so frictionless and faultless that he impressed me as the most wonderful horse I had ever seen. He seemed as supple as a cat and as powerful as an elephant. As he walked he kept pushing those crooked hind legs under him in a manner that gave him a motion particularly his own, and suggested the immense possibilities of his stride when opened out on a track."

Bill Rysdyk's Bull

So much for the motive machinery so important to a harness horse. In architecture Hambletonian was a dud. He had a large, coarse head and Roman nose, his large ears lay back habitually. Instead of an English racer's muzzle, "small enough to go into a drinking cup," the muzzle of Hambletonian just about fitted a peck measure. His foretop and mane were practically missing. He was out of proportion in neck, limbs and body, had fallen arches in both front feet, and consequently stood on his frogs. No wonder the friends of the Morgans, Hiatogas and Clays razzed Mr. Rysdyk and his meal ticket.

But Bill Rysdyk's Bull, as the Clay scoffers called him, was built more sensibly than they knew. It has been shown by long experience that in breeding for delicately molded racing horses the best results are obtained from a sire with a masculine head and neck, such as homely Hambletonian had, and not from a sire with the finely molded head, small muzzle and tapering neck, so typical of the Arabian animals.

Looking at the beautifully patterned Belwin, Guy Axworthy, Guy McKinney, Spencer or Lu Princeton, and comparing them with an authentic photograph of the marvelous Hambletonian, you wonder how that sire could bequeath such racing qualities without handing down some of his homeliness. And then you recall Peter the Great's nice Roman nose.

Many descendants of Hambletonian emulated that great sire by bequeathing speed, instead of showing it. Such a one was William L, described by a contemporary as "one of the most worthless-looking stallions I ever saw." With the assistance of a railroad station agent, he brought romance to Independence, Iowa.

Since "away back before the days of Dexter," railroad station agents and leading barbers have competed with bankers, farmers and professional trainers for honor or purses on trotting tracks.

The station agent at Boston Corner, not far from my Connecticut residence, retains a majority interest in a trotter, although the noble animal is boarded and trained sixty miles from the station agent, because there is no room on the country roads for it. That Boston Corner trotter is following the tradition held dear by Ellis Clinite, sometime leading barber of Rochelle, Illinois. Ellis often laid aside his razor, shaving mug and shears to train his trotter on Main Street, until it was renamed Lincoln Highway and buzzing motor cars gave Ellis the Hobson's choice of training his trotter in a pasture, whereupon he parted with his prospective champion and was ever after inconsolable.

But when highways were still fit for horses, C. W. Williams sold tickets and pounded brass in the modest station at Independence and secured an offspring of the sire, William L. The offspring was named Axtell. After Axtell was declared the world's champion three-year-old trotting stallion, Mr. Williams ceased to bother about the railroad business. He sold Axtell for $105,000, but that did not make an idle man of Williams. He promptly built a kite-shaped mile track, an opera house and a hotel, and started a bank, trolley line and stock farm, all at Independence, the "future trotting center of America."

Mr. Williams was ably versatile. After holding a rousing racing meet attended by the best horses and about the most people in the world, he staged trials against time for young horses, charging a snug sum per trial per animal. Each owner and trainer was checked in and out of town so carefully that all possible dollars were garnered locally. Things looked healthy for the center.

But somehow the center did not repeat successfully, and Mr. Williams gradually disappeared from trotting tracks.

In the interim our old friend, Axtell, sired the nonracing Axworthy, who sired Guy Axworthy, who was no great shakes as a harness horse, but now rivals Peter the Great as a modern sire of turf champions. As the latter sired 492 trotters and 164 pacers which made standard time on the track, he can be regarded as a pretty good descendant of Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Many of Peter the Great's offspring are in the Kentucky blue-grass country.

Among the things Hambletonian did to old Kentucky was to make stock farms devoted to trotters larger and more elaborate than those for Thoroughbreds.

While the Chicago manufacturer, William Monroe Wright, was entertaining himself with a harness horse or so on his Illinois country place at Libertyville, he miraculously bred the king of trotters, Peter Manning. Since that thrilling episode Mr. Wright has grown young with trotting horses. Although he sold Peter Manning and never got the champion back again, he owns his favorite's dam, Glendora G. She is on his $2,000,000 Calumet Farm in Kentucky, in the company of half a dozen stallions and more than 100 brood mares distinguished as speed producers.

Bred in Old Kentucky

Mr. Wright's establishment is not the largest blue-grass farm devoted wholly to light-harness stock. A few miles from Calumet, on the Georgetown Pike near Lexington, lies Walnut Hall, whose fences inclose nearly 4000 acres, all owned by Ogden M. Edwards, Jr., of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. This speed nursery was founded in 1832 by a sportsman from New Orleans, enlarged and improved by the late Lamon V. Harkness, member of the family so long prominent in finance, philanthropy and sport, and taken over after Mr. Harkness' death, to become a home for Guy Axworthy, sire of four two-minute trotters; San Francisco, sire of Fire Glow; and hundreds of other light-harness horses.

Light-harness-horse fanciers have also converted Kentucky Thoroughbred speed nurseries into trotting nurseries. When James R. Keene was among the living he kept Domino, Commando and Kingston with other great runners at Castleton. For the past sixteen years David M. Look, of New York City, has owned it. Mr. Look's earliest memory is of wandering among the fillies and colts at Glenview Farm, which once flourished on the Ohio River near Louisville. Following in his father's footsteps, he became a trotting-horse breeder. Hence Emily Ellen is the Queen of Castleton. Among the six 2.10 trotters foaled by her is Lee Tide, who sired Spencer. There are many other horses on that farm and they have plenty of room to move about, for Castleton is a mile wide and nearly twice as long.

(Continued on Page 60)

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Lycoming motor, strongest frame under any car; 125" wheelbase; more horsepower than any other stock car per size; dual carburetion; dual manifold; Bohnalite steel strut pistons; Thermostatic heat control; Cam and lever steering; Bijur chassis lubrication; Four wheel, hydraulic internal expanding brakes; Four hydraulic shock absorbers; Brewster non-glare windshield; Starter button on dash; luxury type upholstery springs.

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(Continued from Page 58)

Also in the blue-grass country is a farm identified with Hollyrood, owned by John L. Dodge, New York manufacturer, gentleman driver and breeder of such fast material as Hollyrood Bob, Hollyrood Kate, Hollyrood Naomi, Hollyrood Susan and last season's big race winner, Hollyrood Colin. It is a subject of debate among horse fanciers whether Mrs. or Mr. John L. Dodge is the cleverer handler of the reins. At any rate, Mrs. Dodge does a deal of sulky riding and was scheduled to pilot the pacer, Grattan Bars, to a new track record last year. But the high-kicking tricky Canadian went lame at the height of the racing season.

If you are at Thomasville, Georgia, during the winter season you may see P. W. Harvey and Harry K. Devereaux, master reinsmen of the Gentlemen's Driving Club of Cleveland, riding behind their young trotters while discussing the relative merits of Honeymoon H—dam of seven 2.10 trotters and often driven to victory by Mr. Harvey—and the champion stallion, Arion Guy, 1.59½, owned by Mr. Devereaux. Or if you are at Decatur, DeKalb County, Georgia, which is not far from Atlanta, you may find Walter T. Candler piloting one of his trotting colts around the half-mile oval of Lullwater Farm, which borders on Peach Tree Creek and is the home of Louis Direct, Tarzan Grattan—the latter winner of the $25,000 Kalamazoo pace—and other light-harness worthies.

At Laurel Hill Farm, just outside Indianapolis; at Oakhurst Farm near Whitinsville, Massachusetts, and elsewhere on this continent you will find other gentlemen devoting a large amount of brains and money to developing descendants of Hambletonian.

The American trotter hasn't the breeding background of the English Thoroughbred. Yet Baron Faverot de Kerback, European horse expert extraordinary, declared Mambrino King the finest equine individual in the world. And a jury of British judges pronounced the American stallion, Auditor B, by Robert McGregor, a Hambletonian, the very best type of officer's charger.

In spite of prejudices in France and Russia, they like our trotters across the water. Their light-harness horsemen have gone American. They bought hundreds of our trotters and pacers prior to the World War and scattered them through Germany, Austria, Italy, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia and other countries. European bidders were very active at the last two annual Old Glory New York sales.

Mr. C. K. G. Billings almost lost The Harvester during his 1912 good-will tour of Europe. On the first tour, in 1909, this leading owner of fast trotters exhibited Lou Dillon and other stars as far east as Moscow, Russia. On the second tour he drove Uhlan, Charley Mitchell, Fleming Boy and The Harvester. The latter, descended from Hambletonian through Baron Wilkes and Moko, was beaten only once in a long career. A determined European offered $75,000 for The Harvester, but the horse came home with Mr. Billings.

For seven years before and during part of the World War an Orange County trainer, Ira Ryerson, was the leading money and race winner of Europe. During forty of his round trips to America—Ira raced in Europe a quarter century—he bought Athanio, a Hambletonian, from the grand old driver, Pop Geers, and won against an unbeatable combination at Baden, Austria. By winning with Jublar—an inland, or native-bred, horse who traces back through Baron Wilkes to Hambletonian—in front of the $1,000,000 grand stand of the Vienna Trotting Club, and by cleaning up in other races, Ira added $125,000 in one season to the fortune of his patron, Edan Goldsmith.

Hambletonians are dominating everywhere because they have stamina as well as speed, and can stand the grind of long distances. During the Kentucky Futurity of 1927, when Thomas W. Murphy drove Scotland and Walter R. Cox piloted Fire Glow, those two-year-old descendants of the greatest sire showed typical Hambletonian gameness.

Scotland won the first heat in 2.05; Fire Glow, the second in 2.04—a world's record for that age—and the third in 2.07. But the quality of modern fast harness horses was especially demonstrated when the winner trotted the last quarter mile of the third heat in thirty seconds—at the rate of a mile in two minutes! That is what speed inheritance, selective breeding, careful training and skillful driving do.

The speed and stamina came from Hambletonian of Orange County, cradle of the trotting horse.

THE POETS' CORNER

The Watchers

THE world of old in its orbit moving
Chanced to pass—if there's chance at all—
Near to the path of two Spirits roving,
Who stood and looked at the large green ball.

Morning flashed upon tusk and pinion,
Tooth and talon, of tribes at war.
"Who, we wonder, will win dominion?
Which will rule in the little star?"

Little scope there appeared for wonder:
The mammoth strode from the forest's dusk.
Who but he, with his hooves of thunder?
Who but he, with his lightning tusk?

Yet there seemed in his monstrous striding,
Heaving weight and enormous ears,
Something gross. So, before deciding,
"Come again in a million years."

Through the vault where the stars are sprinkled
Ages passed from the world away.
All of that time Orion twinkled;
Nothing changed in the Milky Way.

Again they stood where the world was rolling;
Again they watched, and saw, this time, Man;
Heard the roar of his engines coaling,
Scanned his cities to guess his plan,

Peered through clouds that his smoke turned sour,
Even spied on his hopes and fears.
"Yes," they said, "he has surely power.
But come again in a million years."

—*Lord Dunsany.*

Reunion

MY HEART fares forth on a sea-tossed bark,
When winds blow soft and the night is dark;
It catches gleams of a far-off land,
A wave-kissed coast and a silver strand.
But my body bides in a cottage brown,
Just at the edge of a hillside town.

My body answers the beck and call
Of friends and neighbors and kinfolk all;
At church, and dinner, and social tea,
"Present!" my body says for me.
But my soul is listing a sea gull's cry
Under a star-gemmed southern sky.

Sometime body and soul shall stray
Once again in a common way,
But that shall be when the Fates shall send
Me out to you, at the world's far end;
Or when, no longer to sail and roam,
They bring you again, to bide at home.

—*L. Mitchell Thornton.*

Old Houses

THEY'RE tearing down a house today.
Houses are always in the way
Of progress, when their roofs grow gray.

And so they're tearing this house down
To rear a building of renown
And make the town a prouder town.

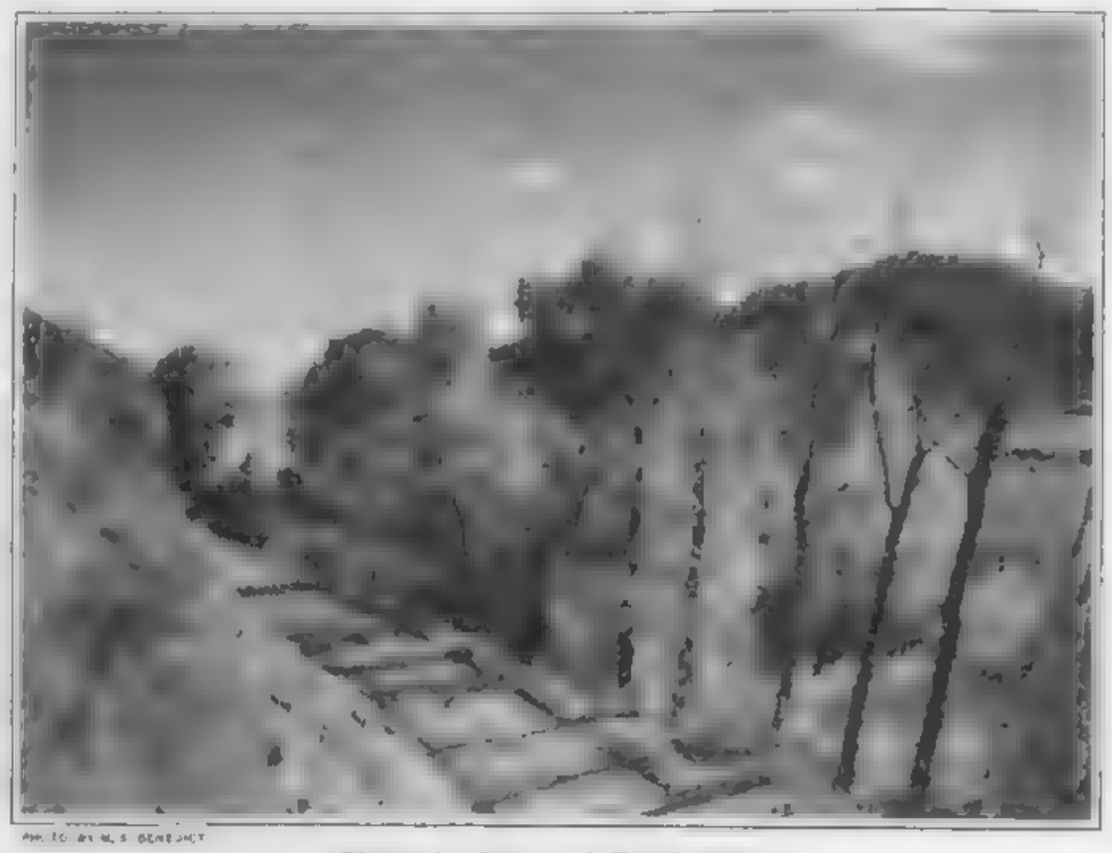
I wonder, do old houses care?
For fifty years this house stood there
Beside a changing thoroughfare.

Yet when the blow their walls receive,
I do not think old houses grieve
As much as fools like me believe.

I do not think they care, I say,
As much as fools imagine. They
Have seen their time and had their day.

But now their babes are grown to men,
Have gone, and never come again.
What matters to an old house then?

—*Douglas Malloch.*



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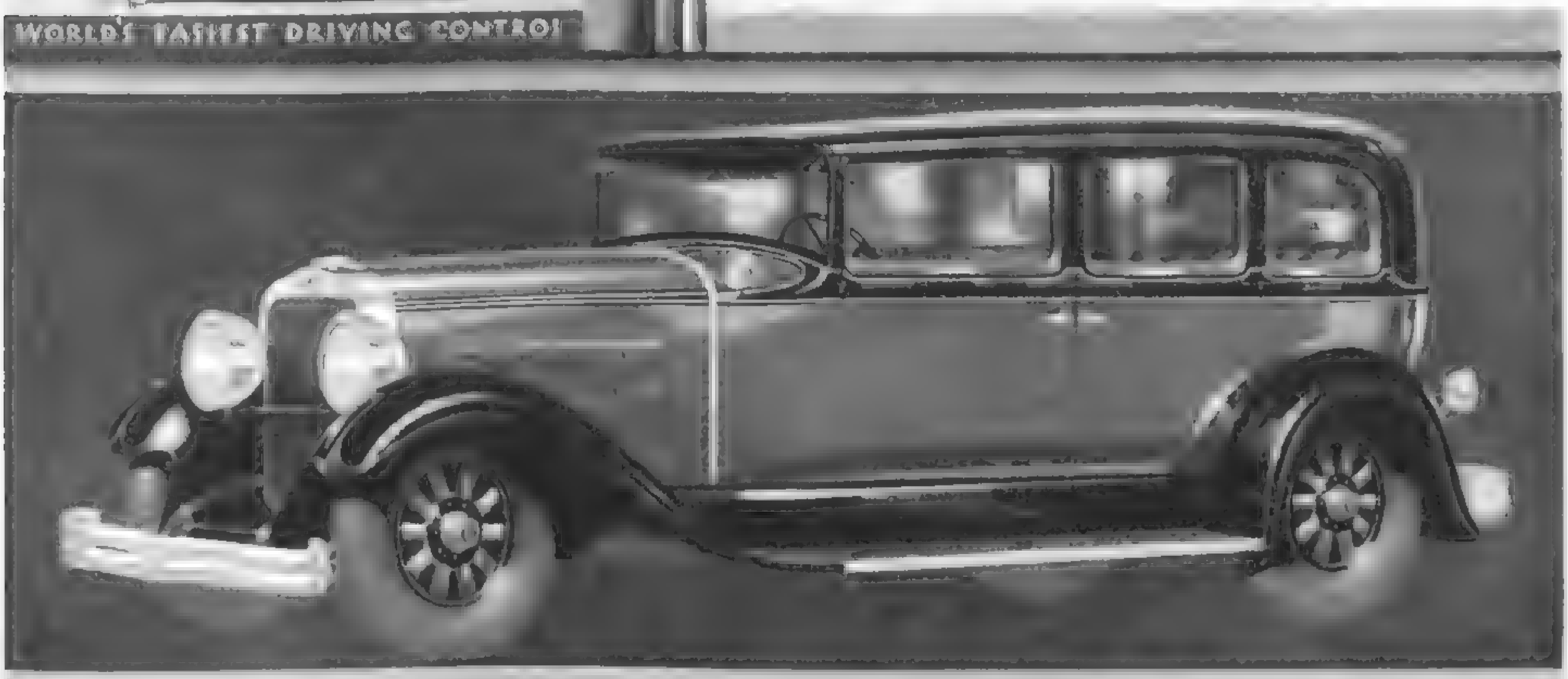

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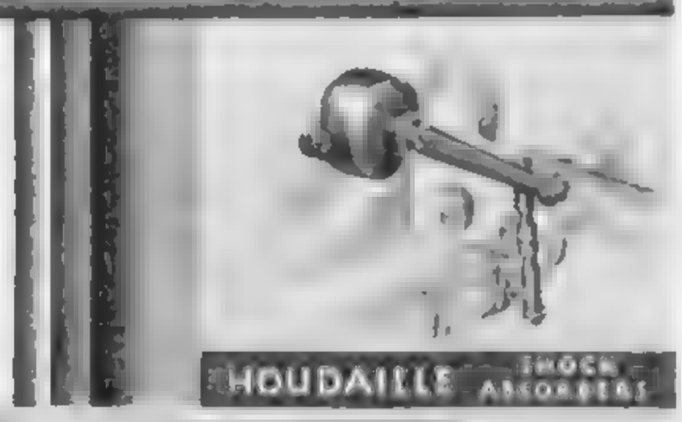
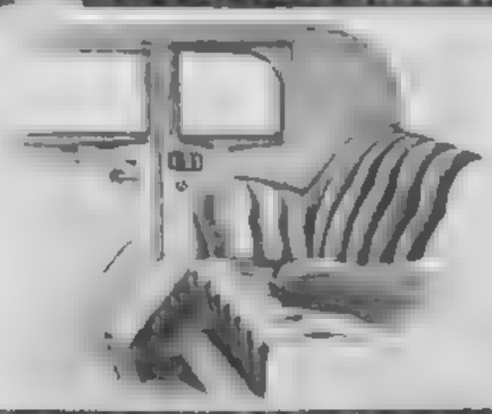


HOUDAILLE SHOCK ABSORBERS



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(ÆTNA)

Getting On in the World

I Can Sell

GETTING along in the world was something that did not trouble me until a very short time ago. Let me see now—it has been six years. I was thirty-seven when my husband passed out of the picture, leaving me with two children, one heavily mortgaged house, two insurance policies upon which the premiums had not been paid for two years, and one for a few thousands upon which, thank fortune, they had been paid.

I'm forty-three now. My boy is in college, supporting himself except for an occasional slight lift from mother. My girl is twelve and is going to grammar school. The two of us haven't a penny except what I earn, but upon that we have managed nicely. There are no bills, there is some money in the savings bank, we have clothes enough to keep us from being self-conscious, we go to the movies, we go to church, and in the summer we manage to get to the seashore for a couple of weeks. If I could write a letter to my husband I could tell him honestly that we are happy. He would doubt that, though, if he knew I was working in a New York department store, as I should have doubted it before I went to work.

Because I have learned how to be economical I am going to present my background in one paragraph. I grew up in a small town in Illinois. No one ever suggested that I might some day be compelled to earn a living. We were not wealthy, but there were two servants in our house and a man in the yard. I finished high school and married. For a brief time after the war I had three servants, and once we had two automobiles.

After my husband had been ill for eight months we moved into a small house with one servant, bless her heart, and I went to work in the jewelry store of one of our friends. I had always loved jewels. I worked there three years, and because my employer was a better friend than he was a business man, I was given considerable responsibility. It was I who would talk with the traveling salesmen from the North. It was I who used the telephone to coördinate the wedding-present shopping whenever there was going to be a marriage of any consequence.

In our town brides are almost never embarrassed by receiving two silver ice-water pitchers and no pie forks. If the bride's family determines to buy her flat silver in one store, the friends of the bride also shop at the same store and study a list of her gifts before making a selection, so as to avoid duplication. I was something of a buyer and my sales record was pretty good when circumstances made it necessary for me to give up that position. I was moving to New York, and I was afraid of New York. I thought of it as a place where everyone was superefficient.

The First Pay

I began to look for a job, and I looked in the only way that seemed open to me in that place of confusion. I studied the help-wanted columns of the newspapers. My first Sunday in New York was devoted to that task. Two of the big stores were advertising for various kinds of sales people with experience, and one of them mentioned the jewelry department. So the next day I applied there. On the blank that was furnished me in the employment superintendent's office I stated my age, my previous experience and gave my old employer as a reference. There were hundreds of other applicants, but in the course of an hour I was talking with the personnel manager.

"You say here," he remarked, "that you want thirty dollars a week to start. Would you accept twenty-two dollars to start, with commissions?"

"Yes," I said.

"And could you start tomorrow?"

That was three years ago, and I still remember the thrill with which I opened my first pay envelope. I had worked only five days that week, and commissions were, I knew, paid on a separate pay day. Yet my envelope contained twenty-seven dollars and some small coins. I had been given that much for less than a week's work, and out of my pay twenty-five cents had been taken as a deposit on a clothing-locker key. I was too scared of the disappointment I would suffer if I discovered there had been a mistake in the auditor's office in figuring my pay. I dared not ask any questions of the other saleswomen. One of them, I knew, was getting even less than the twenty-two dollars I had been promised. However, I did keep on selling as if my life depended upon it. I really like to sell.

Making and Saving Money

I was behind a section of glass cases that contained inexpensive costume jewelry, necklaces and plated vanity and cigarette cases. Each day the saleswomen in the department totaled their sales slips. I knew that my showing night after night was considerably better than most of the others. The reason for that was that few of them seemed to care for their work. They did not like to sell. In dealing with customers, very often their attitude was reflected in a sort of take-it-or-leave-it manner. Often customers walked away from the counter after such a girl had been listless in serving them.

Few of them ever walked away from me. I could tell them something about rose quartz; I could identify as smoked pearl the settings in the cheap but good-looking men's studs; I could tell which cigarette cases were covered with a thin wash of silver and which were sterling. That was while I was still handicapped by an assignment behind the cheap-jewelry counter. All the information I had gained in dealing with the traveling salesmen who used to visit that small-town jewelry store served me splendidly behind that counter. Because I was able to answer customers' questions with a show of knowledge, often I made sales that other employes of the department would have lost.

The second pay day my envelope contained thirty-three dollars. There had been no mistake. The organization began by dealing fairly with me. They paid me what they thought I was worth and more than they had agreed to pay me. Each of us was expected to sell a quota of about fifty dollars a day.

We were given a commission of 2 per cent on all sales in excess of that amount. Some days I sold very nearly one hundred dollars' worth of goods. Occasionally I dropped below my fifty-dollar quota, but as a general thing my sales averaged between sixty dollars and eighty dollars a day.

The first month my commissions totaled about eighteen dollars, which was $1.50 more than those of any other saleswoman in the department. I do not mean to suggest that I was the only competent employe there, but I was certainly the only really competent one without authority. There was a supervising saleswoman who had once stood behind the counter. The assistant buyer likewise had once been behind the counter.

Occasionally I saw the buyer. She was an older woman than any of the rest of us and she had a kind of fierce determination in her manner. Once or twice she took me away from the counter to help her with stock. I never let her have to ask me for anything twice. She never told me that she had taken a fancy to me. I do not believe she thought of me except as someone who seemed able to help her sell all the great mounds of inexpensive jewelry that she bought. But she kept piling work on me, and one day she told me I was to be head of stock for our department.

Gradually I found myself working for longer and longer periods each day behind the counters where solid gold and silver and some precious stones were sold. The total of my sales slips began to reach greater proportions. Especially during the six weeks preceding Christmas were my totals impressive and my commissions correspondingly greater.

There were other perquisites in addition to my salary. My luncheons, eaten in the excellent restaurant operated for store employes, rarely cost me more than twenty-seven or twenty-eight cents. In restaurants outside the store, for meals similarly appetizing and nourishing, I should have had to pay at the very least twice as much. Besides this advantage over the majority of those who swarm to work every morning in New York, I had one other means of making the money I earned go farther. On all purchases made in any department of our store I was given a discount of 10 per cent.

At night, when I pass out of the building, I am one of a stream of about five thousand. In it are a few women clerks carrying babies that have been kept during the day in a nursery maintained by the store mainly for customers. Those girls, too, are getting along in the world in spite of the fact that they have lost their husbands and lack technical training. I realize, of course, that I possess something that many of them do not possess. I am curious.

Selling With Knowledge

I have what is called an inquiring mind. It was that which prompted me to search out of the public library every book that dealt with jewelry. There are a surprisingly large number of them. It was that curiosity that sent me back again and again on Sundays to study the collections in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. There I have seen and studied ornaments that were worn by lovely Egyptian matrons three thousand years ago. I have seen lovely eighteenth-century things, old English silver, chalices of gold, snuff bottles of glass with rich tones that were hidden for centuries in ancient tombs of China. I have seen those things in that treasure house, and then, in the modern merchandise I sell I have recognized with a start of pleasure the craftsmen's efforts to reproduce some of that ancient charm. Sometimes I let slip a phrase of this enthusiasm while talking with customers. When you capture their interest that way it is absurdly easy to complete a sale. Somehow they have much more confidence when the sales person understands the merchandise. To get along as a salesman or a saleswoman you have to know your stuff.

Recently my mother wrote me a sympathetic letter. She was feeling sorry for me because I was working in a store.

"Dear mother," I wrote back, "one of the men who works for my employer gets ninety thousand dollars a year. The middle-aged woman who is head of the department in which I work, a woman who used to sell as I am now selling, lives in an apartment for which she pays three thousand dollars a year rental. She wears clothing finer than anything I have ever possessed. She never worries about money and she enjoys her work enormously. Don't you worry about me. I am getting along in the world all right. I can sell."

Then I gave her the big news, the news that I was going to be made an assistant buyer, at six thousand dollars a year.

—Reported by BOYDEN SPARKES

The function of a dentifrice is to *clean* the teeth. No dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; no dentifrice can permanently correct an acid condition of the mouth. Any claim that any dentifrice can do these things is misleading. The highest dental authorities support this statement.

Why Colgate's has become AMERICA'S FAVORITE TOOTHPASTE

The amazing story of Penetrating Foam... that cleans where the toothbrush cannot reach

The reason why more people use Colgate's than any other toothpaste is simply that it cleans teeth better.

And by "clean" we mean not just the outer tooth surfaces but the tiny crevices where food particles lodge and where decay starts. No toothbrush can reach these hard-to-clean places. They must be cleansed by the dentifrice.

Hence the real test of your toothpaste is its ability to get down into these crevices and cleanse them thoroughly. A recent scientific test proved that Colgate's has a greater penetrating power than any of the leading toothpastes on the market today. This is the secret of Colgate's superior cleansing power.*

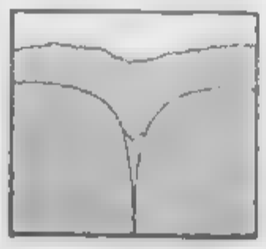
When brushed, Colgate's breaks into an active, sparkling foam. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to get deep down into every minute pit and fissure. There it softens and dislodges the impurities, sweeping them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material prescribed by dentists, which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly.

Think what this means to you . . . By using Colgate's you can clean your teeth thoroughly, scientifically, exactly as your dentist would have you clean them . . . restoring the natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

If you have never used Colgate's you will be surprised and delighted with its wonderful cleansing action. Mail the coupon below for a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth.

*How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

COLGATE, Dept. B 1628, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy." FREE

Name

Address

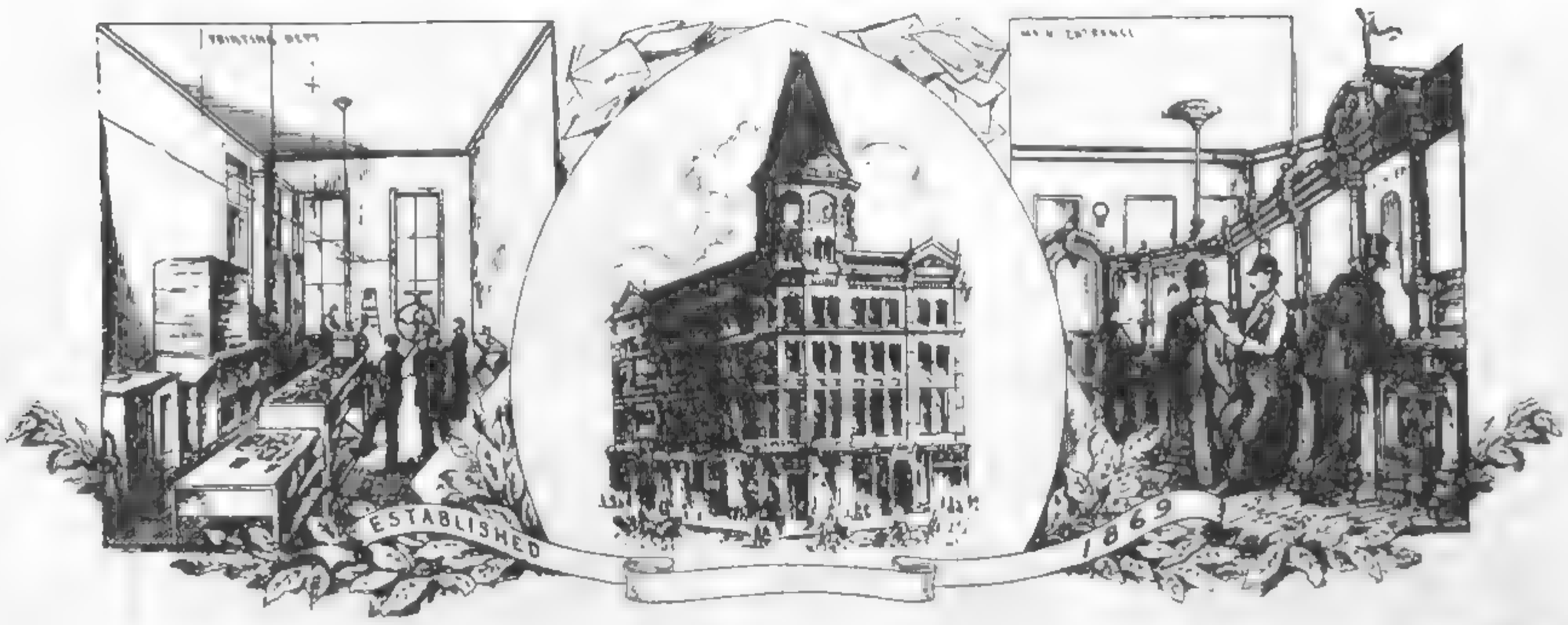
CARTOON AND COMEDY

1st He: "Can Ya' Tell Me Where I Can Find Lincoln's Gettysburg Address?" 2nd He: "Sure; But Whatcha Want With It?" 1st He: "Wanna Write to Him"

From the Comic Artist's Sketch Book

The Love Letter

"Now That the Visiting Season of the White Brother is Over I Can Wear My Own Hat!"



THE EARLY OFFICES OF N. W. AYER & SON REPRODUCED FROM THE NEW YORK DAILY GRAPHIC MARCH 24, [illegible]

The Record of the Years

THE MONTH OF APRIL found the firm of N. W. Ayer & Son sixty years old. Comparatively few businesses in the United States are older. Indeed the growth of N. W. Ayer & Son has been the growth of advertising as an established business. Many of the practices that are standard in advertising today, much of the ethics of the profession, were pioneered by this house.

Sixty years of growth and expansion and realization in American life and business! During that time a nation has come of age with amazing rapidity and assurance. Woodland and prairie and desert have become farmland and orchard. Factories, among the marvels of all time, have produced utilities for a waiting multitude. Population has trebled. Transportation has kept pace—first the railroad, then the motor. . . . Who can tell all that the aeroplane will mean? Telephone and telegraph have made business life more efficient and personal life more agreeable. ...Who can foresee the complete usefulness of radio and television?

Wealth, national wealth, has increased enormously. Since 1900 it has quadrupled. But, unlike other nations which have enjoyed prosperity, America has not concentrated wealth in the hands of a chosen few. People in general are blessed with goods and services which were luxuries a generation ago. As the usual thing they enjoy comforts unattainable, undreamed of, in 1869!

Liberation from poverty has resulted in a hopefulness that stamps the American as unique among the citizens of the world His optimism, his eagerness to accept the new product, the better method, has contributed largely to the prosperity which he enjoys. It has spelled success for businesses now flourishing Just as surely it foretells the success of businesses which are today only dreams in the minds of their future founders

During sixty years of stimulating association and accomplishment, N. W. Ayer & Son has encouraged the growth of business. It has been and is today part of many successes. The present finds its interests wider than ever before, its personnel more experienced, its working conditions notably improved.

America is, and will continue to be, a nation responsive to advertising. The manufacturer who looks into the future may safely take this fact for granted. His only consideration need be how effectively, how brilliantly, can that advertising be done. N. W. Ayer & Son, Washington Square, Philadelphia. New York. Boston. Chicago. San Francisco.

STRICTLY OF THIS MODERN DAY IN PLAN AND DECORATION—A CORNER OF THE LOBBY OF THE NEW AYER BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA

A PART OF REGULAR SERVICE RENDERED—ADVERTISEMENTS FOR CUSTOMERS OF N. W. AYER & SON ARE SET IN THIS THOROUGHLY EQUIPPED TYPE SHOP

EXPOSED TO AIR AND SUNLIGHT—THE NEW AYER BUILDING STANDS AT THE WEST OF HISTORIC WASHINGTON SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

"'Our Investment in friendships' *we call our* Second Car"

"TWO years ago my husband gave me a car of my own," a woman writes us. "Of course, I was thrilled at possessing it, but I never dreamed how much happiness it was to bring.

"Ever since we have been married we have lived on the outskirts of Cedar Rapids. Having young children, I was almost confined to our own yard after my husband drove off to business. I made few friends. I could not get to town for club meetings, and I think I missed most of all the activities at the church. I envied the families with a second car.

"Now, after having my own car for two years, I am a different person. I am active both in club work and at the church. Talking and sewing with other women, hearing their problems, telling them mine, has given me a new point of view. We all get so many ideas, such rest and stimulation from these visits that we go back to our homemaking with light hearts.

"My husband says that his own car is a tool, without which he could not do business. But my car he calls an 'investment in friendships.' And that's just what it is!"

. . .

Two-car ownership has come fast. Three hundred thousand two-car families ten years ago; more than three million today. Within the General Motors line you will find any combination of cars your family may require—with the GMAC Plan offering a comfortable and convenient payment method. In addition, General Motors dealers offer a wide choice of used cars which also may be bought on the GMAC Plan.

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • OAKLAND • VIKING • BUICK • LA SALLE
CADILLAC • *All with Body by Fisher*

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS • YELLOW CABS *and* COACHES

FRIGIDAIRE *The Automatic Refrigerator*

DELCO-LIGHT *Power and Light Plants* • *Water Systems*

. . . .

Brown-Lipe-Chapin—*Differentials* • Delco-Remy—*Starting, Lighting and Ignition Equipment; Klaxon Horns, Lovejoy Shock Absorbers, Guide Lamps, and Batteries* • Harrison Radiators Inland Steering Wheels • Jaxon Wheels, Rims, and Tire Carriers • Durex Bearings • Jacox Steering Gears • A C Spark Plugs, Oil Filters, Air Cleaners • New Departure—Ball Bearings Hyatt—Roller Bearings • Ternstedt Automobile Hardware.

. . . .

General Motors passenger cars, Frigidaire, the automatic refrigerator, and Delco-Light products may be purchased on the low-cost GMAC Time Payment Plan.

. . . .

TUNE IN—General Motors Family Radio Party. Every Monday evening, 8:30 Eastern Standard Time. WEAF and 37 other stations associated with N. B. C.

GENERAL

MOTORS

LITTLE POINTS
OF SUCCESS

Notice the successful men you know. Mark how careful they are about little points—especially in their appearance. Their shoes always gleam—their linen is crisp—their faces show the clean-cut smoothness of careful shaving.

Because they demand the finest shaving cream, it's no wonder that they turn to Squibb's with such enthusiasm. They like its easy thoroughness, its cool freshness.

Squibb's helps the razor, makes it glide through the beard with even, keen strokes that take away any twitch or twinge. Try it.

All drug stores have Squibb's Shaving Cream—priced quite reasonably at 40c a generous tube.

Listen in every Friday evening from 7:15 to 7:30 Eastern Standard Time over Stations WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KWK, WREN, WTMJ, KOA, KSTP, WLW, *for interesting talks on the preservation of health by eminent authorities through broadcasting facilities provided by E. R. Squibb & Sons.*

A SHAVING CREAM
BY SQUIBB

Copyright 1929 by E R Squibb & Sons

DEAR ALMA MATER

(Continued from Page 17)

that. . . . Does Mateer think I'm dumb? That cross-buck had whiskers.

Well, they'll kick. . . . Tommy's waved Gibbs too far back. . . . Somebody might slip off tackle and take a short pass from that formation. . . . There it goes. . . . "How many yards they make, Mac? Fourteen. I'm gonna kick that Tommy's pants ——" . . . First down. Let's see. . . . Mateer stole that formation from Rockne; it works into either a—watch that pass, Joe! . . . Good boy. He got it. . . . "Let Mateer laugh that off, hey, Mac?"

Tommy's trying the line. Svenson at the right side . . . two yards. Gibbs at the left, no gain. . . . No doubt about that line. . . . Mateer's always had luck in finding beef. . . . Ah, there goes X 120 . . . twelve yards. Right down the alley. I'm out of date with my power plays, am I? . . . Twelve yards against the best line in the conference. . . . Oh, hell. Tommy should have tried a sweep at the end. . . . "Mac, who let that man through? . . . No, it wasn't Willie. He took out No. 3 man on his side. It must have been Brick again." . . . Sixteen to go. Second down. . . . Tommy . . . send Svenson at tackle. . . . Nope, that end of theirs is smart.

It was time to be telling Tommy a thing or two.

"Signal for time out, Mac."

McPherson dropped a headgear, not too ostentatiously, and on the field Tommy Thompson raised his hands to his head. In the next play Schilling, the left tackle, dived ahead of a drive at his side of the line and lay prostrate on the turf. The referee's whistle shrilled. Time out! The stands became silent. Coeds shivered in sympathy for the poor boy who was hurt. Mothers said, "I don't care what you say, football is a rough game."

The Old Man whispered his orders to Murphy, a trainer. Murphy ran out with the black bag and water pail. Schilling got up after a minute and was walked about by two solicitous team mates. He went back to his position.

"Nine rahs for Schilling!" yelled State's cheer leaders. A game guy, Schilling. He was going back into the play.

In the next huddle, Thompson said, "The Old Man says we got to kick."

State kicked and the Bragson team was caught napping. The wind carried Tommy's punt over the safety man's head. He was dropped in his tracks on Bragson's own thirty-eight-yard line.

The Bragson coach sent in a substitute. Watching, across the field, the Old Man remarked to McPherson, "Mateer wants them to open up with Godowsky."

They opened up with Godowsky all right. Godowsky around left end, fourteen yards. Godowsky off left tackle, five yards. Godowsky on a lateral pass, fifteen yards. It became a steady march toward State's goal line.

The Old Man prayed for a break. He got it. Bragson's quarter, seeing a touchdown sixteen yards away, quit the straight football that had carried his team irresistibly onward and started out to make a name for himself as a Napoleon of the gridiron.

He uncorked a tricky triple pass across the goal posts, and Tommy intercepted, trying to grand-stand it by a run back from behind his own goal line. If Tommy had let the ball fall dead, State could have started on the twenty-yard line. As it was, Bragson downed Tommy on his six-yard line. Two bonehead plays.

Damn all quarterbacks, thought the Old Man, cussing quietly and fluently. You prayed and sweated and worried over quarterbacks, trying to get some sense into their dumb heads. You drilled them in plays enough to go from here to New York, and they forgot all but the wrong ones. They wanted to be Charley Buells and Walter Eckersalls; they thought they knew more than you did. What use to rack your brains inventing new plays? What use to master the strategics of the game? You turned it all over to a twenty-year-old kid who was always trying to pull the unexpected so Grantland Rice would hail him as "a great field general."

Well, Tommy did have sense enough to kick on first down. . . . Bragson is back to State's forty-six-yard line. . . . Hell, it is starting again: Godowsky through a hole at center, six yards. Godowsky on a neat pivot behind his left end, reversing his field in the way Oliphant used to do it. . . . What a footballer. . . . Mateer is lucky. Again the huddle. . . . "Mac! Send Davis in for Houck. That line is ragged." Won't they ever stop Godowsky? . . . Down to the twenty-one-yard line once more. . . . Now to the fourteen-yard line.

Oh, Brick, smash in there, get him, claw him. Reach for him, boy. . . . Willie, get him! . . . Nope, there he goes; right down to the secondary every time. . . . Line all shot, boys blowing. . . . Taking a beating now. Godowsky again, broad-shouldered, gray, dusty, white-helmeted, pushing through, sidestepping, hurdling, straight-arming—Godowsky. . . . Third down now and six to go for a touchdown. . . . Mateer's straightened his quarter out; no more passes. . . . Can they hold? . . . Ah! Thank God, that's the gun! One quarter past anyway.

Touch-down-n-n, Brag-zun-n-n! Touch-down-n-n, Brag-zun-n-n! Touch-down-n-n, Brag-zun-n-n!

While the teams were changing goals, McPherson talked with Houck, the regular who had been taken out. He came over to the Old Man, his face red with anger.

"Houck says they're playing dirty, Mr. Hartwell. He says Jordan has been busting Brick with iron shoulder braces and the boys have to keep after Brick to hold him off of socking Jordan. He says the boys want to go after Godowsky."

The Old Man scowled.

"Let Mateer play all the dirty football he wants," he said. "I'm not Jim Mateer."

Still, if Godowsky was stopped ——

The purple-jerseyed team went into a huddle. Six yards to go for a touchdown. Hartwell and McPherson leaned forward, tensely and grimly, anticipating the worst.

If Mateer sends Godowsky at the center, he'll rip it open. There they go! . . . Ah! . . . Another back has taken the ball. . . . They are in the pile-up. The Bragson stands are howling. That referee's arm! . . . They didn't get it over! What is the whistle for? . . . Oh, man hurt. . . . Tommy? . . . Willie? . . . Gibbs? . . . No, a Bragson man is down.

"That's Jordan!" said McPherson in the Old Man's ear.

The Bragson tackle struggled to his feet. His nose was bleeding. They tossed him a towel, but he weaved drunkenly and the referee slapped him on the arm. Bragson sent in a substitute. Jordan was out.

Fourth down and four to go. The Old Man wondered if Brick had ——

There's the huddle. They are snapping into position. Damn Mateer, the dirty louse!

Across the field he saw Mateer talking to Jordan as reserves covered him with blankets.

Fourth and four. . . . If the boys can hold this time. . . . There they go . . . straight. . . . No, Brick is coming through. . . . It's a fumble! . . . Brick is on it. . . .

A great roar from the State stands.

Tommy kicked. Bragson is back to State's thirty-nine-yard line. Twice I've got the breaks. But maybe Brick has slugged Jordan. . . . No, Mateer would have squawked. Brick got him clean. . . . Twice the breaks . . . a third time. . . . Oh, if they can only stop Godowsky. . . .

The Bragson team, like a many-legged animal twice balked of its goal, settled down again with purposeful patience for another march.

How many minutes left in this quarter? . . . Seven? . . . Godowsky on another sweep of left end. . . . No, that time Brick came through and smeared the play. . . . Godowsky again . . . eleven yards on a crisscross. . . . Now that pass formation. They should know how to break that up. . . . There it goes. Lateral pass to No. 4 back and a pass to No. 1 back over center. . . . Good boy! . . . Svenson intercepted. . . . Now, it's our ball. . . . "Mac, tell Reaves to go in for Drayshon. He's wilted."

When Drayshon came running in, the Old Man himself held out his blanket. Drayshon, sweating and bloody from a scratched nose, sank onto the bench.

"What happened to Jordan, Pete?" the Old Man asked.

Drayshon spat, panting.

"He got his nose in the way of Brick's knee," said Drayshon. "Brick ought to have given him a face full of cleats. He'd been calling Brick names ever since the game started. He wanted to start Brick swinging at him so Brick would get kicked out. Their quarter is doing the same thing with Tommy. Talk about your dirty football ——"

The Old Man suspected that Brick had got Jordan. He started to say, "Mac, send Willoughby in for Brick," and hesitated. Just then, on the field, Brick opened up a fine hole in the Bragson line and Gibbs plowed through for eight yards. Well, what the hell? Mateer started this thing. It served Mateer right. He was trying too hard to cinch the Old Man's job. Besides, Jordan had tried to get Brick with iron braces hid under his jersey. He'd wait until the half was over to question Brick.

He contented himself by saying, "Signal Tommy to stall for time out again, Mac. Tell Murphy I said this game is getting too rough, and to tell Tommy I'll jerk them all out if they don't quit."

Two minutes later State lost the ball on downs in midfield and Bragson started another march to State's goal.

State's rooters, thrilled by the stubborn defense being staged by their team, set up a steady roaring of cheers. But the Old Man wasn't deceived. Mateer was resting Godowsky for a space, but the march would gather momentum very soon.

Every ten seconds the Old Man asked, "How much time left, Mac?"

Bragson made two first downs.

On the next play, Godowsky slid off right end for seven yards. His interference piled into Gibbs, State's left half. Gibbs didn't get up. They carried him off with a broken ankle. Out on the field Captain Tommy and his men clustered in an angry circle around the referee. The referee shook his head. He hadn't seen anything wrong.

McPherson yelled in the Old Man's ear, "You saw that, didn't you? They clipped Gibbs from behind. The full dumped him, and Hannigan and that quarter of theirs came down on him with their knees."

"Send Ordray in for Gibbs," said the Old Man.

A few football-wise rooters booed.

During the next four plays two Bragson men were knocked groggy, but cold water revived them. They stayed in the game.

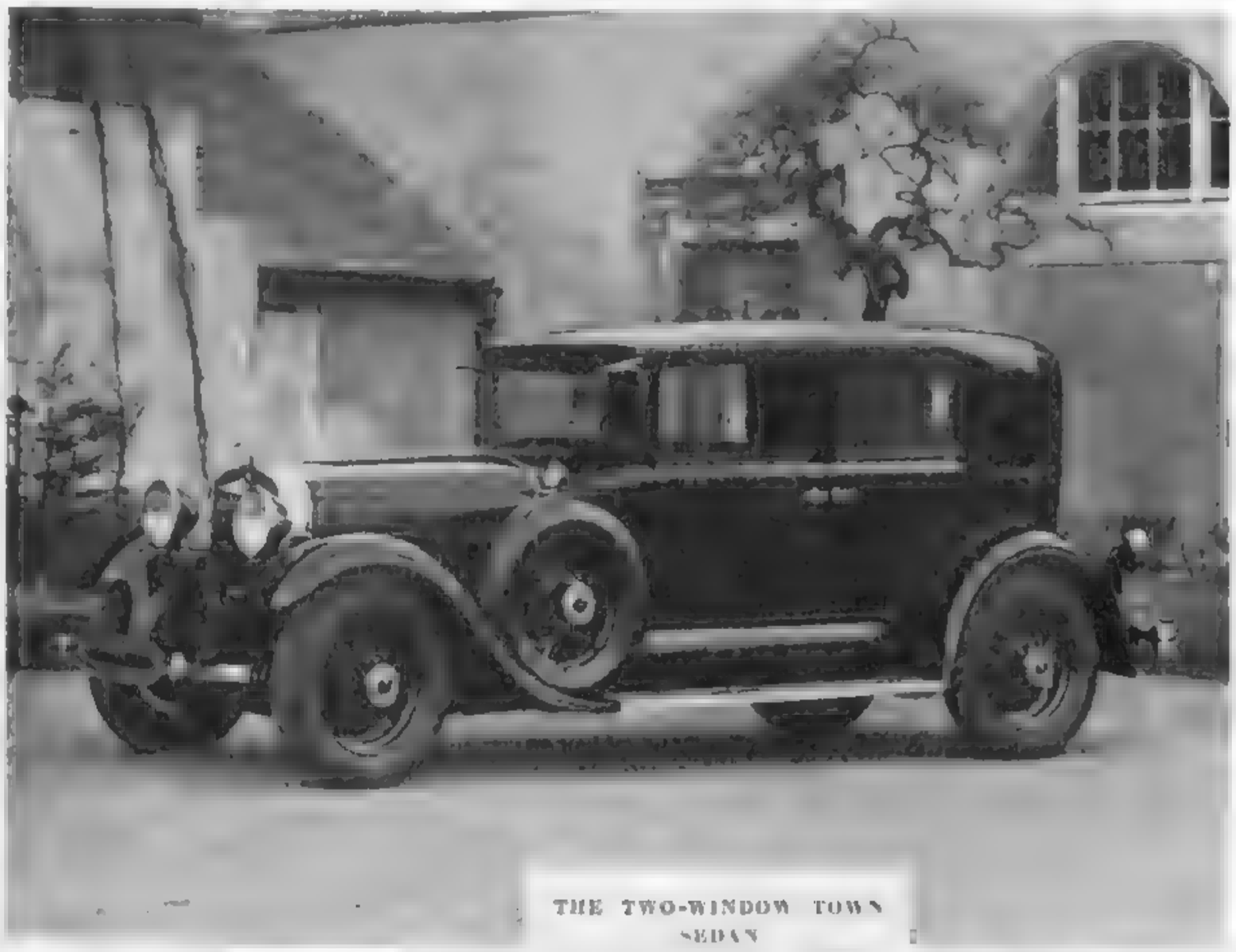
His chin low in the collar of his overcoat, the Old Man said nothing.

McPherson raged: "They're waiting for you to say the word, Mr. Hartwell. I'm not for dirty football myself, but when a bunch like that starts it, I'm in favor of ending it."

The blanketed reserves were sullen and restive on the bench. They stole glances over their shoulders at the Old Man.

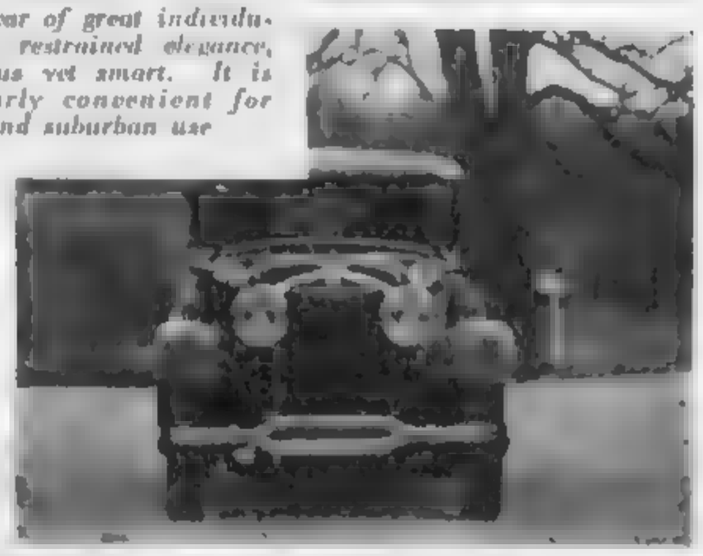
(Continued on Page 70)

BACK OF EVERY LINCOLN
ARE THE ENTIRE RESOURCES OF THE FORD ORGANIZATION



THE TWO-WINDOW TOWN SEDAN

A motor car of great individuality and restrained elegance, commodious yet smart. It is particularly convenient for city and suburban use



"AS NEARLY PERFECT A MOTOR CAR AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO PRODUCE"

THE LINCOLN is not, as automobiles go, a low-priced car. As a matter of fact, price is a minor consideration in its making. Yet in sheer intrinsic worth, in value received, the Lincoln presents a unique opportunity to the investor. For it would be impossible to produce a motor car of this quality at so moderate a figure, if it were not for the resources of the Ford organization behind it.

Efficiency and economy are the answer. Lincoln standards of quality and craftsmanship have been combined with Ford methods of direct, unwasteful production. Lincoln raw materials come from Ford-owned iron mines, Ford-owned coal fields, Ford-owned timber tracts and silica beds. And throughout the Lincoln plant every process of manufacture is controlled by Ford-made Johansson gages, designed by the foremost living precision expert, and accurate to *four-millionths of an inch!*

The result is a motor car in which the finest possible workmanship and materials are incorporated at the lowest possible cost . . . a motor car so well made that it will last for years . . . so beautiful that it will never be outmoded . . . so swift, so silent and luxurious that it cannot be appraised by common automotive standards. In a word, "as nearly perfect a motor car as it is possible to produce."

And back of every Lincoln is the most complete fine-car service organization in existence. Lincoln service stations are located in virtually all principal cities, both in the United States and abroad. In addition, every Lincoln owner is assured of a courteous welcome and fullest co-operation in any of the 9000 Ford service stations. . . . Wherever you go, Lincoln service is quick, reasonable, and convenient.

That is why the Lincoln is in ever-increasing demand today among people of taste and judgment . . . because in this sincere and aristocratic motor car they find all the smartness, the quality, the comfort and convenience to which they have been accustomed by their way of life.

THE LINCOLN

THE SOONER YOU
SIMONIZ
YOUR CAR
THE BETTER

—*for Every Car Needs*
SIMONIZ

MOTORISTS who have had a lot of experience in the care of cars and have driven cars for years, know the value of Simonizing. They always Simoniz a new car before driving very far. They know the weatherproof protection that only Simoniz gives guards the finish from injury, and keeps their cars looking new and beautiful so long that they find it easy to get a good price on a trade-in . . . and Simonizing really saves them a lot of money.

Simonizing keeps new cars looking new and restores the lustre to the finish of cars that have become dulled, stained or discolored in use.

Simoniz Kleener removes all grime, stains and even blemishes. Then Simoniz gives immediate protection to all motor car finishes, including Duco and lacquer, makes them last longer and keeps their rich beautiful colors from fading. Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener, and you will save money by driving a car that always looks new and beautiful.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
Chicago, U. S. A.

Motorists Wise~
SIMONIZ

Easily Applied *With a Cloth*

(Continued from Page 68)

Godowsky again—fifteen yards on a wide end run. Down to the twenty-six-yard line. Touchdown-n! Touchdown-n! chanted the Bragson cheering section. Godowsky knifing through tackle for six more. The Bragson quarter eying his bench for instructions. A tip-off well masked. No, they wouldn't try for goal. On to a touchdown.

With Godowsky out of the way ——

The Old Man was still chewing that over when, with a start of surprise, he heard the gun. He looked up. Bragson had the ball on the seven-yard line. But the half was ended.

He got up from the bench almost like a real old man. The breaks had saved him so far. But in the next half Bragson would go over. Maybe not three times, but at least once.

"Rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Team, team, team!"

Let 'em yell. Let the razzle-dazzle boys parade with the bands. Let undergraduates hug their sides over the showing State had made the first half. The Old Man knew what would happen in the third quarter. Or the fourth. He was licked. He followed his team to the temporary dressing room under the stadium.

Rubbers were busy with iodine, adhesive tape and alcohol when he came in. The varsity were lying on cots or tables. Bitter talk:

"I'm gonna bust that guy next half, even if the Old Man kicks me off the team for it."

"Dirty football? Oh, no! Look at this eye! He uppercutted me! That —— referee called it a straight-arm!"

"I says, 'You make one more crack like that an' you won't have any teeth the next time you hit center.' He quit it too."

"Aw, what's the use of trying to play on the level with that mob? If I was Gibbs I'd go over to Bragson and break that quarter's neck."

"Maybe he'll get his next half."

"I know one guy that's gonna get it next half. I'm gonna twist his arm outa its socket."

The talking stopped when the Old Man pushed into view. They knew his feelings about dirty football. Brick Travers, lying on his stomach on a table while a rubber attended to splotchy bruises above his kidneys, avoided turning his head in the Old Man's direction.

Tommy Thompson was their spokesman. "We're getting a pretty raw deal out there, coach," he said.

Hartwell grunted, his face very grim. "Why don't you tell your troubles to the referee?"

"I squawked four times. He's near-sighted. That bunch is too slick for him."

"Well, there isn't anything we can do about it, Tommy," said the Old Man, "unless you want to walk off the field and forfeit the game."

Tommy hesitated, with the eyes of his team mates upon him. Then he said:

"We think we've taken enough off that bunch, coach, without giving something in return."

"I've never stood for dirty stuff and I'm not going to start now. I want every man here to listen to me," he said, his voice rasping. "We're going out there next half and do our best to win. But we're going to win clean. Get me? If we have to take a beating, we'll take it."

His glance fell on Brick Travers.

"Brick," he shot out, "did you lay for Jordan and bust his nose, or was it accidental?"

Brick hung his head, examined his knuckles.

"I laid for him," said Brick.

The Old Man squared his jaw.

"Turn in your suit," he said. "Givens will play your tackle next half."

At this juncture McPherson rushed into the dressing room.

"I just got a tip that Godowsky broke three ribs in the Tech game last Saturday!" he exclaimed.

The Old Man stared. His face relaxed. The varsity crowded around excitedly.

"Hell," said Tommy Thompson, "and we've been tackling that guy low."

This was different. There wasn't anything in the rules against tackling a man a little higher, just so you didn't go above his shoulders.

What a break! Mateer certainly had plenty of gall—playing Godowsky in such condition.

Everybody looked at the Old Man. He cleared his throat.

"You might try hitting him a little higher, boys," he said.

They looked at one another, grinning significantly.

"If that guy has any ribs left after I hit him a couple of times," said Captain Tommy, "they're iron ones."

The atmosphere lightened at once. There was hope now. The varsity players started kidding one another. All except the Swede fullback, Svenson. He was too busy trying to remember signals. Tommy Thompson made a joke as they were filing out for the second half:

"Remember that left guard of theirs that went out with a broken foot, coach? Well, he got it by kicking Swede in the head!"

Hope now. Godowsky had three broken ribs. They got after Godowsky from the first kick-off.

In the stands amateur observers growled: "Why don't they hit that guy low? You can't stop him hitting him waist-high. He dragged Schilling five yards that time, until Thompson hit him from the other side."

Down on the sideline the Old Man was thinking: Nope, on the hip that time. . . . He felt it, though . . . not so spry getting up. . . . A pretty game guy at that . . . wants to carry it again . . . getting sore. . . . Belly must be aching. . . . All right . . . there he goes. . . . Look at that guy go. . . . Blam! . . . Good boy, Swede; he felt that. . . . Swede drove his shoulder square into his belly. . . . Time out. . . . No, he's getting up, feeling his side. . . . Come on, Mateer; send him at that line just once more. . . . Ah, lost the ball on downs. . . .

Tommy tried a pass. Godowsky intercepted. He was off trying to skirt the field. Davis hit him smack on the ribs. He shook Davis off and staggered on. Druhl hit him nice and high. Druhl hung on. He tried to twist away. Tommy came up—a ten-second man carrying 180 pounds. Tommy hit him from the other side nice and high. He carried Godowsky out of bounds with Druhl hanging on.

Godowsky fell near the bench where the Old Man sat. The eighty thousand had risen to their feet to follow the play. A great Bragson cheer was choked off. Godowsky didn't get up this time. He lay on his side.

Policemen waved clubs at the crowd to keep them back. State reserves started fixing a stretcher with football blankets. Mateer, the Bragson coach, ran across the field, followed by underlings and a doctor. Mateer bent over the suffering boy. Then he looked at Speed Hartwell.

"How about that high tackling, referee?" snapped Mateer.

"It was perfectly legal, Mr. Mateer," said the referee. "He kept on going at his own risk."

Captain Tommy's lower lip was trembling.

"I'm sorry, Godowsky," he said.

The Old Man, ignoring Mateer, pushed to the referee's side.

"Let's get on with the game," he said crisply.

The referee blew his whistle, carried the ball in to midfield. The Old Man waved his team back to the game.

Mateer said, as they were taking Godowsky to an ambulance, "Some coaches will do anything to win a football game." He looked at Hartwell when he said it.

The Old Man nodded. "Yes, you will, Mateer. Such as playing a boy with three broken ribs."

Up in the stands they said, "Somebody's hurt. It's Godowsky. Wonder what they're powwowing about down there. Hartwell and Mateer are having an argument about something. . . . Hey! Down in front! I want to see this football game!"

The Old Man sank grumpily to his bench. He remembered Godowsky's white, drawn face. He was troubled about that a little. But then ——

Oh, hell, he'll be all right in a few weeks. It was criminal of Mateer to send that boy into the game, knowing his condition. Mateer has a lot of gall blaming us. . . . "Hey, Mac. What down is it?"

The tide of battle turned at once. Deprived of its scoring punch, the Bragson team wilted. It sank into a dull, dogged defensive game. State U. came to life. Godowsky—the great Godowsky—was out. Taking the ball on its own thirty-seven-yard line, the State team began a slow plugging march toward the enemy's goal.

We'll make it now. Yep, we're going down the alley now. . . . Ha! Thirteen yards on that fake buck play of mine. . . . Let Mateer laugh that off. . . . I guess he'll get my job now; I just guess he will. . . . Forty-two-yard line . . . thirty-four-yard line . . . thirty-yard line. . . . It's time to spring the big play. . . .

Touchdown-n, State U.! Touchdown-n, State U.! Touchdown, State U.!

"Come on, team!"

"Give us a touchdown!"

"Come on, boys, for the old school!"

"Come on, gang!"

The Old Man had a play he'd been saving for two years for just such a time as this. It was his pet play: A trick shift with a threat at the short side of the line, a lateral run to the long side, well masked, and a pass straight over center.

Out on the field Captain Tommy had taken time out to tie a shoestring. Evening shadows were wavering across the thirty-yard marker. The Old Man got up and walked down the sideline, crouching at the forty-yard marker. Tommy came to life. He went into a huddle with his team. The linemen shifted. The four backs jumped into a wide box formation.

Wait till Mateer sees this one. . . . What the hell? They're shifting just right to block it! . . . Damn that Mateer; he's stolen my play. He knows all about it. . . . Hey, Tommy. . . .

It was too late. The ball was snapped.

"Watch the pass over center!" yelled the Bragson quarterback.

Then ——

Out of the shuttle of figures loomed Swede Svenson. He galloped to the left and went lumbering down the sideline.

The dumb blankety-blank-blank-blank. He's forgotten the signal. He's forgotten the play. He is supposed to ——

The kindly fate that sometimes sends a glimmer of intelligence to quarterbacks smote Captain Tommy Thompson full and fair. He faked the pass to Druhl over center and rifled a beauty across the field to the Swede. And the Swede caught it. And the Swede held it.

Touchdown!

Eighty thousand voices lifted hosannahs to twilight sky. Eighty thousand football fans said: "Gosh, what a swell game! You didn't know which way it would turn out until the end. But that play of Hartwell's told the tale. Gosh, what strategy!"

The Old Man is going to be back at State U. next season. As speakers at the annual football banquet said: "Every time they get to saying that our coach has slipped he comes along with a glorious victory, and he stands today as the finest exponent of clean football and the master strategist of them all."

If you play hostess to a family

...enlist the cheery aid of a floor that has no "don'ts"

Your living-room floor works many hours a day. It takes all kinds of punishment. But a damp cloth will keep it sparklingly bright if it's Armstrong's Accolac Processed Linoleum. Spot-proof, stain-proof. The Armstrong Floor in this living-room is a rich Embossed Inlaid effect (No. 5060). The interliners are actually pressed below the surface to give realistic texture. All the colors go clear through to the heavy burlap back.

FAMILIES are certainly hard on floors! And it's not always easy to play the part of hostess when tiny folks continually track in mud, when grown-ups carelessly let things spill and spot.

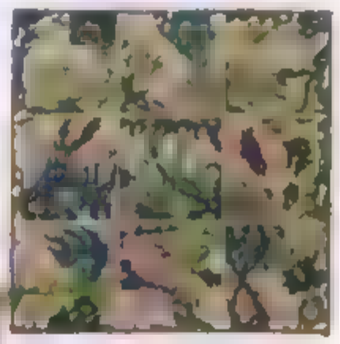
"Don't . . . don't! I've just cleaned the floor!" Sometimes you feel like *shouting* it. Vexing . . . temper-ruffling. And, at that, not much protection for the poor old floor.

Just suppose for the moment that this living-room was in *your* home. Even if ink should accidentally spatter on the floor, it wouldn't cause you one bit of worry. For the floor you see is spot-proof, stain-proof. It's the new-type Armstrong's Linoleum, its surface sealed and protected by the dirt-resisting Accolac Process.

Ordinarily all the cleaning care this labor-saving floor needs is a quick dusting. Waxing and polishing, too, is now a quick, easy task. Even in kitchens or wherever floors may call for frequent washing, maintenance is simplified—just an occasional coat of Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer quickly restores the satin-smooth luster. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

New De Luxe Marble No. 1650

No telltale spot, even when black ink spills on an Accolac Processed Armstrong Floor



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New Ideas . . . worth copying. A bookful of help and information on home decoration is yours if you write for Hazel Dell Brown's "New Ideas in Home Decoration." Tells how to create correct color schemes, how to make your floors part of your room picture. Offers you the author's personal service. Includes a "Decorator's Data Sheet." Just send 10c to cover cost of mailing. (Canada, 20c.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 317 West Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pa.

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for every room in the house

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WINGED WOLF

Continued from Page 27

He obtained, on this exploratory flight, his first comprehensive view of the new country to which he had come. Below him lay Buck Bay Island, some six miles long and a mile or so wide, densely forested with pine, live oak, magnolia and palmetto, except a strip of ocean beach and a broader strip of sand dunes between the beach and the woods. On one side of the island lay the ocean; on the other, level green marshes, through which wound many salt-water creeks, separated it from the mainland. Buck Bay, he discovered, was only one of a long chain of wooded islands fringing the coast, cut off from one another by inlets and from the mainland by broad plains of marsh.

Swinging in over the marshes, he circled for nearly an hour above the mainland. Here, too, he saw extensive tracts of woodland, but there were also many clearings with broad fields and pastures and many houses scattered here and there. These were not precisely like the clearings and houses of the sparse settlements in his native forest. Nevertheless, he knew what they were and he kept his distance, sailing at a great height in the air. Wilderness dweller though he was, he had had experience of man.

He returned in midforenoon to Buck Bay Island. He was hungry again now and he set out on a hunt for sloths and monkeys, his staple food. Just over the roof of the forest he passed on noiseless pinions, a silent, wide-winged shadow of death, his fierce eyes searching the tree tops below him. Where the forest was more open he swung lower and sped onward in a zigzag course amid the tree trunks, ghostly and noiseless as an owl. He found no sloths, no monkeys, but in a half-ruined squirrel nest high in a pine he saw an opossum curled in a gray, hairy ball, sleeping away the daylight hours.

The harpy swerved and dipped toward the nest. His huge talons, nearly twice as large as those of a bald or golden eagle, reached down like grappling hooks and closed upon the gray, hairy ball. The possum never woke from his sleep. The harpy's mighty claws had pierced the gray beast's vitals; he was dead before the Winged Wolf came to rest with his prey on a stout limb near by.

Thereafter, day by day, death in a new form took toll of the wild folk who dwelt on Buck Bay Island. Into their midst a new enemy had come—such an enemy as they had never known before. Only the smallest among them, such as the rabbits, squirrels, wood rats and the lesser birds, had been accustomed to look for danger in the air. These feared the great horned owl and some of the more aggressive hawks, but the larger forms of island life—the possums, raccoons, gray foxes, wild pigs and deer—knew no dangerous enemies among the winged hunters.

Now suddenly this was changed. A Flying Death had come—a Winged Wolf that was like a great horned owl, but a hundred times more terrible. For the first time the larger wild folk of the island woods were harried by a winged enemy—a bird. For the first time danger threatened them from the air. Thus in an instant a cardinal rule of their existence was nullified: in an instant the instinct, the knowledge that had come down to them out of the past, became false.

They could not immediately adjust themselves to this new condition. It was so completely new, so utterly contrary to all experience, all knowledge. They had known eagles—the bald eagles that had nested for half a century or more in their huge tree-top castle at the southern end of Buck Bay Island—and these great white-headed birds had never molested them. The bald eagles were birds of the open spaces, grand soarers, kings of the upper air. They lived mainly upon fish and the waterfowl of the river flats and the marshland creeks. They never hunted in the woods, and in summer they disappeared altogether. But this new Winged Wolf that had come, this gigantic gray-and-white-crested eagle, bearded like a lynx and tufted like a horned owl, made the woods his hunting ground and waged relentless war upon the woods dwellers.

Only the largest of these were safe. The adult deer and the big wild hogs were not attacked, but a doe, grazing a hundred feet from her spotted fawn, saw the Winged Wolf swoop down, strike his huge grappling hooks into the fawn and carry it away before she could reach its side. A black sow, resting in the shade at a thicket edge, kept watch over her seven pigs rooting in the open glade before her. Suddenly a vast thing dropped from above, six pigs scattered squealing with terror under a buffeting of mighty wings. The seventh, a little red fellow, was borne upward through the air, its plump sides pierced and torn by enormous saberlike talons.

A gray fox, whose whelps were waiting for her in a hollow-log nest in the deep woods near the center of the island, got scent of a marsh rabbit in a clump of tall rushes at the edge of a small savannah. She left the cover of the myrtle thickets and began to creep slowly across the open, her belly close to the ground. The Winged Wolf came from behind; his wide wings made no sound; the fox had no warning till the grappling hooks pierced her flanks.

She tried to throw herself on her back but could not. She twisted her body sideways, her grinning jaws snapped and chopped, a mass of fluffy white feathers, soft as the feathers of an owl, filled her mouth. Struggling, twisting, choking, her belly pierced through and through, she was lifted from the ground, then pressed hard upon it while the harpy trampled her, his pitiless claws tearing her vitals. Trampling her, he turned her over. Incredible talons reached for her throat. The whelps in the hollow-log nest never saw her again.

The island foxes—few in number—learned after a time to look for danger in the air. The opossums, far more abundant, still slept away the daylight hours in the leafy summer bungalows built by the squirrels in the pines. Their dreams, no doubt, were sweet. Some of them never woke from their dreaming. Others, as swift pain stabbed them, opened their eyes to see for an instant a fierce-eyed, bearded face, a face that was owl-like and lynxlike and wholly devilish with its erect, divided crest resembling two tall horns. One glimpse of this savage, glaring face they had. Then death darkened their eyes.

From the first the possums were the harpy's chief resource, taking the place of the sloths which had been his principal prey in his tropical home. The raccoons he recognized early as more difficult game. These were the most abundant of all the island woods folk, except the rabbits, squirrels, wood rats and such small fry. They lay hidden most of the day and hunted chiefly at night, but at that hot season, when human hunters were not to be feared, many raccoons began to walk their well-trodden paths along the moist edges of the marshes and savannahs long before dusk had fallen. The harpy hunted them carefully, skillfully, having learned that they were both wise and valiant.

He learned this lesson at some cost. His easy victory over the raccoon on the beach that first afternoon had given him no hint of either the wiliness or the courage of these ring-tailed rovers of the savannah trails who resembled somewhat the familiar coatimondis of his native forests. He discovered, three days after his arrival on the island, that not all raccoons could be disposed of so simply as the one that he had killed on the beach.

He had enjoyed on that occasion the advantage of surprise. The coon, absorbed in watching the sea turtle and anticipating no danger from above, had been struck from behind. The second ringtail that the harpy encountered happened to be an unusually large old male. This coon was following a wet path that crossed a small, marshy opening in the woods when he saw a huge bird sail into view just above the tops of the trees in front of him. He was not interested, but he kept his eyes on the bird as he ambled on, because it happened to be in front of him, where he could not help seeing it; and suddenly, to his amazement, he realized that it was plunging straight for him.

There was no time for flight. The coon rose on his hind legs like a little bear. As the harpy struck him he struck back with fangs and fore claws, and his jaws closed on something scaly and hard. He was bowled over and hurled ten feet backward along the path. Mighty wings buffeted him, long talons stabbed him, a great, curved billhook tore at his throat. He was on his back, all four of his legs were clawing upward, working like pistons; his jaws clung desperately to the hard, scaly thing upon which they had closed.

The harpy, one of his talons imprisoned in the raccoon's jaws, was nearer disaster than he had ever been before. The coon's claws tore out the great bird's breast feathers in clouds, gashing the flesh beneath. The ringtail fought a good fight; for some moments, perhaps, the issue was in doubt. When at last the coon lay still, his breast and belly had been ripped into bloody ribbons, and the harpy, panting and spattered with blood, lay sprawled upon his victim's body.

Thenceforward he dealt with the raccoons less contemptuously. It was indicative of his fierce spirit that, after so sharp an experience, he hunted them at all. The Winged Wolf was no coward; of all the flesh that he had tasted in his new home, he liked the flesh of raccoons best. The gashes on his breast were still smarting when, toward sunset one afternoon, he returned to the marshy opening in the woods where he had fought the big ringtail, and, taking his stand in an oak at the woods' edge, began to watch the raccoon path that crossed the opening.

Within ten minutes he saw a coon almost as large as the one with which he had battled. This time he attacked from behind. His silent wings gave no warning, his lethal grappling hooks struck home, the needle points of his long talons, driven with enormous power, were in his victim's vitals before the ringtail knew that he was in danger. The struggle had scarcely begun before it ended.

So, day by day, while the long summer waned, the Winged Wolf took his toll. He never hunted on the mainland where he had seen the houses and the clearings of man, but often he visited other islands of the long chain extending up and down the coast.

Some among the island wild folk learned more quickly than others to deal with the new peril. The foxes were quick learners. The deer, too, whose fawns were now well grown, watched the air above them and the trees along the woods' edges. The opossums, however, seemed incapable of learning. For countless generations no foe except an occasional horned owl had threatened them from above; they could not understand that now death, as sudden as lightning, was riding the air.

They were the harpy's mainstay, his most easily obtainable prey. Marsh rabbits formed an important source of food supply; squirrels and wood rats were sometimes taken, though, as a rule, he disdained such small game. Now and again he dined on birds—the white egrets and the big white-and-black wood ibises, almost as large as turkeys, which often gathered in flocks in the wet savannahs and along the marshy edges of the island ponds. The wild pigs, too, were among his favorites; they were easy game if their razor-backed mother was not too near. Swooping down from his lookout station on some stout horizontal limb, he would sink his mighty grappling hooks into a pig and bear it aloft before its dam's swift charge could rescue it. Once, when he had killed a pig too large to be lifted easily, he proved his prowess and his strength in an astonishing encounter.

The sow, which was fifty yards distant when the pig's dying squeals reached her ears, charged instantly. The harpy rose and circled upward, his great claws hanging below him half opened, his barred tail spread fanwise, his fierce, bearded and crested countenance glaring down upon the furious razorback.

Suddenly he swung down to her, hung for a moment just over her, his wings beating rapidly; and twice in that interval his immense talons ripped and raked her back. Again he rose, circled, swung down; again his claws raked her till the blood streamed across flanks and haunches. She was too big to kill outright—much bigger than the native wild pigs, or peccaries, of his own tropical forests upon which he had been accustomed to prey—but she was far less quick than they, and he fought her as he had sometimes fought them—swooping down to her, plying his trenchant weapons with terrible effect, then swinging upward again.

The sand was red with her blood; she was staggering and could hardly stand; in her fury and agony, as the Winged Wolf hung over her, ripping and slashing, she trampled the dead body of her pig into a shapeless mass. She gave up at last. One eye was gone; blood nearly blinded the other. She tottered across the open, a red, frightful spectacle, to find sanctuary within the cover of a dense yucca thicket bristling with long, sharp spines.

Norton came South that fall from his home in New Jersey, partly to search for Indian pottery in the aboriginal shell mounds of the coast, but mainly to obtain for his bird collection specimens of the oyster catcher, a shore bird that had become rare on the Northern beaches. He came in early October and found quarters in a plantation house on the mainland behind Buck Bay Island. On the second morning after his arrival he hired a negro boatman to row him by way of the tidal creeks across the marshes separating the island from the main. Landing at the northern inlet, he began to walk along the edge of the dunes, his gun in the hollow of his arm, his eyes searching the beach ahead of him for the big party-colored birds that he desired.

He saw no oyster catchers among the flocks of smaller shore birds feeding on the beach. After following the outer edge of the sand hills for about three miles, he turned inland, intending to explore the woods that covered the interior of the island. Fifty yards from the edge of the woods a dark shadow slipped across the sand in front of him, and instinctively he glanced upward, expecting to see a turkey buzzard or a black vulture.

He saw, instead, perhaps five hundred feet above him in the air, a huge bird much larger than a buzzard or vulture, its under parts mainly white, except a broad dark band across the upper breast. The bird's immense size, its wide, rounded wings, its whole form and aspect, were instantly familiar; yet for half a minute Norton continued to stare upward, a look of blank amazement on his face.

He carried a pair of eight-power binoculars on a strap around his neck. Hurriedly laying his gun on the sand, he trained his field glasses on the soaring bird.

He knew then, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that the bird was a harpy—a harpy of the Amazonian forests, two thousand miles from its tropical home. Next moment, as he continued staring upward,

(Continued on Page 76)

Gleaming, Tartar-Free Teeth

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THERE are many excellent dentifrices on the market selling at a trifle above or below 50¢—but is it necessary to pay that much? Why not a first class dentifrice at 25¢—scientifically correct for all types of teeth?

Believing this to be a sound price, we created Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ for a *large tube.* It is the result of more than fifty years' study of tooth and mouth troubles.

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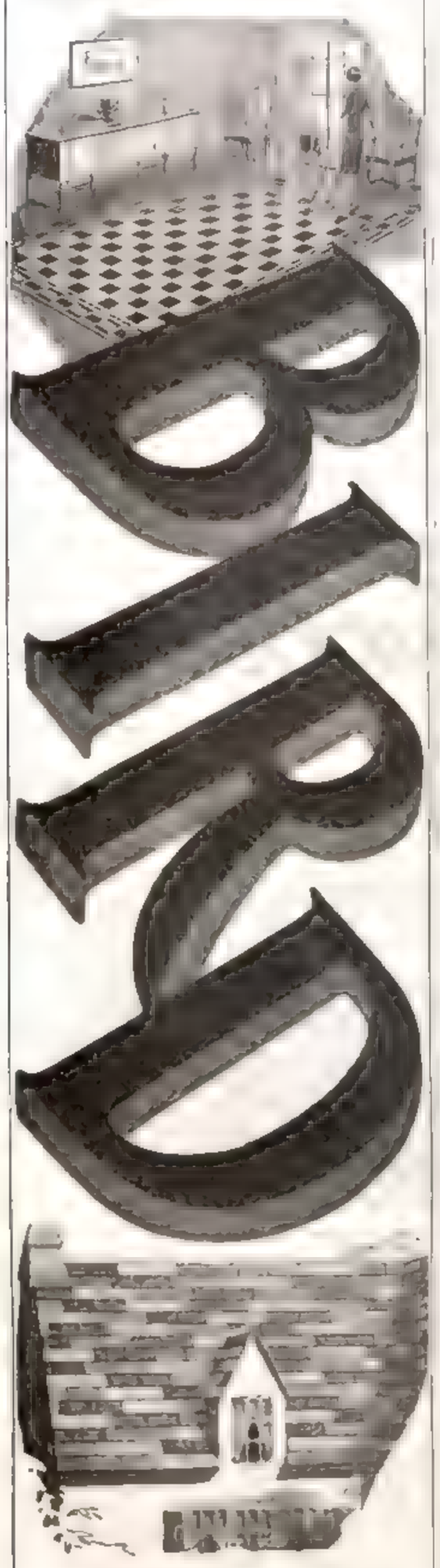

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light broke upon him—the explanation of this astounding thing. Not more than a hundred and fifty miles northeast of Buck Bay Island the Hispaniola had gone down. This was the harpy of the Hispaniola; the harpy that he had released from its cage on the deck of the sinking steamer nearly five months before!

It was a whimsical fate that brought Norton to Buck Bay Island that October day. He was to play no part in what was now to follow. Yet he had seen the harpy begin its journey to its new home; it was fitting that he should witness the stirring drama that was the climax of that journey.

The Winged Wolf had made a kill early that morning—an opossum that he found wandering aimlessly across the forest floor. He ate part of the opossum; then flew to an oak at the edge of the woods, whence he could look out across the marshes between the island and the mainland.

A vague restlessness stirred in him. For a week the air had been unpleasantly cool; by night the hoarse notes of migrating herons floated down to him out of the blackness; by day, flocks of swift-flying shore birds streamed across the marshes, all of them heading south. In the harpy there was no instinct of migration, no urge to take wing and follow these travelers who might have led him at last to his own tropical land. It was another yearning that harassed him a desire for his own kind. And that morning, as he perched in his oak at the edge of the woods, a strange thing happened.

That morning there returned to Buck Bay Island, after their summer's absence, the two bald eagles that were lords of all the airy spaces above that region of the coast. Joyfully, zestfully, they came back from their northern wanderings, back to the wild seaside island which was their home and on which, for more than fifty winters, they had reared their young in the great castle-like nest overlooking the southern inlet. They came as lovers should come—for the bald eagles mate not in spring but in autumn—courting and making love to each other as they traveled their high air road; and in the ecstasy of that home-coming and of that love-making all their royal dignity was for the time forgotten. Chasing each other madly, screaming their wild love cries, laughing their fierce, joyous laughter, they swung southward high in air above the broad marshes between Buck Bay Island and the main.

The Winged Wolf, perched in his oak at the edge of the marshes, heard that far, thin laughter—"kek-kek-kek, kek-kek-kek"—floating down from the upper air. He stirred on his perch, his bold eyes searching the sky. Almost at once he saw them; and at the sight, the vague, strange yearning that plagued him flamed into passion that was neither anger nor joy, but something indefinable yet wholly irresistible.

His tall, divided crest rose and fell as he crouched, poised and rigid, on his perch; the frame of feathers encircling his savage face like the beard of a lynx, stiffened and expanded. Next moment he launched his massive body outward.

The harpy forced himself upward with powerful beats of his broad, rounded wings. Why he was going up to where the bald eagles were he did not know. An impulse, a desire more potent even than hunger, possessed him like a frenzy. He knew that these two great white-headed birds in the blue void far above him were not his kind. Yet he knew also that they were eagles, members of his own royal race; and he knew what they were doing in the upper air.

Having crossed the marshes, the two bald eagles had ceased their onward flight. High over the island woods and the dunes between the woods and the sea, they were sailing round and round, darting and swooping at each other, their dark wings often touching, their harsh, fierce laughter shrilling across the sky. They were making love as the eagles make love, and this wild game that they were playing in the high air was the climax of their love-making. Thus, each year, they celebrated their home-coming. Thus, every autumn for more than fifty autumns, these two lovers, who were lovers for life, renewed in the airy solitudes above their ancestral woods the happy abandon of their first glorious courtship.

The upward-circling harpy, his glowing eyes fixed on the bald eagles a thousand feet above him, knew instinctively the meaning of that mad aerial play. He, too, was an eagle, though of a different breed; thus had he also made love, season after season, above the forests of his distant home.

Lonely, oppressed by a vague longing which for days had been growing more poignant, more insistent, he forgot all else in the sweep and surge of a strange, deep, tumultuous emotion called into being by the sight of the two eagles in the sky. He did not see Norton on the sands below. He saw only the great royal birds far above him, the two splendid snowy-headed lovers playing their fierce, rapturous game of love there in the face of the blue.

Norton, his field glasses trained on the harpy, did not at once discern the two bald eagles circling at a much greater altitude. When, presently, they sailed into the field of his vision, some inkling of what was to happen flashed into his mind.

From the first Norton realized that the Winged Wolf, in spite of his greater size and more formidable armament, was flinging a reckless challenge to Fate. He was a dweller in forests, a killer who killed his prey upon the ground or snatched it from the limbs of trees. He was not at home in the upper air. His massive body was bulkier, but also much heavier than that of a bald eagle; his wings, though of ample width, were shorter in proportion to his bulk. He was more powerful than the strongest bald eagle; his huge talons were nearly twice as large as those of the latter bird; his long, hooked bill was one of the most terrible weapons of its sort among all the birds of prey. But all this, Norton figured swiftly, might not avail against the far greater skill and address of the white-headed monarchs of the high air whose kingdom the harpy was invading.

With shining eyes Norton watched the development of the drama; watched the harpy rise higher and higher, now driving himself upward with vigorous beats of his wings, now sailing in an ascending spiral with rigidly extended pinions as some upflowing air current helped him in his long climb. He had reached a point perhaps three hundred feet below the level of the two bald eagles when the watcher on the sands beneath realized suddenly that the crisis was at hand.

He saw one of the bald eagles halt in midflight, then swoop toward the harpy. Almost at once the other eagle followed, approaching the harpy from the opposite side. For a few moments then the three great birds sailed and circled together, and presently, faint and thin, the wild discordant laughter, "kek-kek-kek," of the bald eagles floated down to Norton's ears.

It seemed to him that there was something both menacing and derisive in the sound; and next moment, as though that fierce laughter had been a battle cry, he saw the male bald, a little smaller, but bolder than his mate, hurl himself at his enemy.

To Norton, gazing upward from the dunes, details were sometimes indistinguishable; yet he could follow with surprising exactness the fortunes of the battle. He saw the harpy wheel to meet the male eagle's charge. They met, bill to bill and claw to claw, and for a moment seemed to grapple in the air. He saw the male eagle beaten off, saw him break clear, saw the harpy start in pursuit; then, her wings half closed, her talons spread beneath her, the female bald plunged from above.

The Winged Wolf heard the whine of the wind against the hard edges of her pinions. He flung himself on his back to meet her assault. She swerved and whistled past him; he righted himself just in time to meet the male bald's second charge.

This time they did not close. To Norton it seemed that the white-headed bird kept just clear of his larger foeman, circling him, striking at him with both wings and claws much as a skillful boxer might attack a giant. For some minutes they were thus engaged, while the female eagle circled upward; then, having gained her height, she plunged again.

Once more the Winged Wolf heard the high, thin, wailing note of the wind against her pinions; again he flung himself on his back to repel her onset; a second time she passed him by. For an instant, after she had whistled past, the harpy hung half turned over in the air in the act of righting himself and getting his bulky body once more on an even keel. A bald eagle would have completed this maneuver in the twinkling of an eye; the heavier harpy needed a full moment for its completion. In that moment the male bald struck him.

He came from ahead and above, his wings held high over his back, his talons thrust stiffly downward and forward. The bristling spear points of his long, curved claws struck the harpy on the upper breast and throat—struck and, for an instant, stabbed and tore. A fraction of a second the two birds seemed to float motionless, as though the bald eagle, his claws embedded in his enemy's body, held it suspended; then the harpy began falling, turning over and over in the air. For perhaps a hundred feet he somersaulted downward, faster and faster each instant; but suddenly, with an outward thrust of his wings, he righted himself and checked his fall.

He swung in a wide circle, his wings beating slowly; Norton saw, or thought that he saw, a labored heaviness in the beats of those broad, dusky wings. There was something in the manner of the harpy's flight that brought to mind a soldier far spent—a wounded warrior, scarcely able to bear the weight of his armor, staggering from the battlefield.

Norton watched him, fascinated. Twice the harpy circled slowly, heavily; then he turned and headed for the open ocean beyond the dunes. Fifty feet above him in the air the two bald eagles soared, their snowy heads and tails shining in the bright sun. Down to the dunes their mad laughter floated, high-pitched, exultant, derisive—a wild, fierce pæan of victory.

They did not attack again; there was no need. Straight out to sea the harpy held his course. His wing beats were slower now; Norton saw that the great bird was slanting gradually downward. A quarter of a mile off the beach, he swung to the right and hung poised above the waves, his wings beating convulsively, desperately. Then, as though all in an instant the life had gone out of him, his great, crested head sagged suddenly, his outstretched pinions quivered and collapsed. An inert mass of lifeless muscle and sinew, of blood-spattered feathers and huge, sprawling, nerveless talons, the Winged Wolf plunged toward the sea

Wild Blue Columbine and Aspens on Pike's Peak, Colorado

A new cheese dish for your luncheon—

Tomato Sandwich—
Kraft Cheese Sauce

Toast slices of bread on both sides, after trimming the crusts. Spread the toast with mayonnaise, and put together with sliced tomatoes and a strip of bacon cut in two and broiled. Cut the sandwich diagonally, pour over it a generous spoonful of the following hot sauce, garnish with parsley and serve at once.

1 tablespoon butter
1½ tablespoons flour
¾ cup milk
Salt, pepper, paprika
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ lb. Kraft American cheese, grated
or
1 pkg. Velveeta, broken into pieces

Melt the butter, add flour and mix well. Add milk slowly and cook in a double boiler a few minutes. Season to taste and add the grated American cheese, or the Velveeta. Lower the flame and cook very slowly until the cheese is entirely melted.

REALLY it is a combination of two old favorites—the sandwich and a Welsh rabbit—but with a few deft touches that give it a savoriness all its own. The recipe specifies Kraft Cheese; that in itself is ample assurance of a delightfully flavored dish. For Kraft Cheese, when combined with other foods, never fails to lend a piquancy of flavor that is always pleasing.

There is no other single food more wholesome than good cheese, none so rich in protein and none more easily served. And when you serve Kraft Cheese you can know that you are serving a cheese that is thoroughly ripened, carefully graded, skillfully blended, pasteurized and protected all the way to your table. Your assurance of all this, plus perfect flavor, is the Kraft name on the label.

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TOWARD THE MILLENNIUM

(Continued from Page 29)

when I heard that he had even sent to him the imperial insignia that Attalus had worn. What does the Goth really want?"

"He wants to be commander in chief like Stilicho, and marry the emperor's sister to his brother!" insisted another man. "That's the one ambition of all these barbarians. They don't want to destroy Rome; they want to be her master. If I were the Augustus, I should let him have his way. After all, Stilicho was the best general we've had for time out of mind, Vandal or no Vandal. The Augustus made a great mistake in having him killed, even if he was a somewhat domineering father-in-law."

A woman's voice broke in: "They say that years ago Alaric had a vision and heard a voice crying '*Penetrabis ad urbem!*' Do you think that is true? Why has he never done so then? There was nothing to prevent him entering either of the other times."

"Because, my dear lady," laughed someone else, "his heart failed him when it came to doing it. Rome is still Rome, after all, and you can't imagine how awed these barbarians are by the mere name of her!"

Apollonius spoke again, pompously, from the central table, "My friends, remember we are Romans. Why worry about barbarians? Let us feast and be merry. Astyanax, another dancer! Send in that sulky one I'm thinking of selling. What's her name—the sword dancer—Freya."

The *triclíniarchus* bustled to give the order.

A fair-haired barbarian-featured girl entered, carrying a bunch of unsheathed swords, and followed by slave girls with primitive bagpipes. Arranging all but two of the swords in a pattern on the marble floor, keeping one in each hand, she commenced to dance to the wild barbaric music of the pipes, slowly at first in and out of the sword blades, and then quickly and yet more quickly, flourishing those in her hands until they whirled around her in a shimmering veil of steel while her body twisted and writhed in grotesque contortions of furious but exactly rhythmic motion and her feet played rapidly, intricately, over those naked blades it seemed must surely wound them from moment to moment; danced in a swiftly increasing frenzy until those dangerous steps could hardly be distinguished and the clashing swords in her hands enveloped her maddened body in a robe woven of imminent death. The guests clapped and shouted as she finished, flushed and panting, stood contemptuously indifferent to their applause. Then another slave held up a hoop garnished all round with gleaming daggers. Again the pipes made barbaric music. She began another yet more perilous and more complicated dance, flung herself in and out of the deadly hoop with acrobatic agility, terminated with a backward double somersault that took her right through it. The guests applauded in frantic enthusiasm.

The drunken young man opposite Marcianus clutched her slight tunic, tore it from her shoulder.

"Come here, pretty one!" he hiccuped, pulling her toward him.

She tugged herself vainly from his grasp, turned round sharply in a sudden wild-cat anger, slapped his face.

The youth half stood up.

"Ap—Apollonius!" he said drunkenly. "Do—do you allow your slaves to strike your—your guests?"

The giver of the feast flushed darkly.

"I do not!" he cried. "Astyanax, give that slave three hundred lashes, and then cut off the hand that struck my guest!"

The girl shrieked, cast herself down before him. "No! No!" she screamed. "Be merciful, master! I did not mean to do it! I did not think! Mercy! Mercy!"

Her screech stirred the blood peculiarly, horribly.

The obese old senator's face brightened with a happy idea.

"Let her punishment be given here, Astyanax," he said. "It will be a diversion for my guests."

Again the girl shrieked. There was a stir around the tables, a thrillingly enjoyable anticipation. Inbred in all these Romans, descendants of generations who had exulted over the atrocities of the arena, was a hereditary lust for blood and cruelty.

A woman laughed hysterically, cried in a high-pitched voice, "Apollonius is indeed the perfect host! He gives us every kind of spectacle!"

Marcianus personally had no pity for the wretched dancer. She was a slave, and a man could indisputably do what he liked with his slaves. But he turned to see Flavia hiding her face in her hands, murmuring, "No. No. Don't let them do it. Don't let them do it."

Without thinking, on an impulse merely to please this adorable girl he loved, he sprang to his feet.

"Apollonius!" he cried. "You said you were going to sell this slave! I will buy her from you! You cannot refuse a guest! How much?"

The old man grinned maliciously. He would teach this presumptuous young officer to mind his own business.

"A thousand aurei, my friend. Paid at once!"

Marcianus hesitated. A thousand aurei was a sum that tribunes of cohorts did not carry about with them. It was a year's pay. But Flavia was at his side. He took out his tablet and stylus, wrote a few lines, signed his name. It was an order to the army treasurer to pay a thousand aurei to the Senator Apollonius as a draft on his credit. He gave it to a slave.

"There you are, Apollonius. Send one of your slaves with that to the Castra Peregrinorum and you can receive your money. I claim my slave, undamaged."

The senator glared, unwilling to be balked of his cruelty. But in a revulsion of feeling the guests cried out tumultuously, "She is his! She is his! He has bought her, Apollonius!" The fantastic extravagance of the act appealed to them. Fifty aurei would have been a good price.

"Very well, take her," he said surlily. "She is yours."

The girl stood up, dazedly incredulous still of her escape, looked round to her purchaser.

"Come here!" Marcianus called to her. She obeyed, stood in front of him, not unhandsome in an irregular-featured barbarian fashion, something oddly untamable in the eyes looking at him through her disheveled hair. He was conscious of Flavia's gaze upon him, curiously anxious. He must carry through his gesture to the end. "You are my slave," he said.

Those untamable eyes looked into his.

"Yes, master."

"I make you free!" He reached over the table, turned her round, struck her a slight tap on the head. "I give you your freedom, here and now, legally *inter amicos!* Bear witness, all of you!"

There was a gasp of astonishment from the tables. The girl stared at him wildly, strangely, as though unable to credit the words.

"I—I am free?" she stammered.

"You are quite free. You may go."

She stood for yet a moment, staring at him with those strange eyes. Then her bosom began to heave convulsively, and with a poignantly piercing incoherent cry she ran like a mad thing from the triclinium

The guests laughed.

"We had our diversion after all!" cried one of them.

Marcianus sat down again beside Flavia.

"That was kind of you," she said in a low voice.

"Do you know why I did it?" he whispered to her. She flushed, shook her head. "Because I love you!"

He thought she was going to faint.

A man wearing the badge of a governmental slave hurried in, dropped to his knee before Apollonius, handed him a parchment roll.

"From the *præfectus urbis*, my lord," he announced.

Apollonius languidly passed the parchment to a young slave standing behind him. It was his *lector*, ever in attendance.

"Read it," he yawned.

The slave scanned the document.

"Master," he said, as though it were the most indifferent of communications, "the *præfectus urbis* sends you greeting and informs you that he is summoning an immediate meeting of the senate. Alaric has broken off negotiations with the Augustus. His army is marching with all speed on Rome."

There were many recesses in the vast mansion of Apollonius into which its owner never entered and of whose existence he was perhaps ignorant. Such was the immense gloomy crypt, patchily lit by smoky little oil lamps, now filling up with many men and a few young women who had gestured a sign and muttered a password to the warden of the door. They stood in a packed mass, young and old, their visages here and there brutish, but mostly good-looking and even handsome, for few Roman masters would tolerate ugly slaves among the *familia urbana;* the ill-featured ones, like those guilty of delinquencies, were sent to the *familia rustica* in the country, happy if they were employed about the villa instead of doomed to an agricultural labor which, although the old-time horror of *ergastula* barracks had been abolished, was a regimented servitude of hopeless toil and ferocious harsh treatment under slave bailiffs, from which the sole release would be death. Nevertheless, comparatively fortunate though were these of the town household, there were few among them—men or women—whose bodies were not scarred and wealed into hard lumps by the lash, inflicted for the most trivial of offenses or out of mere wanton cruelty.

They were a medley of every race under the Roman dominion or contiguous to it. Many of them had been kidnaped and enslaved by the ever-busy slave raiders, by sea and land, from whose violence none but an admitted Roman citizen was immune, or had been seized for debt by their creditors, or as children had been sold by famine-agonized parents in the periodical scarcities devastating subject provinces crushed under the exactions of the imperial tribute. The majority, however, had been born in Italy. They were the descendants of those innumerable hordes of prisoners of war, male and female, century after century sent by the conquering armies of Rome in a fantastically unrestricted immigration to flood the slave markets of the capital and cultivate the huge estates monopolistically acquired, to the extinction of the primitive free peasantry, by that tiny but colossally wealthy minority of great landowners from the later years of the republic constituting the ruling class.

Denied the right of marriage, save the contemptuously permitted *contubernia*, the offspring of these unfortunates had been born slaves, had propagated other slaves until more than half the population of the entire empire was a slave population. Many, indeed, by saving the *peculium* they were permitted to earn, had purchased their own freedom or had received it by testamentary disposition of their owners, becoming that numerous class of freedmen whose name, *libertini*, was proverbially the synonym for the viciously immoral, and who mingled with and had long utterly debased the poorer masses of the Roman People. These Italian-born slaves, gathered with their fellows in that gloomy crypt under the mansion of Apollonius, were representative of that huge residue which had remained slaves from generation to generation.

Most of them had been educated from infancy by slave professors to the infinitely subdivided specialties of function required of them by masters whose boast it was to have a special slave for every conceivable purpose, from physicians and *litterati* to craftworkers of every kind, from cooks and entertainers to keepers for every separate article of the wardrobe, from sculptors and painters to litter bearers and attendants of the fishpond. Although their masters could no longer put them wantonly to death, or throw them to wild beasts, or—in the very recent abolition of gladiatorial shows—train them to fight and kill one another in the arena or even for the private sport of their guests in their triclinia, yet they were merely animated chattels, deprived of every human right, kept docile by the savage law which decreed that if a slave murdered his master the entire household of slaves should be tortured and crucified.

Christianity had been spreading over the world for four centuries, for the past hundred years had been increasingly triumphant over paganism, but it had never attempted to interfere with the status of the slave. Partly was it because slavery had been an accepted fact from time immemorial, partly was it because to have preached a slave rebellion would have drowned that ancient civilization in blood. Not with a man's body but with his immortal soul, not with his disabilities in this world but with a glorious and compensatory hereafter, was primitive Christianity concerned. It proselytized, indeed, eagerly among the slaves, numbered them by millions in its communion where slave and master were equal before the grace of God, it urged pious masters to emancipation and counseled them to gentleness, but to the slave it preached a cheerful submission to an earthly lot that could be but transitory. And was not the end of the world, the Second Coming, always just over the horizon line in a near future?

That throng of slaves stirred and whispered as a young man pushed his way through them, stood and faced them at the farther end of the crypt. It was Antonius, the *lector* of Apollonius. He held up his hand for silence.

"Who are we?" he asked, in the solemnity of a ritual catechism.

"Brethren!" came the reply in a chorus of voices.

"Why are we here?"

"Because we hate!"

"What do we hate?"

"Rome!" The word was uttered in a vehement unison.

"What do we swear?"

"Hatred eternal!"

"What is our hope?"

"Freedom!"

"Whom do we await?"

"The deliverer!"

"What are our watchwords?"

"Secrecy and fidelity!"

"What is the penalty of the traitor?"

"Death!"

The *lector* paused.

"It is well," he said. He clapped his hands thrice. "I declare the *collegium* open for business. Has any brother or sister anything to impart for the benefit of the brethren in general or this *collegium* in particular?"

A man stepped forward, made the sign of the initiate.

"*Magister*, I have."

The *lector* repeated the sign in grave acknowledgment. "Speak freely, brother."

"I denounce Brother Elphenor. He has betrayed the secret of this *collegium*. I have proof and a witness."

There was a commotion among the throng, a sharp feminine cry, and a panic-shrill man's voice shrieked: "It is false! It is false!"

(Continued on Page 83)

To the Self Reliant Woman:

As modern life challenges you with new activities and new obligations—you meet the challenge with initiative and self-reliance. You have learned, for example, to drive the motor car—and drive it well . . . you are absolutely *confident* behind the wheel.

And—just as thoroughly as you have learned to drive your car, so, too, are you learning how to *care* for your car—you are learning how important it is to buy the right oil for its engine.

And with your fine sense of value, you are finding that for greater security and economy in operation of your car, you should buy *Opaline*—the motor oil which does *more* than lubricate—the motor oil that does an *Extra* Service that is vitally important to the superior performance of the engine.

The primary purpose of motor oil is to provide lubrication between each piston and cylinder wall of the engine.

But—Opaline provides more than lubrication. *Opaline seals the pistons—and prevents power from blowing by.* Opaline is made and sold in the *right grade* to fit this space between pistons and cylinder walls. In a new car pistons fit snugly and the space is small. After 2,000 miles, 12,000 miles, and over, the space wears larger!

Here's the point: . . . when a car is new and the piston space is small, only a lighter grade of motor oil will *fit the degree of wear.* When the space has worn larger only heavier grades of motor oil will keep the pistons sealed!

The *mileage* on your speedometer, indicating the degree of wear in the engine, tells which grade of Opaline Motor Oil you need to *Seal the Pistons!*

That is the Sinclair Law of Lubrication*. That is the basis on which Opaline Motor Oil is made and sold. *Piston Seal!* . . . the Extra Service you get from Opaline.

Having the right *grade* of motor oil is just as important as having the right *quality.* It is the responsibility of the Authorized Opaline Dealer to see that you get both. Tell him the mileage reading on your speedometer—he will give you the grade of Opaline that renders the Extra Service of Piston Seal!

30c *a quart* is a reasonable retail price for Opaline in bulk (slightly higher in the Far West).

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Use Sinclair H-C Gasoline, the better, all year, High Compression, anti-knock fuel for all engines.

CHAMPION National Change May 5th to

CHAMPION

Save the Price of New Spark Plugs

CHAMPION National Change Week was established to bring forcibly to the minds of the motorists of the country the advisability and the economy of installing new spark plugs every 10,000 miles.

Last year more than 3,000,000 car owners secured more power and speed and all around better engine performance by putting in a new set of dependable Champions during National Change Week.

This actually cost them nothing, as the new Champions saved their price in less oil and gas used.

Many motor car manufacturers recommend that new spark plugs be installed at regular intervals, just as they recommend the regular changing of oil.

They do this because they know that, no matter how well made a spark plug may be, the tremendous stress to which it is subjected in the modern engine causes it to lose efficiency.

The insulator becomes carbon-encrusted and the electrodes corroded. This weakens the spark. Combustion is not complete. Gas is wasted and seeps by the pistons to dilute the oil. Power is lost. The motor is sluggish. Speed is impaired.

But new spark plugs change all this. There is more complete burning of the gas. Power is increased. Sluggishness is gone as the motor picks up more rapidly. Speed is greatly increased.

Let Champion National Change Week—May 5 to 11—be your annual reminder to improve your engine performance by installing a complete set of new Champions.

And be sure that you secure the proper type of plug for your own engine.

Different engines require spark plugs of different design. There is a correct Champion for every engine and to obtain the best performance you must make certain that you install the proper type of spark plug.

More than 100,000 garages and dealers sell Champions. They will be glad to advise you the correct Champion to use.

Week 11th

Tune in on the Champion Sparkers' special program over a coast-to-coast hook-up on the N. B. C. Blue Network (33 stations), Saturday night, May 4th, from 11 to 11:30 p.m. Eastern Standard Time.

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Spark Plugs
TOLEDO · OHIO
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What happens in your motor

It is easy to understand why you should install new spark plugs once a year. They quickly save their cost in gas and oil, and improve car performance. Here is how your engine operates—

The gaseous mixture from the carburetor is drawn into each cylinder by the downward stroke of the piston, then compressed by the upward stroke and ignited by the spark plug.

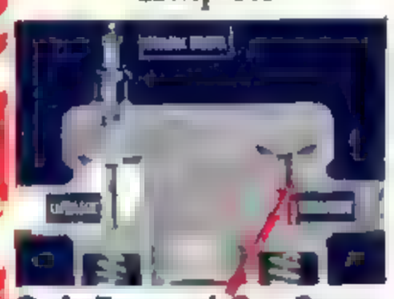
The compressed gas burns with great rapidity—it does not "explode"—and expands to many times its former volume, forcing down the piston and developing the power.

The Hot Spark Fires the Gas Mixture

The Weak Spark Fails to Properly Fire the Gas

Combustion is Practically Complete

Combustion is Not Complete


Only Burned Gas Passes Through the Exhaust

Good Gas is Wasted Passing out the Exhaust

The full, efficient spark, delivered at the firing points of the spark plug, assures rapid and complete burning of the gas, with maximum expansion and full power.

But if the spark is weak the burning is much slower and only partially complete.

Unburned gas is wasted through the exhaust. Some is condensed and works by the pistons to dilute the oil in the crankcase. Power is lost. Engine performance is seriously impaired.

For these reasons it is real economy to install new spark plugs every 10,000 miles, or once a year.

No matter how well a spark plug is made, it is bound to deteriorate under the tremendous stress imposed by modern engines.

The higher compression actually delivers hammer-like blows. The excessive heat imposes terrific *strains*. Destroying chemical reactions take place. That spark plugs continue to function under the extreme conditions to which they are subjected is a tribute to the great advance in spark plug design and manufacture.

And in this advancement Champion has always played the major part—always pioneered and anticipated the requirements of engine designers.

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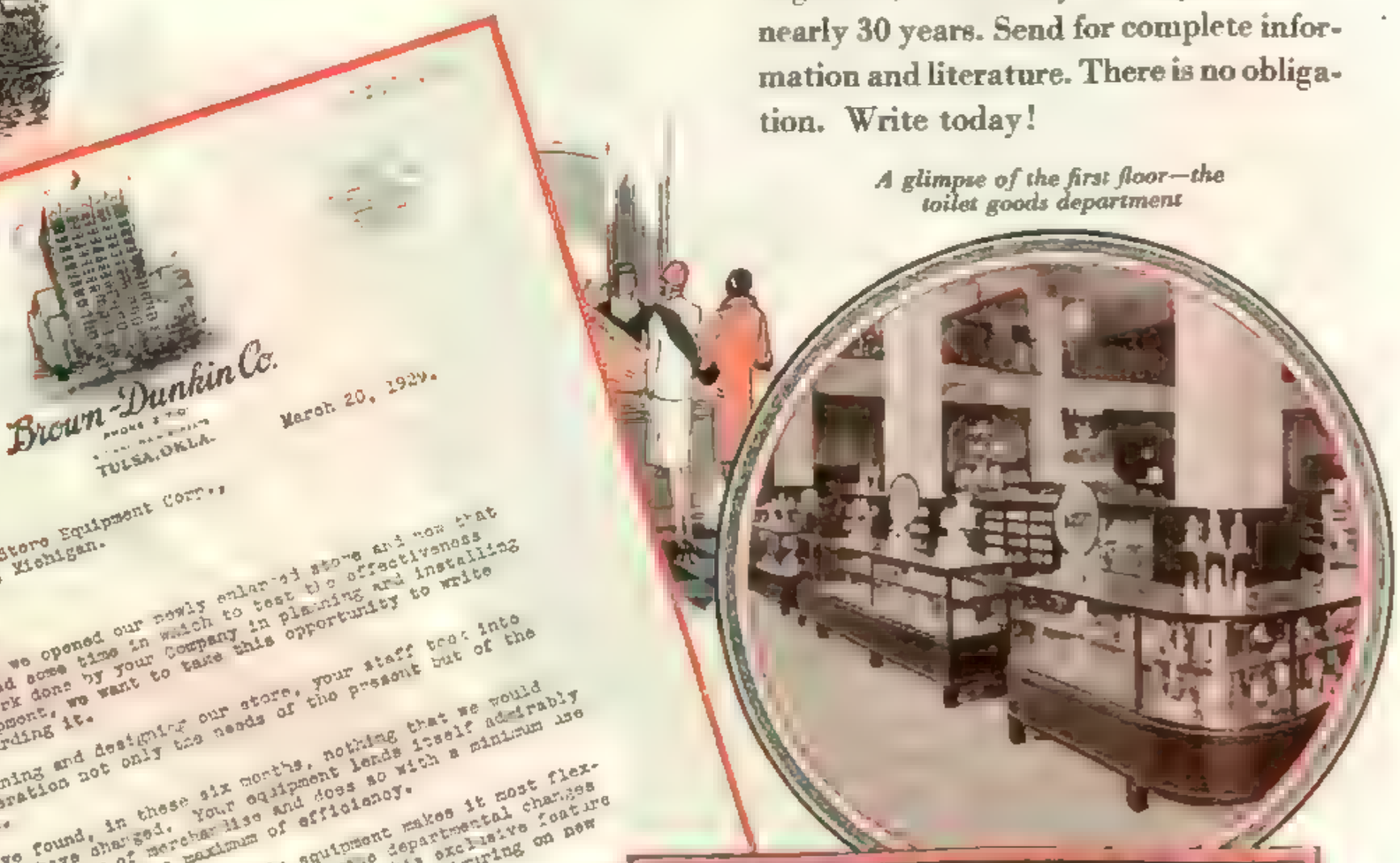
Contributes to the success of another new store in the southwest

This convincing letter from the Brown-Dunkin Company of Tulsa, Okla., tells you the important part played by the Grand Rapids Store Equipment Corporation in the success of another outstanding store.

It is typical of letters received from stores the country over—not only from the larger stores, but from thousands of small sized stores that know the value of Grand Rapids store planning and equipment.

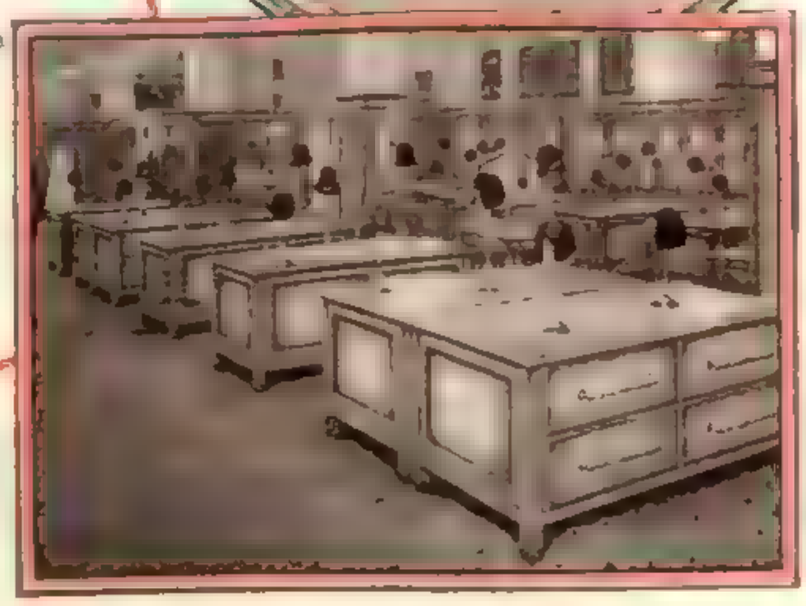
If you are trying to do a 1929 business with inefficient equipment, if you are being baffled and beaten by present day competition, if you are seeking a solution of perplexing merchandising problems, consult our staff of 60 store planning engineers, backed by an experience of nearly 30 years. Send for complete information and literature. There is no obligation. Write today!


Brown-Dunkin Co.
TULSA, OKLA.
March 20, 1929.
Grand Rapids Store Equipment Corp.,
Grand Rapids, Michigan.
Gentlemen:
Last Fall, we opened our newly enlarged store and now that we have had some time in which to test the effectiveness of the work done by your Company in planning and installing the equipment, we want to take this opportunity to write you regarding it.
In planning and designing our store, your staff took into consideration not only the needs of the present but of the future.
We have found, in these six months, nothing that we would care to have changed. Your equipment lends itself admirably to the display of merchandise and does so with a minimum of floor space and a maximum of efficiency.
Your system of interchangeable equipment makes it most flexible in use and we are enabled to make departmental changes with no loss of time and we feel that this exclusive feature of your equipment is one that no merchant, figuring on new fixtures, can afford to overlook.
Our store is considered one of the outstanding institutions of its kind in the Southwest and we want you to know that we appreciate the splendid cooperation from your concern which has made our success possible.
Yours truly,
BROWN-DUNKIN CO.
John R. Dunkin,
Secretary--treasurer.
JRD-V3

A glimpse of the first floor—the toilet goods department

The attractive women's wear department

Unusually distinctive and beautiful is the millinery shop



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(Continued from Page 78)

The *lector* stood impassive.

"Brother Elphenor is denounced," he said. "Bring him forward, brethren, to answer the charge against him!" There was a scuffle, and then a vainly struggling man was dragged to the front of the assembly. "Produce your proof and your witness, Brother Timæus."

"I call upon Brother Johannes whom I brought with me tonight. Though not a member of our *collegium*, I vouch for him to the brethren."

"Brother Johannes!"

The witness stepped forward.

"I am Johannes, public slave and *litteratus* in the bureau of the *agentes in rebus*. A parchment was brought into the office this sundown, giving the name of all the officers of this *collegium*. It was sent to me to register in the records before being passed to those who would deal with it. I substituted another parchment, with false names and a house that has been pulled down, that the Romans might think it the work of a jester. Here is the original." He held out a dirty piece of parchment. "You will see that on it is written: 'Elphenor, slave to Apollonius, has done this. Arrest him with the others, but let him be spared the torture. He claims his freedom as one who has revealed a conspiracy.'"

The accused man glared sullenly, made no attempt at denial.

The *lector* contemplated him sternly.

"What answer have you, Brother Elphenor?"

The accused man's face was ghastly in the half light of the smoking lamps.

"It is true," he said thickly. "I did it because of Freya."

"Because of Freya?" queried the *lector*.

"Yes. I love her. We were to have been married. Today, as you all know, she was given her freedom by that officer who bought her from Apollonius. As a freedwoman, she cannot marry a slave. My *peculium* is not enough to buy my freedom. So I denounced the *collegium* that I might claim freedom under the law. Then we should have been married." He ceased, and his teeth chattered.

The *lector* frowned.

"Brother Elphenor confesses his guilt. Has any of the brethren aught to say?"

A girl pushed her way to the front. It was Freya, the sword dancer. She also made the sign of the initiate.

"May I speak, *magister?*"

He nodded gravely. "Speak, sister. It is your right. Once an initiate, always an initiate. Though you are now a freedwoman, you are still one of us for as long as you shall live, subject to our laws, endowed with our privileges. The brethren listen."

She turned and faced them, her irregular-featured not unhandsome countenance tense with an emotion she conquered.

"This then I have to say, brethren. It is true what Elphenor has said. We were to have been married. I loved him as he loved me. I would have tried to buy his freedom also had he waited. But he has committed the unforgivable crime. He has betrayed the brethren to the Romans. Let mine be the hand that does justice upon him!"

The impassive *lector* spoke gravely.

"The *collegium* executes its justice by its appointed officer, sister. . . . Brethren, the accused has confessed. What is your sentence?"

The answer was unanimous, in one grim blended monosyllable: "Death!"

The *lector* made a significant sign.

"Brother Astyanax," he commanded, "do your duty!"

No longer fawning in pompous servility was the *triclinlarchus* who presided over the dining room of Apollonius. He was a brother among brothers, stern with the office vested in him.

"Master of the *collegium*, I obey!" he said.

From his girdle he took a knife, advanced to the wretch gripped by those around him, plunged it into his breast. Brother Elphenor dropped lifeless to the floor.

"Brethren," he cried, "justice is done!" He stepped back to his place.

"So perish all traitors!" announced the *lector* solemnly.

"So perish all traitors!" repeated the brethren in chorus.

The girl Freya again thrust herself forward.

"Brethren!" Her voice was choked with passion, with incongruous sobs she strove to keep back. "Hear me now! Ever have I hated Rome! Now more than ever do I hate her! I swear vengeance—vengeance!"

The grave young *lector* looked at her.

"It is well, sister. All of us here are sworn to hatred of Rome. All of us are sworn to vengeance for her wrongs. There may be work for all of us to do." He turned to the assembly. "Brethren, Alaric is on the march to Rome. Among us we have a brother who comes from his camp. Let him be heard."

It was the next morning. Marcianus left the Castra Peregrinorum, the barrack-like building on the Cælian Hill which was army headquarters for the Empire of the West, where, with a score or more of other superior officers, he had attended a council of war to discuss the defense of the city. It had been a pessimistic conclave. With the scanty force available, it was of course quite impossible to man the whole periphery of the huge Aurelian Wall. It could only be guarded by a thin chain of sentries and reënforced at the threatened point by a mobile reserve of the legionary and auxiliary cohorts, preponderantly barbarian, garrisoning the city. Moreover, the fidelity of some of these was doubtful; many were those who had friends and compatriots in Alaric's hordes. The beak-nosed, bald-headed chief of the *agentes in rebus* had warned them specially against the slaves within the city. They were more than half the population, and they were known to be organized in secret associations. The utmost vigilance was enjoined upon every officer. Any attempt at insurrection was to be ruthlessly repressed. The council had broken up with the regulation cry: "*Ave, Roma Immortalis!*" It echoed in Marcianus as he passed through the sentry-guarded gate. Grimly he vowed to himself that not by his fault should she who for so many centuries had been the mistress of the world be now violated by these ferocious barbarians of the north.

He descended into a city seething with excitement. Long lines of carts, loaded high with the most precious possessions of the wealthier inhabitants, lumbered toward the southern gates and the great villas of Campania and Calabria. Their owners did not mean to risk the horrors of another famine. Other lines of carts, piled with sacks of corn and flour, came toward the center of the city, clearing the vast magazines along the Tiber for the reception of the grain supplies stored in the harbor city of Portus. Alaric's first move would surely be as before—to intercept communications with its *emporia*.

Already the markets were empty, a screaming rabble rioting around them, and the shop fronts on the street level of the *insulæ*—the huge many-storied blocks of tenement buildings where the poorer classes dwelt—were boarded up. Massed in thousands on the great flights of steps common in each of the fourteen regions of the hilly city, those humbler free citizens shrieked and cursed at the slowness of the government slaves doling out to them the *panis gradilis*, the "step bread" which—with free admission to the Circus—was their centuries-old privilege, exempting these degenerate heirs of the empire from a daily toil that had become the degrading monopoly of slaves and freedmen.

He was halted by the passage of a religious procession, chanting priests escorting the relics of some martyred saint and followed by a straggling crowd praying the blessed one to intercede for them in this peril. Around him, the bystanders went piously down on their knees. He remained standing in disdainful superiority.

Suddenly, in that procession he caught sight of a girl whose face was familiar to him. It was Freya, the sword dancer.

"Hola!" he cried to her. "My freedwoman! A word with you!"

She heard him, glanced round, hesitated, came reluctantly toward him. An odd half-savage creature, he thought, as he looked into her sulkily mutinous face; a Goth for a certainty.

"You owe me a trifle of thanks, I think," he said, pleasantly but authoritatively.

She stared at him.

"Thanks?" she repeated in a peculiar tone.

"It is at least usual when a slave is given freedom. Also there is a little matter of a hand. You still have both, I observe." He could but speak jocularly to this poor bewildered semibarbarian wretch.

She still stared at him strangely.

"That is true," she said slowly. "True. I thank you, *domine*." She checked, seemed to be struggling with something in herself. "You freed me—you saved my hand—and yet you are a Roman." Those puzzled eyes upon him made him feel almost uncomfortable. "*Domine*," she said in a sudden whispered vehemence, "if ever I should send you a message, heed it! It will be of importance. Now I will pray for you."

She was gone. He saw her run after the procession, disappear with the tail of it into the Corinthian-porticoed building which once had been a heathen temple and now was a Christian church.

What, in the name of Pluto, did the girl mean? What message could she send him that would be of importance? Was she a little mad? Bah, he could not bother about her! Although, as his freedwoman, she was nominally bound to him by certain quasilegal ties of fidelity and duty, he would be quite content never to see her again. He glanced at the sun. Yes, he would have time to call in at the house of Apollonius; perhaps get a moment with Flavia.

The slave porter, chained like a dog in the portal of that vast and splendid mansion, admitted him without question as a known friend of the house. Normally the immense marble-walled atrium was thronged with the clients and sycophants of the wealthy senator. Today it was deserted. The slave major domo came forward, told him obsequiously that his master was away from home, busy with his duties as *præfectus annonæ*, superintending the collection of all available grain supplies within the city. The Domina Faustina had left early that morning for her villa in Sicily. But the Domina Flavia was in the gardens if the officer wished to see her.

He did wish it. He wished nothing so much in the world.

He found her in the magnificent statue-studded grounds, feeding the carp in a marble-rimmed basin. She blushed vividly as she turned and saw him.

"And why did you not go with your Aunt Faustina?" he asked smilingly. "There may be danger in Rome, you know."

"Because," she checked embarrassedly, adorably—"because ——"

He did not wait for more. He snatched her into his arms, pressed her to him.

"Flavia!"

"Marcianus!" She broke away desperately. "No! I cannot! I must not! Oh, Marcianus, why aren't you a Christian?"

He caught her again to him. "Dearest, you shall convert me! You shall prove to me that your God is indeed what you believe Him to be—a God with power to save ——" He hardly knew what he said; he wanted only to feel her again yielding to him, again to feel her kiss, the ecstatic, miraculous certainty of her love.

Rome had been besieged for nearly a week. Standing in an embrasure of the lofty Aurelian Wall, Marcianus looked out toward the enemy camp. Alaric had marched down the Via Flaminia from Ariminum, had deployed his great host on each bank of the Tiber, his right stretching out to cut the roads to Portus and Ostia, his left threatening the northern face of the city, while his cavalry closed the highways to the east and south. From the section of the wall for which he was responsible—it was a short stretch on the flank of the Mons Pincius, including the now barricaded Salarian Gate—Marcianus could see the immense temporary town of tents and huts that had sprung up as by magic, could see bodies of Goths marching and countermarching in military exercise.

Not for nothing had thirty thousand Roman-trained barbarian soldiers deserted to Alaric after the murder of Stilicho. It was known all over Rome that Alaric had assured his followers that this time there would be no long siege and eventual armistice defrauding them of their legitimately earned pillage, but that he—insulted beyond endurance by the Augustus—would at last fulfill the destiny long ago prophesied for him. He would "penetrate into the city" in good earnest, give it to his plunder-hungry hordes to sack. It was a prospect that filled the Roman citizens with panic dismay; already Pope Innocent had made proclamation that in the event of an entry the inhabitants should seek sanctuary in the churches. The majority of the Goths, and Alaric himself, were Christians—though of the persecuted Arian sect—and there was at least a hope that they might respect the temples of the God they worshiped also.

Marcianus did not share those apprehensions. From the solid security of those immense and lofty walls, it seemed impossible that a breach could be effected by force, particularly by an enemy notoriously so inept at siegework as the Goths. So far there had been no attempt at assault. There had been merely a few reconnaissances to test the defense of the immense circuit—sudden appearances of yelling, blond-bearded, iron-helmeted foemen sending showers of arrows and sling bullets up to the wall. They had been easily repelled by the catapults and ballistæ mounted upon it. One such futile demonstration had been made in front of the Salarian Gate. Marcianus had had his cohort under arms in an instant, had been grimly satisfied with the way his five hundred tame barbarians had dealt with their wild brethren. They were reassuringly loyal. There had been no doubt of enthusiasm in their shout of "*Ave, Roma Immortalis!*" when he had mustered them again after the one-sided fight. Now, in this golden August sunset, the whole front was peacefully quiet. He could detect no sign of abnormal activity in the hostile leaguer.

He turned away, walked along behind the embrasures to assure himself that all his sentries were alert at their posts. His centurions were good officers, but one could never quite trust these fellows who had risen from the ranks. One after another, standing stiffly in their great bronze helmets, their bronze-banded leather jerkins, the sentinels saluted him with a clash of spear and shield, acknowledged curtly and respectfully his terse command to vigilance. No, he thought, Alaric might perhaps again starve the city into surrender, but he would find it a hard nut to crack if he meant to take it by assault. The one chance would have been treachery among the tame barbarians. So far as his cohort was concerned, it was certainly not to be feared. He descended the stairway to the ground level behind the wall, walked past the arches where his men sat and polished their arms outside their sleeping places, went toward the arch which was his own quarters.

A noncommissioned officer approached him, leading a ragged little urchin by the hand. The soldier saluted.

"This child asks for you, *domine*," he said.

The urchin looked up at him, precociously intelligent.

"The *tribunus* Marcianus?"

"I am he."

"A letter for you, *domine*." From his ragged tunic he extracted a scrap of papyrus.

(Continued on Page 87)

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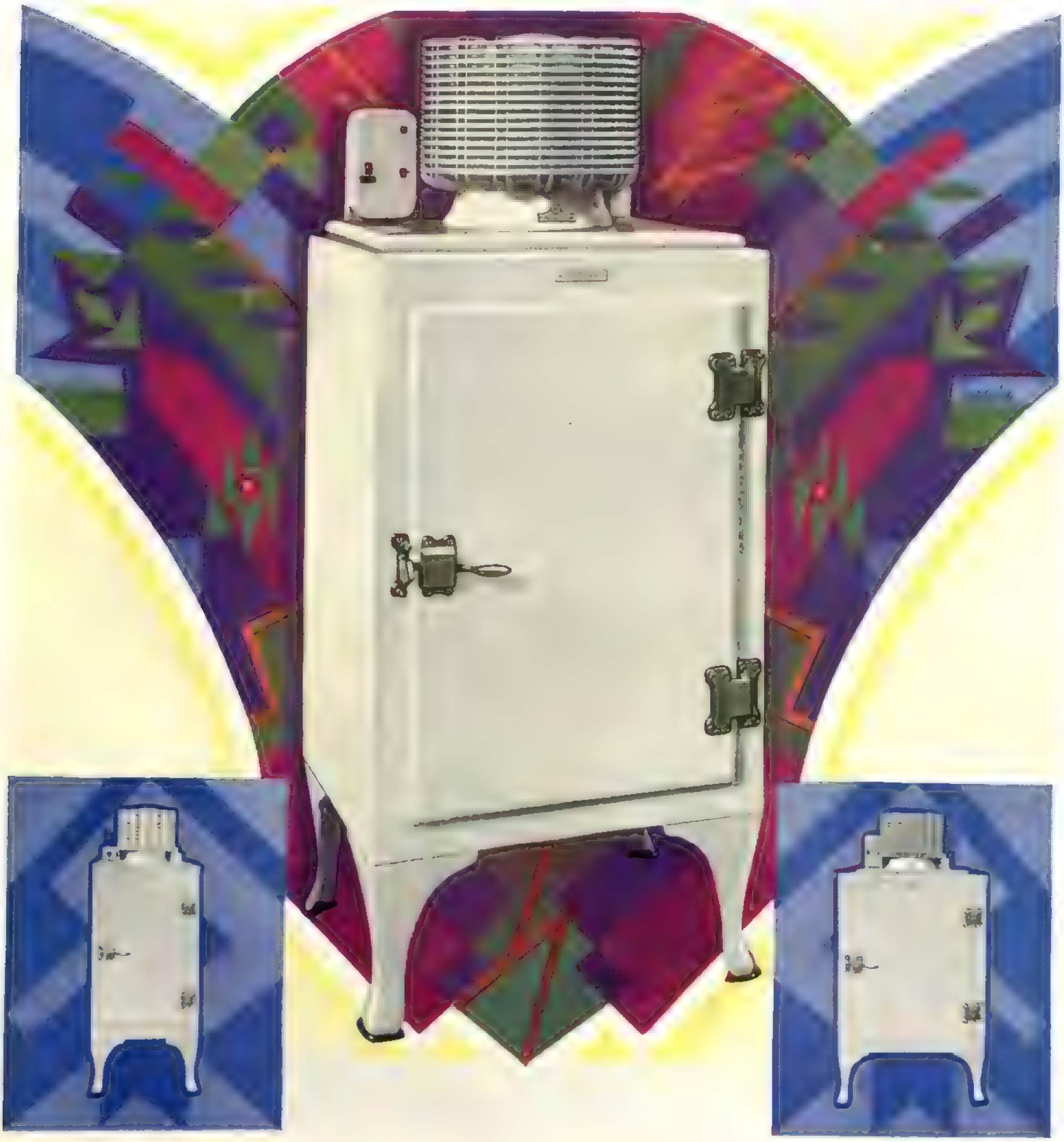

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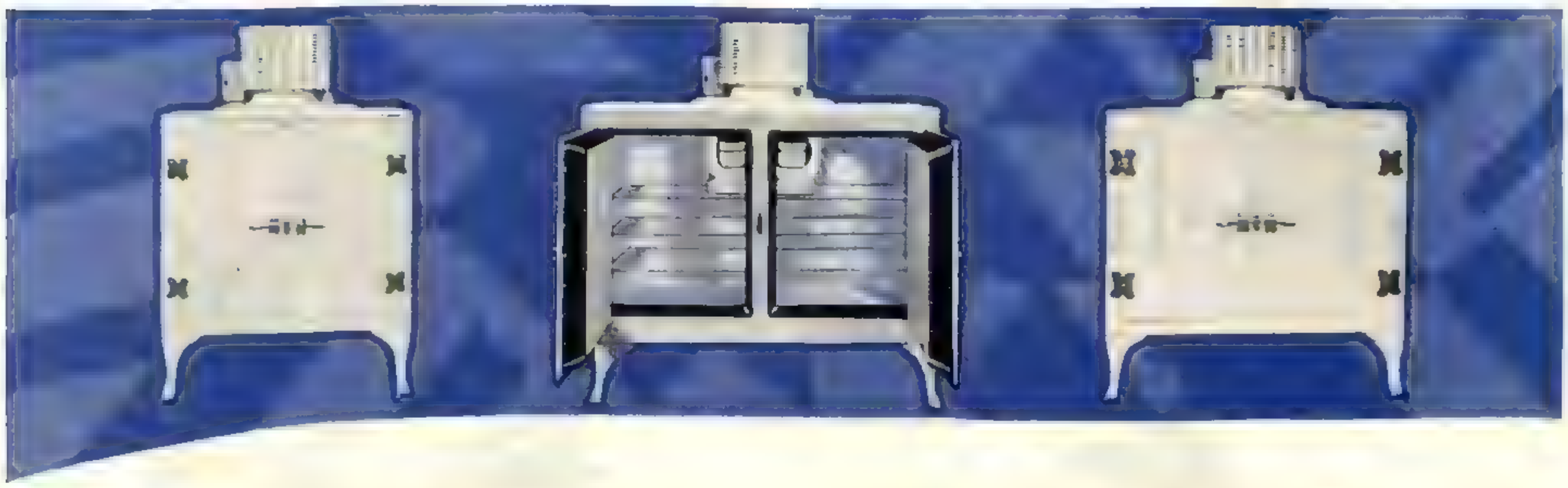

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THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own bottle—the distinctive Coca-Cola bottle. Every bottle is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight by automatic machines, without the touch of human hands—insuring purity and wholesomeness.

(Continued from Page 83)

Was it perhaps from Flavia? No, she would have sent an adult slave. Who then? He scanned the badly written message. It was difficult to make out the sense:

To Marcianus: I show thanks. Come alone fifth hour this night temple in gardens of Sallust. Much danger. I do this for you, although a hated Roman. FREYA.

Freya—his freedwoman! He had never seen her since that morning when she had bade him perhaps expect such a message, had significantly bade him heed it. A strange creature, half wild. What did she mean—"much danger"? Was it possibly—the thought flashed into him—that suspected conspiracy among the slaves about which headquarters had repeatedly warned all senior officers? His mind worked rapidly. She had only recently been a slave herself; she might still be in touch with them, might know something. Nothing was so difficult as to learn what was really passing in that great underworld of the slaves which was ever like an enemy mine under the very foundations of Rome. "Come alone fifth hour this night"—that would be late, there would be no moon—"temple in gardens of Sallust"—he knew that ruined little private temple in the gardens of the Sallustian Palace just a little way behind the Salarian Gate.

Should he go? He need not be long away from duty, would still be close to his post, could get back to it at the first alarm. Even if the Goths attacked, it was incredible that they could scale the wall, much less breach it. "I do this for you, although a hated Roman"—yes, that was the sense of her crabbed Latin. Why should she hate him? She owed him only gratitude. No, she meant all Romans were hated—by the slaves, of course! And for him, because she owed gratitude, she would reveal that mysteriously threatening danger! He grasped the whole thing. *Per Jovum*, it was perhaps lucky he had so extravagantly freed her that day! One never knew when a good action would come home to roost. "Alone"—yes, he had better go alone. She knew what she was about. A party of several would awaken suspicion, would probably find no one at the meeting place. Yes. To him alone she would reveal what she knew—that was natural. No sense in sending this to the *agentes in rebus*. Even if they caught the girl, torture would probably get nothing out of her. He remembered her stubborn mutinous face, her untamed eyes. Odd creature! He turned to the urchin.

"The answer is yes. Can you deliver that?"

The urchin grinned at him. "Yes, *domine*."

He threw him a small copper coin. "Be off!"

The urchin picked up the coin, scampered away.

Marcianus went on to his quarters. "'Although a hated Roman,'" he mused. "Yes, how they must hate us, poor devils!"

In the darkness of the fifth hour he stood by the ruined little temple in the gardens of Sallust. It was all very quiet. The city was asleep. Only through the stillness came the regular cry of his sentries on the wall not five hundred yards away. There was no sound from the more distant enemy. He had told his two lieutenants, Hermannus and Theodoric—semibarbarians both—where he was to be found in case of alarm. They had looked up from their wine flagons and dice—they were making a night of it—and joked him on an amorous assignation. For more complete precaution he had posted a soldier halfway to the temple, should he be hurriedly needed. There was, therefore, no cause for the slightest uneasiness, but nevertheless he fidgeted as he waited. Curses on the girl! Why did she not come?

He half saw a figure in the gloom, called softly, "Freya!" Not one but several figures! Before he could cry out, utter a sound, something was jerked tightly over his mouth, he was seized, borne to the ground, his hands lashed behind him, his feet lashed together. In impotent rage he heard a woman's voice—was it Freya?—say in low, urgent tones, "Don't harm him! Don't harm him!"

There was a crowd all about him, a crowd who had arrived silently, trooping up through the darkness, slaves, surely, by the debased Latin they spoke among themselves. There seemed to be thousands of them. A man addressed as Antonius was apparently the leader.

He heard him giving orders in a low but authoritative voice: "Small parties, remember—one for each arch. Creep up and lie in the shadow until you get the signal; then rush in on them—most of them will be asleep. Use your knives before they can snatch their weapons. I have arranged for the sentries. Timæus, you will take the party for the gate. Let the others do the fighting. You will break down the barricade, get the gate open whatever happens. Remember, it is death by torture for us all if we fail! Astyanax, you will fire the beacon at my signal."

Marcianus heard him with a desperate anguish. *Dea Roma!* They were going to surprise his men—open the gate to the Goths! And he was impotent to prevent them! He writhed in his bonds. If only he could get the gag from his mouth, shriek out! It was impossible. He was nearly choked as it was. Curse that treacherous freedwoman who had lured him from his post! He was suddenly aware that the dark furtive figures had moved off in utter noiselessness. He saw only a woman standing erect, dimly silhouetted against the dark sky of stars.

He lay, every faculty strained to listen, though it seemed ages of an awful unbroken silence. If only he could know what was happening! Doubtless the slaves were creeping up behind the few sentinels this side of the wall, knifing them one by one. That poor fellow he had left halfway on the road! He listened for his death scream, heard nothing. That dark erect silhouette of the woman was still motionless against the stars.

What was that? There was a low piercing whistle. A sudden clamor followed it, shrieks and shouts. The clamor continued. A blare of trumpets resounded along the wall. There was another whistle, peculiarly repeated. Immediately a glare leaped up on the hillside above him. That other slave had fired the beacon; the gate was open! On the instant there was a terrific noise from beyond the wall, a multifold, horridly yelled, barbaric war cry—the Goths were attacking! He could hear shouts and trumpet calls from the other cohorts springing to arms to right and left of the Salarian Gate. The roar of a fierce conflict welled across to him in the sudden illumination of the guard fires kindled along the wall. That roar was suddenly dominated by wild, terribly significant, yells of triumph, an exultant vociferation, nearer and nearer. The Goths were through the gate—were in the city! Already a house was in flames—another and another. The gardens were brightly illumined with the lurid radiance of a great conflagration spreading along the buildings on the street to the gate. By that radiance he could see the face of the woman still standing tensely erect. It was Freya. She peered eagerly toward that pandemonium of noise that increased at every instant, bloodcurdling feminine screams now mingling with the exultant barbarian yells.

He agonized in his impotence; the thought of Flavia an atrocious torture in him. He had had experience enough of the horrors which accompanied the barbarian sack of a Roman city. If only he could get to her; protect her, at least, until the last! Even if he could escape, it was all that was left for him to do. Surely his cohort had been massacred to a man. No further resistance could be organized in time to stop that rush. But he could not break those bonds, strain as he might. He must lie there helpless, hear those yelling Goths pour endlessly into the city, hear those yelling slaves rushing past in masses, fiends helping fiends, horribly avenging centuries of intolerable wrongs, wreaking their ferocious hates upon this city that had been the tyrant of the world. Flavia! Flavia! If only he could stand before her, sword in hand! Little use was it for her to pray now to her Christian God—these were Christians who caused this awful screeching from presumably Christian women in the houses along the Via Salaria, from a widely spreading area in the city. Only the sword and the old Roman stoicism could avail in this hour of terror. Flavia! Flavia! If only he could get the gag from his mouth, make an appeal to that accursed freedwoman who had trapped him! A party of yelling Goths was making for the palace of Sallust, was now very near. He would be lucky if they killed him cleanly, did not amuse themselves by torturing him.

He became aware that Freya was bending over him, was cutting his bonds. She took the gag from his mouth.

"Go, Roman!" she said. "Go!"

Free though he was, he could not at first move in that numbed stiffness of his limbs. He rolled over and glared at her.

"She devil!" he said. "Wait till I can stand!"

She smiled at him peculiarly. "You owe me thanks now, Roman."

"Thanks!"

"I saved your life."

He could feel sensation returning to his limbs, reached out for his sword that lay on the ground.

"But you betrayed Rome!" He leaped up, drove the sword into her breast.

She sank in a heap, clutching the steel with both hands.

"I hated Rome!" she gasped. "I loved—one Roman—Elphenor—forgive."

He wrenched the sword from her body, careless of those dying words of a slave he had made freedwoman for Flavia's sake. The Goths were very near, waving torches as they swarmed up the slope from the Via Salaria. He turned and ran, ran like a madman through streets filling with terrified inhabitants, toward the Quirinal Hill, toward the house where he might yet find Flavia.

It was full daylight. He stood, the one weaponed man, with that panic-stricken household in the atrium of the mansion of Apollonius. The obese old senator sat, chalk-white with terror, in a litter for which the *lecticarii* were absent. Most of the men slaves had run away; only a mob of girl slaves knelt and prayed with Flavia, as they had prayed all night. From time to time some freedman or freedwoman, still faithful in this collapse of all things, had come in, bringing news of what was occurring. The Goths were still swarming into the city, pillaging everywhere, burning sometimes, torturing often, killing but rarely—a rumor had spread that Alaric had given them full license to loot but had bidden them spare life as much as possible. In that vast city where there was so much to sack, they had taken a long time to reach the Quirinal, but already now they had arrived close.

A girl had rushed in from the next villa, had said the Goths were in it, smashing what they could not carry away, torturing those they found to make them reveal buried treasure. Faintly, through the all-pervading dreadful noise that was a constant roar of sound, they could hear agonized shrieks. It had long been unsafe to venture into the streets, and also useless. A freedwoman had told them that the churches were all crowded to suffocation, their doors locked against any more. Marcianus strode to the portal, his unsheathed sword in his hand, looked toward that next villa. It vomited a grayish smoke. At any moment now, it would be their turn. Grimly he calculated that with luck he might kill at least a couple of Goths before they overwhelmed him in the doorway. That would give Flavia time. He had himself tied the little dagger to her girdle.

He glanced round to see her beside him, still beautiful, though deathly pale in that peril. She smiled at him bravely, fondly.

(Continued on Page 90)

Their pain wrings your heart

A PITIFUL scream. Blanched faces . . . the pain, the anguish of burns . . . later the cruel disfigurement of scars!

Where is the mother who does not fear it—this danger that may come, who knows when?

But you can be prepared, today. The pain of the most frightful burn yields to Unguentine—the *antiseptic* surgical dressing 8 out of 10 hospitals use.

Almost instantly, Unguentine soothes. Clean, quick healing begins. And in nearly every case—not a scar remains.

Your own physician recommends Unguentine—for cuts, bruises and scratches as for burns and scalds. It safeguards against infection.

Millions of mothers and housewives would never let themselves be without Unguentine. Keep a tube always ready in the bathroom. Keep extra tubes in the accident danger zones; kitchen, office or shop and auto kit. Buy Unguentine today. At your druggist's, 50¢. Send for free household manual, "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. Canadian address, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

". . . not a scar was left"

"Our little girl fell against the heater while playing. When I snatched her away bits of skin adhered to the stove. I applied a thick coating of Unguentine. Now her chin and neck are almost well and her hand and arm have healed nicely."

"Tommy was toasting marshmallows. his little linen blouse caught fire. the mother of one of the other children beat it out with her hands. By the time I was called they had put on Unguentine, which soon soothed the pain. There was no scarring. Believe me after that experience we have never been without Unguentine!"

Now the new Unguentine Soap for tender skins

THE LUXURY OF 90° V-EIGHT PERFORMANCE

For the First Time at Medium Price

The new Viking introduces distinctly new and desirable principles of engineering design to the medium-price field. This new car now makes available, at a medium price, the definite superiorities of the ninety-degree V-type eight-cylinder engine. It embodies new beauty and tailored smartness—the latest creations of Fisher artist-engineers.

The new Viking is particularly outstanding in performance. Its ninety-degree V-type eight-cylinder engine delivers 81 horsepower, with exceptional smoothness throughout the entire speed range. Its response to the throttle is remarkable, both in getaway from a standing start and in acceleration at the higher speeds. Its top speed is greater than the average motorist will use. And it provides a mighty power reserve for steep hills, long grades, and hard pulling.

Advanced Engine Design

These desirable and exclusive new characteristics of performance are provided by the 90-degree V-type principle of eight-cylinder engine design, brought to a new high stage of development by the many individual advancements combined in the new Viking engine.

The principle of 90-degree V-eight engine design permits the use of two banks of pistons to propel a short, two-plane crankshaft. The result is smooth, highly concentrated power. Power impulses in the new Viking engine occur at precisely equal and equally over-lapping intervals—one impulse at each quarter-turn of the crankshaft—providing engine smoothness and performance efficiency heretofore associated with cars of much higher cost.

Many of the new features to be found in the Viking are made possible by the entire cylinder block and crankcase being cast integral in one unit. This advancement is found for the first time in V-eight engine design in the new Viking. It results in rigidity, accessibility, a new and highly efficient valve arrangement, and advanced cooling and lubrication.

Rigid, Compact, Readily Accessible

The natural compactness of the Viking engine, combined with the added strength obtained through ribbing and trussing the crankcase, provides exceptional rigidity—an important contributing factor in smoothness, quietness, and long life. The short, rigid crankshaft is counter-weighted for maximum balance and is supported by large, oversize bearings.

The engine block is mounted on pyramidal and cylindrical blocks of live rubber. These special mountings prevent metal to metal contact, insulate power impulses from the chassis and body, and give additional assurance of long, untroubled service.

Viking engine design provides greater accessibility than is found in the conventional automobile engine. For example, the valve mechanism may be easily reached by lifting the two horizontal cover plates located on top of the engine. The entirely new arrangement of the valves in the Viking represents an important advancement in automotive engineering practice, since it combines the fuel efficiency of the overhead location of valves with the quietness, simplicity, and rigidity of side-valve design.

Down-draft Manifolding

A distinct advancement in efficient fuel distribution results from a new type of controlled manifolding based on the down-draft principle. After leaving the carburetor, the path of the vapor to the cylinders is always downward, assisted by gravity. The manifold is so designed that the distance from the carburetor to all cylinders is exactly equal, providing a fuel mixture of uniform quality.

A positive-pressure pump supplies a constant flow of gasoline to the carburetor. Fuel gases are pre-heated by a manually-controlled hot-spot in the center of the intake manifold. Thermostatically-operated radiator shutters assure quick warm-up.

The lubricating system of the new Viking engine is also remarkably efficient. Oil is pumped directly to all main, connecting rod, camshaft, and rocker arm bearings. The connecting rods are rifle-drilled to permit pressure-lubrication of the piston pins. Valves and other operating parts are bathed in an oil spray. Dilution is prevented by crankcase ventilation. And any injurious foreign matter is removed from the lubricating oil by the new Viking precipitating trap system of oil cleaning.

Remarkably Efficient Cooling

Cooling is exceptionally thorough in the new Viking engine. Cylinder walls, valves, valve stem guides and combustion chambers are water-jacketed. Equal manifold distribution of the water in the twin-blocks, with graduated outlets direct to points of greatest heat, assures uniform, efficient cooling of the entire engine. The water space extends far down on the crankcase wall and assists in cooling the lubricating oil. The engine thermogauge, which is located on the dash, shows the actual temperature of the water circulating in the engine. And the Viking 90-degree, V-type eight-cylinder engine is further protected by thermostatically-controlled, automatic radiator shutters.

Important Chassis Features

The Viking chassis also contributes much to the performance, comfort, dependability, and long life of this great new eight. Remarkable strength and endurance are evident throughout its construction. Its low center of gravity and properly balanced weight are important factors in riding comfort and roadability.

The new Viking chassis has a wheelbase of 125 inches. Its overall length, from bumper to bumper, is 192 inches. The exceptionally strong and rigid frame is 6½ inches deep, with a 3¼-inch top flange, 2¾-inch bottom flange, and is reinforced by five stoutly gusseted cross-members. It tapers to the front to permit a short turning radius and is double-dropped to provide a low center of gravity and great roadability. To assure deceleration in keeping with its speed and getaway, the new Viking has oversize mechanical four-wheel brakes of the new two-shoe internal-expanding type. Because they

$1595

f. o. b. factory, Lansing, Michigan
Spare Tire and Bumpers Extra

are self-energizing, very little pressure is required to bring the car quickly to a smooth, sure stop.

Every provision has been made for riding and driving ease. Four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers, synchronized with the springs, provide restful riding. Finger-tip steering and easy parking result from the worm-and-split-nut steering gear and short turning radius.

The steering wheel is adjustable. And the driver's seat may also be moved instantly forward or backward to the most comfortable driving position. Both gear-shift and clutch action are exceptionally smooth and quiet. The clutch-release bearing is self-adjusting and self-lubricating. All dash instruments are grouped on a handsome, directly or indirectly lighted panel, and include speedometer, ammeter, oil gauge, gasoline gauge, and engine temperature gauge.

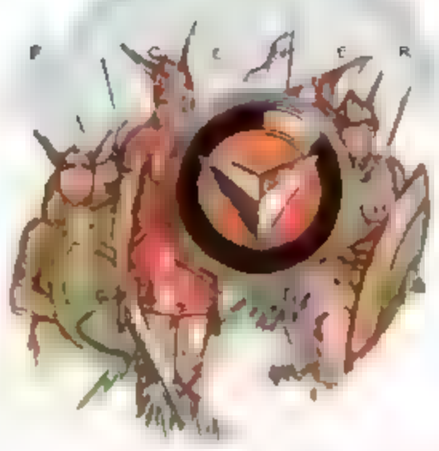
Latest Fisher Style Creations

The Viking is available in three voguish body types—Four-door Sedan, Convertible Coupe, and Close-coupled Four-door Sedan. All pay tribute to Fisher designing genius. All are priced the same . . . $1,595. Trim radiator—sweeping full-crown fenders—graceful hood—tailored body lines—all blend into a pleasing and harmonious design . . . as smartly patrician in appearance as any car on automobile row. Upholsteries are rich in quality, tasteful in design. Seats are deep cushioned, and incline at just the right angle to provide armchair comfort. Appointments and hardware of dignified pattern are expressive of fine car luxury.

And Viking bodies are as sturdy as they are beautiful, due to Fisher combination wood-and-steel construction. Flush door construction, the generous fabric beading between all metal surfaces, and the use of non-shatterable security-plate glass in the windshield are details that indicate the costly-car standards followed throughout the building of the new Viking.

VIKING

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



Proved Dependability

And this new Viking is worthy of its name. Its beauty and tailored smartness are evident at a glance. Inspection reveals its comfort, luxury and quality. A drive will demonstrate its brilliant performance abilities. And its stamina, dependability, and long life have been proved on the great Proving Ground of General Motors.

Three years ago Oldsmobile and General Motors engineers, working hand in hand, set out to build the finest eight-cylinder car possible to produce at a medium price. They investigated every type of eight-cylinder car, past and present; designed new cars; tried out new engineering principles. Car after car—fleet after fleet—all were subjected to the racking strains of prolonged road work on the General Motors Proving Ground. Finally, one car stood out above all others . . . the Viking. By the trials of months and miles, it won its right to bear this honored name.

The new Viking is now on display by Oldsmobile-Viking dealers. Inspect this outstanding new eight—which now brings the many advantages of 90-degree V-type eight-cylinder design to the medium-price field. Match it against other cars in appearance, performance, and engineering. Your own good judgment will tell you that it stands entirely alone in value.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICH.

Win your war on
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Here is the most thoroughly sensible treatment for your hair and scalp ▲ ▲ Sergeant's for the Hair is a refinement of the fifty-year-old Sergeant's Mange Medicine, and possesses all the therapeutic qualities of the old remedy ▲ ▲ but there is now no objectionable odor, and no greasy after-feeling ▲ ▲ Rub Sergeant's for the Hair well into the scalp. Watch the DANDRUFF disappear. The natural oils of Sergeant's will condition and lubricate the scalp; keep the hair glossy and always in place. Comb your hair with it every day ▲ Ask your dealer for Sergeant's for the Hair—75c. Use it daily. Write to us for free sample and a booklet on treatment of hair ▲ ▲ Polk Miller Products Corporation, 2111 W. Broad St., Richmond, Virginia.

In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto

Sergeant's for the HAIR

(Continued from Page 67)

"Marcianus," she said, "will you not kneel and say a prayer with me? Will you not yield yourself to the only true faith, that we may go to my heaven together?"

He looked at her, sweetly appealing to him, half yielded. Then something stiffened in him. All his life he had scorned the Galilean slave religion; with many other old-fashioned conservatives had seen in it the cause of Rome's decay. Even her arguments, in that brief blissful courtship together, had failed to move him. He had always had a logical philosophical answer. He would not weakly give way now, at this moment of imminent death. He would die proudly a Roman of the old stubborn breed, like his father and grandfathers before him.

He shook his head. "Flavia, forgive me. I cannot believe, and I cannot pretend. If your God is what you say He is, why does He not save you who are good and beautiful? If He will do that, I will believe as you believe."

She smiled at him pathetically. "Then, Marcianus, I shall pray for us both. God shall save you in spite of yourself."

She knelt down and prayed, while he watched anxiously that adjoining villa whence at any moment a howling mob of drunken Goths might emerge. He would make her get away behind him ——

Suddenly, through the uproar, he heard the many-voiced chant of a Christian hymn. What procession was this that dared to pass along the Goth-swarming streets? A girl slave came running from the outer gate, ran to Flavia.

"Mistress! Mistress! Quickly! Quickly!" she cried. "It is Publia - she who keeps the sacred vessels of Saint Peter! A Goth wanted to make her give them up and she told him to take them if he did not fear the wrath of God. So he sent to Alaric, and Alaric has bidden them be escorted to Saint Peter's Church and given safe conduct to all who go with them! Quickly! Quickly! All of you!"

They had all rushed out of the atrium, crowding around the breathless girl. Even old Apollonius, who had not moved for years except in a litter, ran out in that wild, scarcely credible hope of deliverance. Flavia had risen to her feet. She smiled at Marcianus.

"God has answered my prayer. Now will you believe, my beloved?"

He had no word to answer. The procession was passing the outer gate. They all streamed out to join it, marched behind those splendid, costly vessels in gold and silver reverently borne by wild Gothic soldiers and guarded by other terrifying Goths in horned helmets and skin coats, marched through the horrors of a sacked city in that strange hymn-singing procession, passing over the Tiber to where the Basilica of Saint Peter stood in a corner of the ruins of Nero's Circus, which a hundred years later would be recorded as a marvel by the pious historian.

It was rather more than a month later. Marcianus and Flavia, wedded by a Christian priest, sat together in the garden of the villa, stripped of all its portable treasures, on the Quirinal. Tomorrow they would leave for Ravenna, whither army orders had recalled all soldiers who had escaped the sack. Now, in the sunset, the city, half empty of its inhabitants, the majority of its slaves run away, lay very quiet about them. It was already almost difficult to remember all the horrors that had occurred within it during those three dreadful days that Alaric had allowed his hordes to sack the city. It had seemed a miracle when he had drawn them off, had marched them, laden with booty and ransom, to Calabria. And now Alaric was dead, buried in that river-bed grave with all his treasures, its secret forever to be kept by those massacred prisoners of war who had dug it.

Once more Rome began to breathe again, began timidly to live, while the tidings of her catastrophe went echoing through an appalled and incredulous world. In a cell at Bethlehem, Saint Jerome wrote of "that terrible rumor from the west" which "wellnigh made me forget my own name," and modified Lucan's famous line to "What can be safe, if Rome in ruins fall," adding various appropriate quotations from the more pessimistic Prophets. In Africa, Saint Augustine commenced his famous book De Civitate Dei, to prove to the shocked and suddenly doubting nations that Rome was not overthrown because she had abandoned her ancient gods and embraced Christianity. Yet sixty-six years would elapse before the last of the Western Emperors, that Romulus derisively nicknamed Augustulus, would feebly welcome his deposition by the barbarian Odoacer. In that period the once Imperial City would sink to little more than a great semidesserted village, sacked and sacked again. Her twelve centuries were over. When Alaric's Goths burst into her awesome sanctity, ancient civilization came definitely to an end.

Yet many centuries of strife would elapse before she rose again, to dominate an immaterial empire and consolidate, out of a universal barbarism, that newer civilization of which we are the heirs.

Of all that troubled future, these two wedded lovers were happily ignorant.

Marcianus smiled tenderly at Flavia, pressed her hand.

"Sweetheart," he said.

She nestled up to him adoringly, brought her lips close. "Sweetheart."

Rome might fall, her empire be in ruins, but they were in love.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 38)

"You see, Eloise takes the plane from San Antonio to New York two or three times a year. She says it's a wife's duty to keep out of a rut. Says she was born with a love for nice things and it gives her a headache to ride on a train; so she hops East.

"Since Jonesville's been on the route Eloise can renew home ties while changing planes. She dropped in on Christmas kind of unexpected; and by wiring ahead for us to be at the airport with her check in an envelope, she made sure of a happy reunion held right there while walking from one ship to the other.

"Eloise's husband is a big tire-and-battery fellow out in San Antonio. He built her one of the best houses a wife ever had to go away from. And Eloise is a mighty good wife to him. She told me today she never leaves home without letting him know where she's going, and she always wires when to expect her back, so he'll have the pleasure of having the house ready and a nice dinner waiting."

—McCready Huston.

Overstressed Age

I LIKE to hear the old songs
That graced my vernal time.
They are not cheap or bold songs;
They always scan and rime.
But why do those who name them
Upon the radio,
Complacently proclaim them
The "songs of long ago"?

They speak of twenty-five years
As though they were an age,
And cull, to flatter live years,
From music's musty page.
The singing would amuse me
Were not their hints so strong
That I should say: "Excuse me
For having lived so long!"

—Gorton Veeder Carruth.

A Little Furry Prayer

IF I MUST die, I pray this be my
grave,
A soft protection for a baby hand.
Or on a flyer's helmet may I wave,
A warm defiance in an arctic land.
If I am trapped, I hope that I may lie
About the throat of someone who will
care
That once I, too, adored the open sky,
And frisked with joy in bright October
air
Dear Father of four-footed things, I ask,
Whatever be the fate I cannot guess,
May I be spared this final cruel task —
Eternity as trimming on a dress.

Olga Owens.

A Conversation With Baby

WAS it a little baby
With wide, unwinking eyes,
Propped in his baby carriage,
Looking so wise?

"Oh, what a pwitty baby!
Oh, what a sweety love!
What is oo thinkin', baby?
An' dweamin' of?

"Is oo wond'rin' 'bout de doggie
A-fwiskin' here 'n' dere?
Is oo watchin' de baby birdies
Everywhere?

"'N' all de funny peoples
'N' all funny sings oo sees?
What is oo sinkin' of, baby?
Tell me, please.

"'Z oo sinkin' of tisses, tunnin',
'N' wannin' 'n' wannin' for some?
Oh, tweety goo swummy doodle,
Oh, yummy yum!"

Then spoke that solemn baby,
Wise as a little gnome:
"You get in the baby carriage;
I'll push you home."

—Morris Bishop.

Pull Up Your Socks

A Word to the Younger Generation

LADS, if you choose to go without
A hat or coat or shoes, you may.
I don't care if you run about
Without respect for hair that's gray,
Without a single let or stay
Of any social codes or charters.
But—Stop! Look! Listen! and obey.
Please do not go without your garters!

Without a scruple or a doubt,
Proceed upon your youthful way;
Without a thought of laws you flout,
Without regard to what you pay.
Go on, without my yea or nay,
And act like drunken tars or Tartars.
But, lest I start to slay and slay,
Please do not go without your garters!

Without them, lad, you are a lout;
The skinny shins that you display,
The wrinkled hose, deserve the knout.
Kid, you're a hick, a rube, a jay;
Without what people call S.A.
You think you're one of Fashion's starters?
If so, Beau Brummel drove a dray;
So, please don't go without your garters!

Envoy

Pull up your socks without delay;
We who must view them feel like martyrs.
Go without pants or shirt, but say,
Please do not go without your garters!

—Berton Braley.

Source of Supply

"DO YOU know any more of those swell Scotch stories you tell?"

"No, I haven't seen any of my Jewish friends lately."

MORE MILES *with* MANSFIELDS

Bigger, better, stronger tires built for those who want the best. . . . . .

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For it is refined, in the largest refinery operating exclusively on Pennsylvania crude, to Pennzoil's *own standard of perfection* in the finished product.

The results of what may properly be called this super refining are immediately apparent in the operation of your motor.

Pennzoil lubricates your motor effectively for *more miles.*

—it makes your motor run *more smoothly.*

—it tightly seals compression and gives you *more power.*

—it reduces wear and cuts repair bills.

Get the long life and efficient service that are built into your automobile by using Pennzoil in your motor. Ask for it by name—P-E-N-N-Z-O-I-L—from thousands of dependable dealers who display the Pennzoil sign. There *is* no better oil.

Only one oil can bear the Pennzoil seal and that is PENNZOIL. Don't be misled by similar sounding names or imitative trademarks. Remember that while Pennzoil is 100% Pennsylvania oil—all Pennsylvania oil is NOT Pennzoil. Insist upon having genuine Pennzoil—no finer oil can be made for your motor. Look for the Pennzoil sign.

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HONEY JACKSON—IN PERSON

(Continued from Page 9)

she wanted to be out dancing, even sending poor Miss May out for a walk while she gave him his medicine with her own hands. The things they had said about her! And even if she had given Dickie all the sleep medicine he had wanted, it was only because she didn't want to disturb him playin' the radio. Gee, just as if she had known it wasn't good for him. They should 'a' blamed Miss May, goin' off and leavin' him like she did. It was all unfair. Here she oughta be sittin' in a limousine, drivin' to the swell night club instead o' havin' to spend her evenings smearin' a lotta stuff on her face and doin' her ack for a lotta bozos that didn't appreciate her enough to write her a little note and ast her to meet them at the stage door. Honey's ideas of the stage had been sadly different. She recalled scenes from pictures where the guys out front had sent flowers with a ring or something in them and waited at the stage door in limousines. Well, she hadn't seen any limousines or flowers. The only regular fellow she had met in her six weeks' tour was the little trombone player in the band, and he only made sixty per and was drawn six weeks ahead, so Honey had to pay for their liquor. Why are all the fellows a girl can have a good time with always broke, while men like Dickie and the man she had met in the diner have all the money? Here Honey paused in her bitter reflections to remember the two hundred dollars Aunt Floss had demanded for the rent.

"Gee," she asked herself miserably, "why is it I can't ever meet a fellow that can really understand me?"

On the other side of the thin partition Our Own Nut Wonder began his campaign against the misunderstood Honey. She listened, at first, with gratitude at the sounds of life in the next room, but with disappointment when she heard him calling his fellow performers. A traveling salesman would take a girl out once in a while, but these performers! They wouldn't even carry a girl's traveling bag for her!

Art and Birdie, Chic Robinson, "I Wonder," The Dolan Girls, The Red-Hot Peppers, O'Diva, the hundred-and-fifty-pound water sprite, and the girl who was sawed in half twice daily were waiting nervously for the bad news they feared was coming, from the way Bert paced nervously up and down.

He gave nothing away until they decided not to wait for the monkey act, which, being last on the bill all the time, would have no complaint to make. Finally he cleared his throat and began.

"Folks," he said, his voice shaking a little, "I guess you know I'm not a trouble maker. I don't believe in buttin' in other people's affairs and I don't want anybody buttin' in mine. My motto is to live and let live. But something has happened, folks, that I think is my affair and everybody's affair. That's why I called you in here. Because it's up to us to do something about it. You know the motto of the N. V. A. Well, this is the place where us performers gotta prove it by stickin' together. We got to show that bunch in the office they can't insult our intelligence like they have."

"C'mon, Bert, for the lova Pete, what's the shootin' for?" Chic Robinson was getting anxious.

"Chic"—Bert turned to him importantly—"did you pass the theater where we're booked next week?"

"Sure, I did. What about it?"

"Well, didn't you notice anything?"

"I was sleepin' on the way up."

"I came by the house, Bert." This Birdie May volunteered.

"Yeh, and what did you see?"

"I didn't see anything wrong, Bert," she apologized. "I only saw Honey Jackson's name plastered all over the place."

Bert jumped on it. "You didn't see yours any place, did you?"

"We went by in a hurry, Bert. We didn't stop."

"Well, it ain't there," Bert told her solemnly. "Your name or anybody else's. We're off in a corner behind a life-size picture o' her. And she's in the star dressing room and next to closing spot. You're on the fourth floor, Chic." Bert exaggerated a floor to make it important. "You're with the monkeys."

"Not much I am!"

"Sure, and No. 2 on the bill. How do you like that? And Birdie here, that's been headlinin' for ten years, is in No. 3."

"Who's No. 2, Bert?" Birdie asked it with misgivings.

"I didn't look, Birdie, but I wouldn't be surprised if it wasn't they didn't give it to her colored maid," he said bitterly; "that's all the respek they got for us—givin' a tart like Honey Jackson the cream."

Here the smile of satisfaction on Honey's listening countenance was suddenly wiped off. She sprang up angrily.

"So I'm a tart, am I?" she asked herself indignantly. "I'll show him, the big bum!"

Bert had expected some move of approval on the part of his audience to sustain his belligerence. None coming immediately, he became a little sore.

"Well, there it is, folks. If you want to let her get away with it, it's O. K. with me. I thought you'd have a little more self-respek, that's all. But what's the use?" He was plainly disgusted with them.

"Whadda you think we ought to do, Bert? Write a letter?" One of The Dolan Girls asked this, somewhat troubled, as it was their first season big time and they had no desire to start anything that would put them in bad with the main office.

Bert turned on her indignantly. "Write a letter?" he asked as if unable to believe his ears. "Do you mean to say you'd play on a bill with a woman like that?"

The Dolan representative was shamed into silence. The other one defended her sister:

"Well, gee, Bert, we can't put her off the bill, can we? We can't tell the office who to bill."

"Well, we can put her in her place, can't we? Do we have to make a star outa her? Do we have to let her get away with next to closing? Do we have to get stuck in a back alley somewhere—performers that are used to headlinin'—while pictures o' her are all over the place? I ast you." He gave up in disgust; then took a fresh start, pouncing on them. "Here's O'Diva, that's been doin' a great ack for seventeen years."

"Sixteen, Bert," O'Diva corrected.

"Well, sixteen, then; what's the difference? But did she ever get a chance at a spot? And you two kids"—he turned to The Dolan Girls—"you're still doin' two's and three's. You should 'a' got yourselves in jail or in a scandal—maybe you'd get a decent break. And a big-time fellow like Chic here gettin' stuck on the fourth floor." Secretly Bert thought this was just where Chic belonged, but he had to put his argument over. He finished up with a shrug. "Now, if you folks want to stand for it, it's all right with me. That's your business. But not me." He stopped to point to the striped shirt that Jewell said looked swell on him. "I don't have to do it," he said proudly. "I'll get outa the business before I'll take a back seat for a dame like that. I should worry; I got my pile. I soaked away enough not to work another day if I don't feel like it."

At the mention of the pile Bert had soaked away, the expression on Honey's well-publicized face, pressed against the closet wall, suddenly changed. It was almost a maternal light that shone on it as she moved thoughtfully from her listening post. She became so absorbed in the thought that she did not hear the motion and second on the part of the committee, investing Bert with the full authority to go to the manager and make a complaint on their part. This decision, though it pleased Bert's vanity, was none too satisfying, as house managers were tough babies and were not inclined to ask performers how they should play their bill. Bert would have liked to stage a walk-out, but he could get no support from the others, who, unlike him, had no substantial sums soaked away.

All this and the departure of the performers, Honey, however, did not hear, as she was making a careful application of peach bloom to her famous face. After this she threw off the flame-colored negligee and donned the orchid she saved for special occasions. Over the orchid she sprinkled a liberal application of Nuit D'Amour. Then she tested the result in different poses in front of the mirror. When she was satisfied she threw her baby squirrel over her shoulders and listened again to make sure Bert was alone. Then she opened her door cautiously, to make sure that trick house detective wasn't snooping around like he did all last week.

"Yeh?" Bert was in the act of washing up when he heard the soft rap. Must be the bellhop he had called for half an hour ago. So he called and went on washing. He was outa luck if he expected a tip from him, after waitin' all this time. He went into his room, a towel in his hand, his face dripping, none too beautiful a sight to face Honey, who stood against the door, her coat carelessly slipping from her bare shoulder, the nearest she could achieve to a hurt expression on her face. Her attempts to draw the coat over her shoulders were futile, for she was plainly upset about something, and trembling. Bert recognized her at once, but was surprised to find that she was so beautiful. He had supposed her pictures were doctored up, the way his own were.

At last Honey spoke, and it was with a painful effort, her hand over her heart as if it hurt her.

"Excuse me for butting in like this, Mr."—here she hesitated—"Mr. Bert," she said shyly. "I don't know your last name; I only heard them call you Bert."

"Connelly's the name—Bert Connelly." Bert was sore that she didn't recognize him, and Honey was quick to make up for this.

"Gee, are you Bert Connelly?" she asked in awe. "Why, I used to go to the Palace two or three times a week when you played there. I wouldn't 'a' missed you for anything. Gee, I nearly laughed myself to death when you laid on the floor like that."

Bert tried hard not to be pleased, but he was human. So for a moment he forgot his grudge.

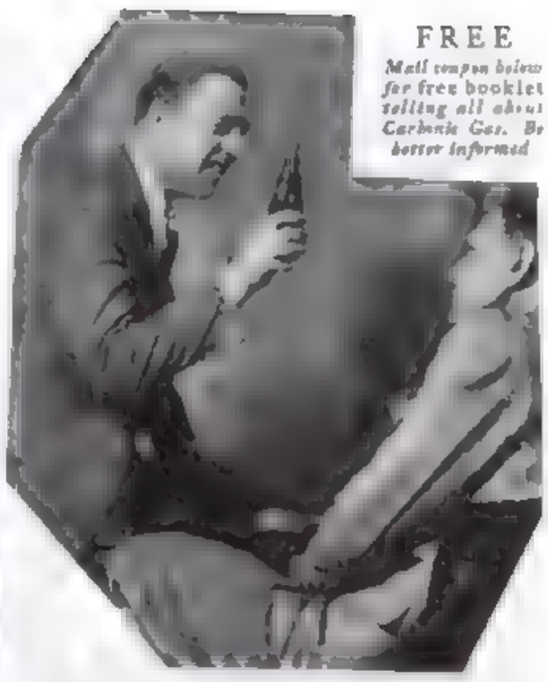
"They're all doin' it now," he said deprecatingly. "But they stole it from me. I was the first one to do it ——"

He stopped suddenly, remembering how he felt about her and wondering what she was doing in his room. Honey saw his changed attitude and hastened to drop back into her own injured mood.

"I guess you're wondering why I came in here, Mr. Connelly," she said, pausing to bite her lip. Bert said nothing; he guessed she would think he was no gentleman, not asting her to have a seat, but mindful of his position, he waited for her to go on.

"I came in here because"—it was hard for Honey, but she took the brave plunge—"well, I'm in the room nexta you and I heard what you said about me." Then her hand went to her heart again, the way the director had told her to do in the sketch, and she turned away. Bert opened his mouth to speak, but words failed him. For the first time in his life he was stumped for an alibi. He hoped she wasn't crying. But she was near to it. She was trying to keep the tears back; he could tell by the contortions of her beautiful face.

"I just wanted to tell you that you're right, Mr. Connelly, about it bein' unfair



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3,000,000 men this free 7-day tube

86% of those who try it discard their old-style methods. Will you do us the kindness of sending the coupon for your test? It's free.

GENTLEMEN: Some time ago we asked 1,000 men to advise us in creating a new shaving preparation—Palmolive Shaving Cream. They told us 5 important ways old methods failed to please. After much experimenting we've finally succeeded—and millions of men have acclaimed the cream we make.

If you had been one of the 1,000 men we asked, *what would you have suggested?* Please read this list and see if these are not the things you, too, have sought:

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In order that men might know what our great laboratories had achieved we told them "Don't buy—yet." For we wanted to prove to them, *at our expense*, the wonders of the shaving cream we'd made.

And of the millions who have made our no-risk test, we find 86% stick to Palmolive Shaving Cream—reject their former methods for this new one

Probably you will find we have anticipated your desires in our unique new cream. So we ask you, in fairness to yourself—and to us who have tried to please you—to mail the coupon now. A generous 7-day test will come to you by return mail. Act now.

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Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. B-3063, 595 Fifth Avenue New York City
In Canada, address Palmolive, Toronto 8, Ont.

Name .....
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Please print your name and address

and all, the way they're treatin' you. I'm goin' to the manager and tell him so."

Bert's jaw dropped. He suddenly felt like a dirty dog, talkin' about her like that, and her listenin'.

"You can tell the others for me, Mr Connelly. I don't want them to think it's my fault."

"Why, they wasn't blamin' you," he told her, glad of an excuse to lean upon. "They blamed the house manager."

"I'll make him change me," Honey promised. "I don't want to take what don't belong to me. I'll give that girl the star dressing room."

"Birdie ain't such a big headliner," Bert corrected. "She gets a No. 2, usually."

"Well, I want her to have it," Honey insisted, "because I don't want her to feel mad at me."

"Well, it don't make much difference," Bert told her. "All the dressing rooms are lousy."

But Honey did not want her generosity turned down.

"And I want to change places with you," she went on sweetly; her effort by this time being fruitful and bearing real tears, which were too much for Bert.

"Aw, what's the difference?" he said generously. "It's all the same to me." He really meant this, as he knew he could hold his audience even in a No. 2 spot.

Honey played with the loop of giant roses on the rug with the toe of one feathered slipper. She kept her face down when she spoke, but her voice trembled:

"I don't mind you sayin' it was unfair and all, Mr. Connelly. I know how you feel about that. But it's the other things you said that hurt." She paused, hand to the heart, while Bert could do nothing but wait in guilty silence, dreading what was coming. "When a girl's tryin' to make an honest livin' and actin' square by everybody, it hurts to have people say ——" Here she looked up at Bert piteously, unable to voice the terrible words he had used. "You know what you said about me."

Bert fished for an excuse, but could find none.

"Well, you know, accounta the papers and everything," he offered lamely.

"It's not fair to believe things the papers say about a girl, Mr. Connelly. Nobody knows what I went through."

This recalled to Bert what Jewell had said about the world being ready to jump on a girl when she's down, and he found himself agreeing with her. Here they had all been ready to jump on a poor girl for nothing! The small-timers! He looked at Honey now, her beautiful back turned to conceal the agony written on her face.

"Poor kid!" he comforted, even having the courage to pat the beautiful back.

Then it was that Honey told him the truth about Dickie, and it was just as Jewell said. It made Bert see red, over and over. To think of an old scoundrel like that taking advantage of an innocent kid.

When Honey finished, her lace handkerchief was in shreds, it had been so hard for her to tell all.

"And after all I went through, Bert," she concluded, "it hurts to have people think I'm not a nice girl."

"Don't cry, Honey," Bert said tenderly. "I'll tell that bunch of small-timers where to get off."

And he lost no time in doing so, dramatizing it until Chic and "I Wonder" and the one Red-Hot Pepper he could find were all wrought up over the injustice they had wrought upon Honey.

"She's a square-shootin' kid, boys, and this palooka they had about her in the papers was all lies," Bert told them hotly; "and believe me, it's up to us fellows to see that she gets a square deal."

Remembering his own objections, he waved them aside.

"She can keep next to closing if she wants it," he said generously. "I'm willing to help the kid along."

And the others he found were willing also

"Poor kiddie," sympathized Chic. "I'm willing to take her out."

"Me too," said the Red-Hot Pepper. "Where is she, Bert? I'd like to meet her."

"I'll take her out now if she'll go," "I Wonder" volunteered.

But it seems that they would have to wait their turns to give Honey a square deal, for she was now getting dressed to go down the street for a glass of beer with Bert.

From the beginning Honey showed a marked preference for Bert, and though this pleased him, it troubled him faintly also. He didn't want anyone to think he was two-timing Jewell, and these performers thought you were making a play for a girl if you as much as carried a bag for her.

"Listen, Honey," he advised about the third day. "You know I want to see you every day like this and all, but the other fellows are liable to think I'm makin' a play for you, and tell Jewell. So why don't you go out with Chic and some o' the others once in a while? Let them take you to dinner and I'll meet you in your room after the show."

But Honey wasn't interested in the others. Bert was more understanding. Of course, Bert didn't blame her for this; for Chic Robinson had always been a wet smack, and as far as his ack was concerned, well ——

"I know how you feel, Hon," he sympathized, "and I feel the same way, but think how it will look to the others."

"All right, Bert, if it's gonna keep you from gettin' in trouble I'm willing to go out with them."

And Bert was grateful. "Believe me, Honey," he said warmly, "you're some great little girl."

So, though it was hard for Honey, she generously killed a little time with Chic and "I Wonder" and the whispering tenor, not to mention the male members of the Red-Hot Peppers and the monkey trainer. But within a few days her attentions resolved down to Chic and Bert alone, as she found they were the only two regular guys in the bunch.

All the others took her to seventy-five-cent table-d'hôtes and these, after living in sumptuousness in Dickie's roof bungalow, Honey could not bear to look upon. But with Chic sharing the guilty honors, Bert felt free to give Honey a break, as they termed it. And she appreciated it. She told Bert so in the most touching fashion, over and over

"You don't know how it makes a girl feel to find a real pal, Bert," she told him gratefully. "You're the only fellow I ever met that knew how to treat a girl."

"I gotta wife a my own, Honey," Bert reminded her, "and I know a lady when I see one."

"Many's the time I needed a pal, Bert, and had nobody to go to, because I was afraid a being insulted."

"You won't be insulted by me," Bert boasted proudly. "I wouldn't harm a hair of your head."

"Gee, Bert, if I could believe that." Honey had been too hurt to have any faith in men left. And Bert was resentful at the members of his sex who had disillusioned her.

"Listen, Honey," he told her solemnly. "I'm not like these guys you've met before. I'm a pal. I want you to know that. You come to me, baby, when you need a friend."

"Gee, Bert, you sure are one swell fellow."

Bert was not satisfied with the mere assurance he had given her. He elaborated, manlike, on the things he would do for her He would be a friend to Honey. A true friend. The kind that sticks, no matter what happens. She could count on him

"If ever you need anything, Honey, you come to me. No matter what it is." Then, remembering that next week would take her on to Detroit while he would jump to Chicago, he went even further. "Money or anything," he boasted.

(Continued on Page 97)

Planning high-speed business

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

More than 95% of the telephone calls from one town to another in the Bell System are now on a high-speed basis. This holds whether the call is between neighboring cities or half way across the continent.

Even if it is a long call, the operator in many cases now asks you to hold the telephone while the call is put through.

Calls from one town to another used to be handled by one operator taking your order and giving it to another group of operators to put through. You now give your call direct to the operators who put it through—and put it through fast while you are on the line. The average time for handling all toll and long distance calls in the Bell System was further materially reduced in 1928.

A high-speed service to all parts of the country—calls from one town to another as swift, clear and easy as local calls—that is the aim of the Bell System.

This is one of the many improvements in methods and appliances which are constantly being introduced to give high-speed telephone service. Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is ever the goal of the Bell System.

"The Telephone Books Are the Directory of the Nation"

Like mystic fingers . . . *which measure the future*

The photograph above is a close-up of the "mystic fingers" of the Pennsylvania Clearance Car. This car has traveled more than 50,000 miles over the Pennsylvania's lines

A RAILROAD is never built. As in a living organism the forces which shape its destiny demand growth, change, adaptability. It must anticipate—in some cases lead the advance of business.

Locomotives are made larger and more efficient—roadbeds built firmer—heavier rails laid. Larger bridges are constructed. Steel coaches are substituted for wooden ones . . .

Very early, the Pennsylvania Railroad foresaw the development of larger locomotives, larger cars, and larger shipments on open cars.

The question was: How large? What height and what breadth might pass safely over the rails, through cuts, under bridges?

Study and experiment developed the Pennsylvania "clearance car." Uncannily life-like, this deft machine has already traveled more than 50,000 miles over the Pennsylvania's lines.

It probes. It feels out a path for the Iron Monsters of the future, as yet unborn. Its numerous outstretched fingers flex—lengthening, shortening—measuring accurately.

For "bigger business"

The information, carefully tabulated, is one of several accurate bases upon which the Pennsylvania builds for the future. The measurements obtained by these thin fingers may—when it seems advisable—cause mountainsides to be blasted, bridges to be raised, tracks to be lowered—the expenditure of millions of dollars.

All this aids definitely in the expansion of business. The Clearance Car of the Pennsylvania prepares for the transportation of—and therefore speeds the production of—the larger and heavier pieces of machinery which industrial America will inevitably need.

Leaders of the largest fleet of trains in America

Broadway Limited
New York and Chicago—20 hrs.

The American
St. Louis and New York—24 hrs.

Liberty Limited
Chicago and Washington—19 hrs.

Congressional Limited
Washington and New York—4 2-3 hrs.

The Red Arrow
Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland and the East

Cincinnati Limited
Cincinnati and New York—17 hrs.

Another view of the Pennsylvania Clearance Car, showing in profile the specially constructed flat car from which the measurements are made.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

(Continued from Page 94)

The tears that sprang to Honey's eyes were real this time. This was what she wanted to know.

"I will, Bert," she promised happily.

That night, when Aunt Floss called her up, Honey, who had just been kissed reverentially on the forehead and left at her door by Our Own Nut Wonder, treated her to a surprise.

"How do you feel, auntie dear?" she asked tenderly, in a very loud voice, having just heard Bert entering 1702.

"I feel lousy," came back the voice of the sweet aunt she had told Bert so much about. "How else should I feel? And what's the big idea of the 'Auntie dear'!"

But Honey's answer was all tender solicitude, which she directed more toward Bert's wall than toward the telephone.

"Oh, auntie, I'm sorry. Why didn't you tell me you weren't well?"

"Yeh, I should feel well with the manager notifyin' me every five minutes I got to settle up or get out? Why didn't you send me the two hundred, like you said you would?"

Honey was all patience with her best friend, counselor and guide.

"But, auntie dear, I haven't got it. How can I send you three hundred if I haven't got it?" The slight alteration in the figures did not occasion any correction on auntie's part. She should 'a' ast for three anyway.

"Well, you can get it, can't you?"

"But I can't get it till pay day, auntie. I drew already and I can't ast for more." By this time she was almost in tears.

"Well, he says if I don't settle up by tomorrow he'll throw my things in the street."

This old familiar threat that she and Aunt Floss had coped with so often in the old days now horrified Honey.

"But they can't throw you out!" she wailed. "They can't just throw you into the street!"

This was too much for Aunt Floss.

"Say, what's the matter with you?" she demanded. "Are you drunk?"

This Honey had to ignore, covering it up the best she could.

"All right. I'll try and get it for you," she promised in the strained voice of a girl whose kid brother is in trouble with only one way out. "I'll get it somehow." Then she hung up before Aunt Floss could say anything else.

Bert, in the next room, heard Honey's footsteps, pacing up and down, heard the low sobbing that Honey did as close to the wall as she dared get, heard the "What'll I do's" she demanded over and over of heaven.

The latter was too much for Bert. He just stopped long enough to put on the red-and-gold dressing gown Jewell had given him and sprinkled himself with toilet water. Then he was at Honey's door. It opened quickly to his knock.

"Honey," Bert said tenderly, "I heard you talkin' on the phone to your aunt. And I come in to tell you I meant what I said about bein' a real pal to you."

"What do you mean, Bert?" Honey said through tears.

"I'm willing to let you have that money till Saturday, Honey," Bert declared himself with a grand gesture and waited for her gratitude. It came.

"Bert, it's wonderful of you, but I couldn't take it," Honey objected passionately. "I couldn't take money from a man."

But after some masterly persuasion Bert was able to force it upon her. She gave in reluctantly and was disappointed to find that she had to wait till morning for him to draw it from the box office. A girl never knew. Sometimes a fellow changed his mind overnight.

But not our hero. He brought the money proudly at ten minutes after twelve. The house did not open till twelve. He handed it over with a regal gesture that was meant to show her his disdain for money.

The sight of hundred-dollar bills had always moved Honey. And these three, crisp and new, had the familiar effect on her emotions.

"Bert," she asked him in tearful gratitude, "how can I ever thank you?" This was simple. There was only one thing Bert had to ask of Honey.

"Just don't say you never met a real guy again, Honey, is all I ast." Then he added graciously: "If it would make you feel any better about takin' it, you can gimme your I O U."

And Honey thought it would make her feel much better. So she printed an elaborate I O U on the back of a menu card, stating she owed the whitest guy she had ever met three hundred dollars. She was going to sign it with just a simple "Honey," until Bert reminded her to add the "Jackson."

"After all, it's nothing to thank me for," Bert reminded her. "With Saturday only two days off."

It was Bert's intention to stick closely to Honey until she drew her pay. Not that he mistrusted her in any way, but he just wanted to be near her so he could remind her now and then that it was almost Saturday and account of loaning her the three hundred he was a little short. But when he saw the wise looks that Art and Birdie were giving each other as he stood in the wings watching Honey emote heavily, he remembered that they were jumping on to Sioux City the first half, where Jewell would be, and decided he had better spend the evening with his old pal Art and make his position clear. So Honey was left the prospect of staring at her four walls or of entertaining Chic. Bert advised Honey to get herself a good rest; for which Honey was grateful, because she was getting all worn out listening to the pal talk about pay day.

However, after Bert left the theater she decided what was the use of sleeping her life away while she was young, and when Chic invited her down the street she went along.

Chic was inclined to doubt Bert's good intentions toward Honey. He told her so by a somewhat circuitous route, but effectively. He liked Bert, he had helped Bert along many a time, and even helped him on his ack when he had ast him what was the matter with it; but what was the use of a girl like Honey wasting herself on a married man?

"Bert's a real pal, Chic." Honey was nothing if not loyal. "A girl doesn't find many pals like Bert Connelly."

"Listen, Honey," Chic told her solemnly, "if you want to pick out a pal, why don't you pick on a single fellow that can do something for you?"

This interested Honey. But she wanted to be convinced.

"I'm not saying anything against Bert, mind you, but a married fellow that chases chickens—well ——" He let Honey draw her own conclusions.

"I never met a single fellow yet that could be a real pal," she told Chic sadly, with a faint trace of cynicism.

Chic could explain this. "You ain't met the right kind, Honey," he told her seriously, putting his hand over hers. "You only met a lotta cheap skates that don't appreciate a girl with class."

And this, Honey agreed, had been the case.

Chic had a solution to Honey's predicament.

"Why don't you give a real guy a chance, Honey?" he asked.

Honey showed just enough doubt to fire Chic with promises of just how real his intentions were.

"I'm booked solid, kid, for four hundred berries a week," he boasted, exaggerating a mere hundred and fifty. "And believe me, I'm no piker. I know how to show a girl a good time."

This reminded Honey of a telephone call she was expecting from her aunt, who, she explained to Chic sweetly, had taken care of her since she was a baby and was just like a sister.

Chic took out a roll of bills to settle up. "You stick to me, kid, and the sky's the limit," he advised her, putting the roll back into his pocket.

Then he invited Honey to have her call switched to his room and come up for a little drink. Honey did, having nothing more to fear from the house detective, who by this time had become a good friend of hers

An hour later Chic was the proud possessor of the twin to the I O U that rested at that moment over Bert's heart, among his dearest possessions. Like Bert, he also waved aside Honey's expressions of gratitude, telling her not to worry about it, that she could pay him back on Saturday or even the next week if she was short.

Nevertheless, on Saturday afternoon he joined his friend Bert, who stood in the wings, tenderly waiting for his little pal to come off and sign for her pay. Neither one was any too cordial to the other, as each wanted the privilege of dining with Honey alone. Honey disappointed them both, however, by making her exit on the other side and making a quick dash into her dressing room, where, they were relieved to note, she was followed a few seconds later by the house manager. Chic, who did not wish to appear too anxious after his princely disdain of a mere two hundred, contented himself with slipping a note under her door telling her he would meet her in the dining room in half an hour. But Bert, having pretended to watch the monkey act until it was over, and still no sign of Honey, ignored his usual precautions and gave a sharp rap on her door. It opened quickly and Honey beat him to it.

"Bert, honey, something awful's happened," she told him tearfully. "That cheap Donnelly wired the manager to take out my commissions and Pullman fares that I didn't get a chance to pay him yet. And lookit. This is all I got left." She held out a few ten-dollar bills and some silver. "All I got left to settle my hotel bill," she wailed. "Can you imagine that louse doing that to me? And just when I owe you that three hundred."

Bert, with the letter to Jewell already written, his budget made out and Honey's sandwiches and drinks covered with explanations of his unfortunate losses in the few rounds he had had with his friend Art, couldn't imagine it.

Honey was afraid he would think she was just terrible. But how was she to know that cheap Donnelly would do such a thing to her, and charging her 20 per cent, twice as much as he was entitled to?

"Will it be all right if I send it to you, Bert, the first thing next week? I can draw it in advance."

Though a cold premonition that he had kissed his three hundred smackers good-by swept over Bert, he took a long shot and assured her with dry lips and a faint smile, that sure it would be O. K., provided it was no later than Tuesday, as he had to mail a letter.

Honey was overwhelmed with gratitude.

"Bert, it was true, what you said," she assured him. "You are a real pal. Wait for me and I'll go to dinner with you."

But the pal, heeding the inward voice that warned him not to throw good money after bad, had to go down the street.

That, at least, was true. He was going to round up his good friend Chic and see if he could borrow the missing three hundred the letter needed. He could live in cheap hotels and pay it back, fifty at a time, and Jewell would never know the difference. If the truth be told, at that moment it appeared to Bert that the joys of having a little woman to save his money for him were not all they were cracked up to be.

He was unable to locate Chic and thought irresolutely of calling upon his good friend Art. But no, they might suspect and they knew Jewell too well. It had to be Chic. He ate his dinner in gloomy solitude and in the belated economy of the grillroom, trying to figure out what he would say to Chic. After shooting off his trap about the pile he had soaked away, it would seem

How's your optimism *after meals?*

MOST pessimism, according to a wise observer, comes from bad digestion. And most bad digestion comes from carelessness—quick meals, big meals, weird meals. Have a stick of Beeman's Pepsin Gum after eating. Help your digestion this pleasant, wholesome way, as millions now do. You'll like the fresh, keen Beeman's flavor, the smooth way it chews. For over 30 years it has been a favorite among thinking people as a delicious aid to digestion.

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STROPPING IS ESSENTIAL TO THE PERFECT SHAVE!

You can't leave your face at home

. . . so why not let it share your vacation?

Like the ostrich that buries its head in the sand . . . many a man tries to run away from shaving by hiding himself in the North Woods.

How utterly useless—and needless! For shaving can be a *pleasure* if it's done right!

The mistake that most men make lies in shaving with an unstropped blade. As a result they actually scrape the face with an edge of tiny needle points.

The new Valet AutoStrop Razor corrects that. It automatically *strops* the blade before each shave—just as barbers do! This quickly smooths out the tiny needle points which cause shaving torture. It makes each razor stroke swift . . . clean . . . slick . . . and cool as a mountain spring! It's the only razor that strops, shaves and cleans without removing the blade!

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Make each vacation shave another thrill to write home about!

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inconsistent that he could be in dire need of three hundred dollars. He was still trying to figure out an explanation when he saw Chic coming toward him, and who, in spite of the existing rivalry caused by Honey's preferences, seemed strangely glad to see him.

Wishing to make him feel upon terms of equality with him, Bert greeted him effusively, bidding him sit down while he hastily finished his pie and coffee.

"J'see Honey?" he asked casually.

Chick gave him a sharp look, but Bert was apparently innocent, cleaning his nails with the combination corkscrew, pencil sharpener and key ring that he wore attached to his vest pocket.

"Yeh, I saw her." Chic's answer was tinged with gloom, and Bert hoped there was nothing the matter with him

"Wanta go down the street for a few minutes?" he asked Chic. "We don't go on till the last half."

"O. K., Bert." They walked along in silence, Bert figuring how to begin his request. Just as he was about to ask Chic how long they had known each other, Chic broke the silence: "Bert, I wanta ast you something."

"What's that, Chic?" Bert was amiability itself

"Bert, you're a friend o' mine, ain't you?"

Bert got sore immediately, supposing somebody had cracked wise.

"Who said I wasn't?" he demanded angrily.

"Nobody said you wasn't, Bert," Chic placated. "I just wanta know how I stand with you, that's all."

Bert, relieved that nobody had repeated any of the things he had said about Chic, enlarged upon his feeling for him, grateful for the chance to help his case along.

"I'm surprised you should ast, Chic. You ought to know you always stood ace-high with me."

"Well, I wasn't sure. You know a lotta fellows claim to be your friend till you ast a favor of them."

Bert, forgetting his own predicament, reflected that, as it was pay day, there could be no chance of Chic's wanting a favor, so he made himself clear.

"Listen, Chic." Bert stopped in the street and faced his friend. "Any time you need a friend, here's a pal you can call on. A pal that's for you, right or wrong."

"That sure is good news, Bert."

"I mean it, boy."

Then they walked along a little way and Chic explained his concern over Bert's friendship.

"I'm awful glad you said that, Bert, because I wanted to ast a favor o' you."

Bert stopped again, the magnanimous expression suddenly wiped from his face

"Yeh?" he asked. "What kinda favor?"

Chic was inclined to make light of the favor he had to ask of Bert.

"Oh, nothing much, Bert. I just wanted to ast you for the loan of enough to pay me outa the hotel till next Saturday. Only a few dollars."

All memory of the loan he was going to make off Chic was forgotten.

"But gee whiz, Chic," he remonstrated, "you only got paid today."

"Yeh, I know. But I had to use it for somethin'."

Bert thought of his lonely two hundred and the money he was to send Jewell

"Honest, Chic, I'm sorry, but I ain't got it myself," he said.

"You ain't got it? A headliner like you, pullin' down your salary?" Chic was incredulous and ready to believe all the things he had heard about Bert's being a cheap skate.

"Yeh, ain't it awful?" Bert was ready to sympathize with himself. "That's what I got left outa six hundred, Chic. He drew forth his miserable roll and displayed it. "And after I check out I'll have less."

Chic eyed the bills hungrily.

"But, Bert, surely you can spare a fellow a fifty. All I need to pay my bill."

Bert took his friend's predicament seriously

"Listen, Chic," he asked. "Do you mean to say you haven't got enough to check outa your room?"

"So help me, Bert." Chic drew forth a twenty. Bert stared at it suspiciously.

"Well, what in Sam Hill did you do with all your dough?" he demanded.

Chic began reluctantly: "Well, I'll tell you, Bert, if you'll promise me you won't get sore."

"I should get sore about what you do with your money."

"Well, I thought you might be sore if you knew Honey had ast me insteada you, when you stuck up for her and all."

A great light began to dawn upon Bert. "Honey?"

"Don't tell her I told you, Bert. She would be mad if she knew I told. She was in trouble, Bert, and I loaned her some money."

Chic took Bert's silence to indicate that he was sore, and tried to apologize for Honey's inconsideration.

"She said she'd 'a' come to you, Bert, but she knew you had a wife and needed all you had." Bert appreciated this.

"Wasn't that sweet o' her?" he said saccharinely.

Now Chic was sure he was sore, and defended himself: "Well, you can't blame me, Bert. What kinda guy would I be if I let her aunt get thrown in the street accounta a little back rent? It was enough to break a guy's heart to hear her cryin' over the telephone."

"Yeh, it must 'a' been terrible."

Chic could not understand Bert's disloyalty to the girl he had stuck up for.

(Continued on Page 101)

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The other is known for its *quality*.

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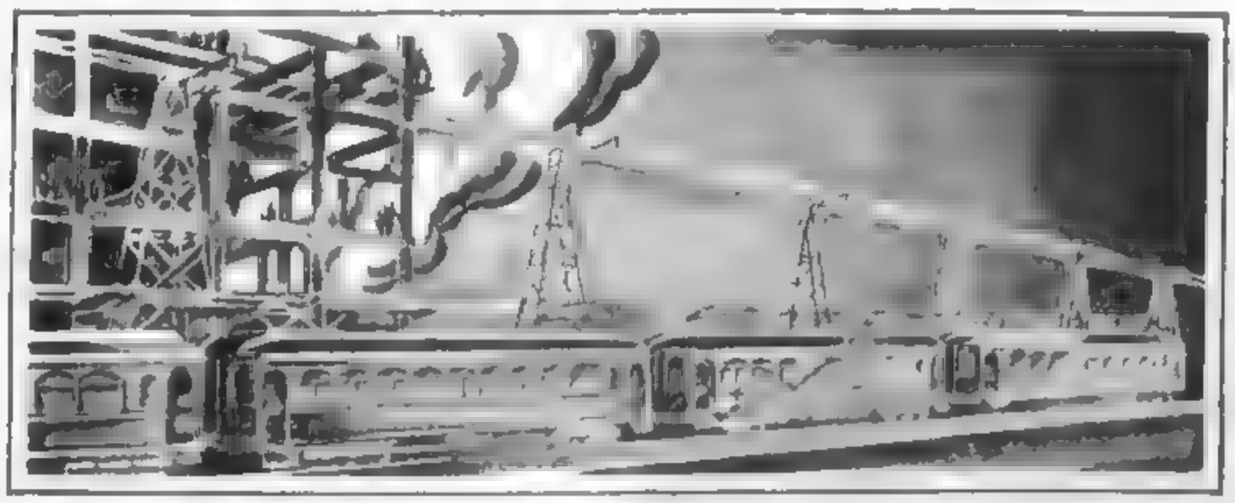

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"FROM MINE TO MARKET"

WHEELING STEEL

Reg U S Pat. Off.

(Continued from Page 98)

"I thought you was a friend a Honey's," he reproached him. "Didn't you give up next to closing for her?"

Bert stopped dead at this; the realization that he had done just that almost overcoming him.

"Can y'imagine me," he asked himself sadly, shaking his head in amazement, "bein' a sap like that?"

"Well, whadda you say, Bert? Are you my pal or ain't you? It's only till next week. Honey's gonna pay me back then."

"Yeh?" Bert drew the hand-printed I O U from his inner vest pocket, where it had rested near the picture of him and Jewell. He handed it to Chic solemnly.

"Collect this one, too, Chic," he said, "while you're at it."

Though Chic's I O U was printed on the hotel envelope, he recognized the flourishes.

He stared at it for a long moment and then looked into Bert's face. After the look he saw there was no more doubt.

"Can you tie that?" he asked. "She played me for a sucker!"

"Me and you both, kid," Bert added sadly.

Then they went, arm in arm, to pay Chic out of his hotel; the bitterness a little less painful now that there was someone to share in it.

Later, when they passed the front of the house where Honey, in person, was standing them up three deep, they looked at each other significantly. Bert walked a step or two in front of Chic.

"Chic, you're a friend of mine," he said caustically. "Will you gimme a kick?" Which Chic obligingly did.

Some minutes later they caught a glimpse of Honey's blond head across the stage, uplifted in serious consultation with the whispering tenor.

"Say, that guy works the same bill with her next week," Chic said. "We'd better warn him."

Bert stopped him, his old grin coming back to the side of his face where it was usually worn.

"Listen," he said. "I been wantin' to get back at that guy. He's been yodeling next to me all week."

On the following Monday Jewell was the proud recipient of a letter which proved Bert's undying devotion. The letter said:

My own little woman: I am writing you right after the matinée, like I promised; only I am not sending you my money because of the following reasons, which you will understand:

First: What if I should die tonight? Maybe you don't know what I mean by that, but I am telling you that since I left you that day at the station I have been thinking of it all the time and wondering what would happen to my little girl if I should be in a wreck or drop dead all of a sudden.

Second: It is a man's duty to think of his wife and make provision for her in case something happens to him and she should not feel like working all her life in cheap vaudeville houses.

Third: The reason I am not sending you the money to put in the bank is because I have taken out an insurance policy in your name and paid it up for two years in advance. I did not ast you about it because it would make you feel bad to think of me bein' dead.

Will write more tomorrow.

Always Thine,

BERT.

P. S.: Account of it being so much trouble to write down everything, I think I will just wait till I see you to give you the money.

TILL THE VOTE'S COUNTED

(Continued from Page 45)

Together they got the man, no longer squirming but paralyzed by fear, to the ground.

"Sit on him and choke him if he wiggles a finger," said Doctor Perkins. "I'm going to see."

He ran around to the front of the bunk house, and as he approached the door a cry burst from him, not of his volition but born in an agony of anxiety.

"Orphan!" he shouted. "Peddy Orphan! Are you all right?"

"I'm so scairt I've shrunk," said a small voice.

"He missed you? He didn't hit you?"

"I'm just feeling," she said. "I guess it's slivers. What happened?"

"Come away from here," he said, and seizing her hand, roughly jerked her after him as sometimes one sees an irritated father convoying a misbehaving child. "What in tunket were you doing here, anyhow?"

"I—you let go; you're busting me!" she expostulated. "I came because I wanted to. I guess I can go where I want to without asking you. I ——"

"Shut up," said the doctor. "Did you come here on my account?"

"As if I would," she said.

"Thank heaven I got here in time to jump him and foozle his aim!" he said. "And now what? Here's Dick Bumpus sitting on him. Found out who he is, Dick?"

"From the hump on his back," said Dick, "I take him to be Lant Short."

"Check. That's his second effort. And now what'll we do with him?"

"Take him to jail," suggested Dick, "so the sheriff can let him saw a bar and be gone out of the here into the nowhere."

"Go to the foot. Who's honest and in authority in this state?"

"I can vouch for the governor, and we got some fine state troopers."

"Dick," said the doctor, "we're not so healthy with him in our pocket. Kind of like the fellow that caught a wild cat by the hind leg and then wondered how he could let go."

"But you mustn't let go," said the Peddy Orphan.

"Children," said Brant, "should be seen and not heard."

"If you don't want him," she said, "tie him up so he can't get loose and give him to me."

"And what," asked the doctor, "will you do with him? Keep him in the nursery to play with?"

"Make him do a lot of owning up," she said sharply, "and ruin Sheriff Kay's summer."

"How about the state troopers?" asked Dick.

The doctor grunted. "D'ye think they'd dare tackle this without somebody behind them? Not much, Mary Ann! But it'll have to be handled by the constabulary, if at all. Hence we must provide the high, powerful figure in the background. Grab a hold, Dick, and we'll snag him along to my car."

"I'm coming," said the Orphan.

"You've a car of your own," said Brant.

"I hitched it," she said. "It won't run away. And I'm coming."

"She means," said Dick, "that she's coming with us. Opsiday, Lant. Got his legs, doc? Whistle the March of the Marionettes and we'll be on our way."

They carried their prisoner by a wide circuit to the car, where Dick trussed him and tossed him into the back seat.

"Next move?" he asked.

"Nobody knows we have him, yet. Speed is the watchword. How far's the capital from here?"

"Seventy-eight and nine-tenths miles," said Dick.

"Three hours. We'll get there at 1:30. Does the governor keep late hours?"

"I guess," said the Orphan to nobody in particular, "he's waked up. I thought he'd be some good if that ever happened. I'll sit here."

With which she took possession of the seat beside the doctor and the car got into motion. There followed three hours of that sort of driving for which Brant Perkins was infamous and conversation was impossible. All hands were occupied in remaining inside the car and in the exercise of swallowing their hearts, which constantly were getting into their throats as Brant accomplished some fresh feat of recklessness. Dick Bumpus' watch registered twenty minutes past one as the vehicle came to a stop before the front door of the executive mansion. Its windows were dark.

"The family's gone to bed," said Dick.

"I never saw a governor in his night shirt," said the doctor, "and I hope they've got a loud doorbell."

It was loud, for presently a sleepy servant appeared, and not in the best of humors.

"I want to see the governor," said Brant.

"He has retired."

"Then," Brant said, "unretire him. I don't know what you do to wake a governor up, but do it, and do it quick."

"But I couldn't do that. It's impossible."

"Listen," said the doctor, "I've got my foot in the door. This is a matter of life and death, and maybe more than that. If you don't get on your way before I can count a dozen, I aim to push you over, take a stand inside at the foot of the stairs and give three rousing cheers for the commonwealth. Fellow, I mean business. I'm in a state of irritation. Produce a governor or take the consequences."

"I—I'll see," said the man, and disappeared up the stairs.

But he did not reach the top before a deep, rich voice—the voice of an orator—came from the darkness above. "What's the disturbance?" it demanded to be told.

"It's Doctor Perkins, of Kidder's Dam," said Brant, "and hell's bust loose in the vineyard."

"Wait," said the governor, "until I put on my pants."

In two minutes his huge figure descended the stairs and confronted Brant. "Now what is it? It had better be important, young man."

The doctor turned to the open door. "Bring in the prisoner," he said, and Dick, assisted in some measure by the Orphan, lugged Lant Short up the steps and into the hall.

"This," said the doctor, "is the jigger who shot Sheriff Peddy two years ago."

"Bring him in here," said the governor, leading the way into his library, where he seated himself. "Now, what's the idea of bringing him here?"

"Because the local jail won't hold him. Because before morning he would either be gone—or dead, so he could never open his mouth again. Because there is no power in the state that can handle this thing but the governor."

"Implications," said the chief executive of the state. "Let's have a few facts."

"Lant Short's stuffed with them, and he'll confess; I think. As for me, I've been collecting data for some months. I can tell you Sheriff Peddy was killed because he had evidence and was about to take action against County Attorney Diston and the present sheriff, Kay, who was then supervisor, for operating a wholesale business in drugs and liquor. Attempts have been made to buy me, all unworthy as I am, and tonight was the second try at turning me into an angel. This person is a young woman and Sheriff Peddy's daughter. She knows facts. But first we'll listen to Mr. Lant Short."

He turned to the hunchback.

"You're going to talk. You're going to be made to talk. Now commence at the beginning."

"'Tain't so. It's all a pack of lies."

"All right, Lant. Then we'll be going, governor, and sorry to have bothered you. We'll just drive you back and turn you over to Sheriff Kay—and tell him you've visited the governor with us. We might hint you talked a lot. Anyhow, we'll ask him to put you in the hoosegow for shooting at the Peddy Orphan tonight. And how long do you think you'll last there, eh?

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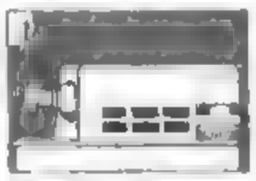

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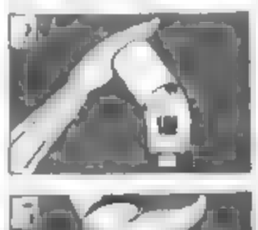

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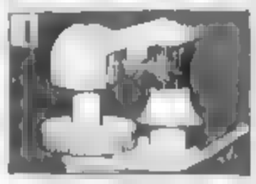

4. The covered wheel which protects the thumb from smudge and scar.

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—in Smith Smart Shoes. If they are your first pair, feel with your fingers, then with a grateful foot, how smooth they are inside. You will thank their seamless, hand-fitted linings for such rare comfort.

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WRITE FOR STYLE BOOK AND NAME OF NEAREST DEALER

The goods are on you, and will Kay and Diston and Company leave you intact? I think not. Grab onto him, Dick, and we'll be going."

Lant Short squirmed. "Aw, you wouldn't go and turn me over to Kay. Aw, say."

"And we'll tell him you've squealed."

Short's beady eyes darted from face to face. "What do I git if I talk?"

"A square deal," said the governor, "and if you come clean, a possible recommendation to mercy. I make no promises, but I advise you to make a full statement."

"I got to save my neck! I got to save my neck!" whimpered Short. "I'll talk, but you got to protect me from Kay."

The governor rang a bell and said to the answering servant, "Get my secretary here at once."

That sleepy young man appeared presently and spread the tools of his calling on the desk, ready to take down in shorthand what Lant Short might confess.

"Commence," said the doctor. "Start with the murder of Sheriff Peddy. Did you shoot him?"

"Yes."

"Through the skylight in the bunk house?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Kay and Diston told me to. They said he'd got onto the drug racket and the rum-runnin' and other things, and that they'd see nothin' happened to me."

Then, with a skill in cross-examination which astonished Dick Bumpus, the doctor shredded Lant Short, plucked him, snatched from him names, places, dates, methods, so that no listener could doubt the truth of his disclosures. It was an appalling story of greed, malfeasance in high office, outright crime, and the face of the governor became grim and more grim as he listened.

"Is there evidence to substantiate this?" he asked.

"Readily procurable if it is made safe for those who testify," said the doctor.

"You are on the ground, familiar with persons and conditions. What do you advise?"

"First, the appointment of a special prosecutor. Second, swift and immediate action by state constabulary."

"Right," said the governor. "Any suggestion?"

"Bumpus here for prosecutor. He's able. He's not afraid of his skin, and I know him to be honest."

"Done," said the governor, and to his secretary: "Have the commission made out at once. Where's the nearest detachment of constabulary to Kidder's Dam?"

"Milford."

"Get the officer in charge on the wire."

In the next few minutes the doctor and his companions were to see why the governor had won to his position and why men looked to him to go higher and farther. He cut through red tape, organized, directed. Orders crackled, men were set in motion. The conference started at 1:30; at two o'clock troopers in force had been ordered to make a dozen arrests of unsuspecting malefactors; a captain of constabulary was designated to take charge of the Kidder's Dam jail, and for this time of emergency the county in which that village nestled had ceased to exist as a political entity. The state was in charge.

"Bumpus," said the governor, "you require to be on hand."

"If doc drives, we'll be there at five o'clock."

"Good, and, doctor, I compliment you on your promptness and decision."

The Peddy Orphan spoke for the first time "When," she said, "he gets started he moves. But he's awful hard to start."

"Perhaps," said the governor, "you were impatient."

"It's her age, governor," said the doctor, and grinned. "A forward brat. Kind of precocious and she thinks she's a boy."

"She'll age," said the governor.

"Quicker than some folks think," said the Peddy Orphan with compressed lips. "Let's be on our way."

They drove back more light-heartedly, for their prisoner was in safe hands; but even though there was less necessity for speed, Brant Perkins' driving called for protests from the Orphan

"You might's well have let him shoot me. Rather be shot than busted against a tree."

"Nobody asked you to come," said the doctor.

"Nobody asked me to come to the bunk house, either," she said, and then bit her lips, for she had not intended to make that particular observation.

"I'd forgotten that," Brant said gravely. "Why did you come? I suspect you."

"I wanted," she said flippantly, "to see how the other half lives."

"Suppose we let it stand at that, temporarily," he said, and drove on in silence. But after ten minutes, and without turning his eyes from the twisting road, he asked, "How old are you, Orphan? I've asked a dozen times, but you've never said."

"What's my age got to do with it?"

"Nothing," Brant answered, but she was wondering if his question implied something of impatience, some question in his mind as to how long a doctor of twenty-eight years would have to wait for her to grow up.

"Anyhow," she said, "I'm past fifteen."

"Do you know," he said next, "I've never happened to see you in a dress."

"They don't become me," she said.

"But some day you'll grow up and have to wear them." He frowned. "Don't you go to school or anything? You ought to be in high school. What's the idea, growing up ignorant?"

"Am I ignorant?"

"Really, you should go in for some formal education. Maybe college, where they'd whip you into shape."

"And make a lady of me?" she asked demurely.

"Something like it. It's not so bad, being a lady."

"Maybe I'll try it," she said, and then turned to look into the back seat where Dick Bumpus was listening to the conversation with an amusement in which she shared with a wink that was not at all ladylike.

"I think," said Dick, "there are good times coming."

"And how!" exclaimed the Orphan. "I do wish you could see it, Dick."

"I'm going to, if I have to hide under a table."

"What are you two talking about?" asked Brant.

"The progress of democracy and the advance in medical science," said Dick Bumpus.

"Are you seventeen?" asked the doctor, sticking tenaciously to his point. In that case, a year or two years would be all the waiting demanded of him.

"'Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety,'" interjected Dick. "Why bother? We've got important business ahead, and you seem to have passed the buck to me."

"Didn't I tell you I was going to elect you county attorney?" asked Brant. "Pull this off and see where you land."

"And what will you get out of it?" asked the Orphan.

The doctor almost said "You," but he strangled the monosyllable and replied, "A chance to practice medicine undisturbed."

"And there," said Dick, "are the harbor lights. Home at last, and the fatted calf is frying. Where to first?"

"Drop me at my house," said the Orphan.

"And then the jail," said the doctor. "It ought to be crowded to capacity by the time we get there." He frowned. "Sheriff Kay was a sort of a kind of a likable scoundrel."

The car stopped at the Peddy house and the Orphan alighted.

"Doctor," she said, "it would be awful nice if you'd come out to supper with me tonight. I'll—I'll put on a dress for you,

(Continued on Page 104)

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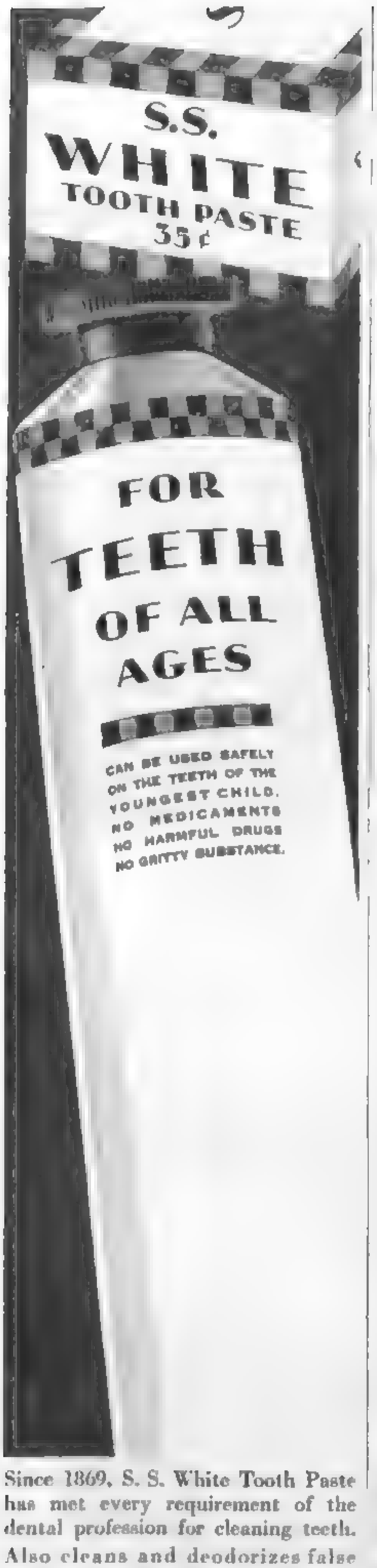

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(Continued from Page 102)

and then you can judge if I've got possibilities. Anyhow, I've got nice legs."

"They've been plenty in evidence," said Brant. "Sure I'll come. What time?"

"Six-thirty."

"How about me?" asked Dick Bumpus.

"You won't be hungry," said the Orphan, "and besides, you've seen me wear a dress."

"Oh, yes, I remember. That was at— "

"Shut up," said the Orphan, and ran up the steps and into the house, which dawn had not yet commenced to lighten. The two young men proceeded to the jail, but were stopped some hundred yards from it by a mounted trooper.

"Who are you and where are you going?" he asked.

"From the capital. Special prosecutor to handle this mess," said Dick.

"Let's take a squint at the papers," said the trooper.

Dick grinned at Brant. "They seem to be taking precautions," he said.

"Nobody gets within a hundred yards of this jail without showing cause," said the officer. "O. K. Go ahead. The skipper's in the office."

It was not simple to arrive in the jail office, but they succeeded in passing the guards and coming to the presence of the captain and in introducing themselves.

"Arrests been made?" asked Dick.

"Quite a batch. Got 'em all out of bed. Sort of surprised 'em, I cal'late. Got Kay and Diston and the whole kit and bilin'."

"Good. Hang onto them."

"Twenty troopers around this hoosegow," said the captain. "I guess we can manage."

"Then," said Dick, "we can go home and take a nap. How about it, doc?"

"An epoch-marking notion. . . . See you in the morning, captain. Good night."

They got again into Brant's car. "And that," said the doctor, "is that. All over but the shouting."

"Looks so. But don't forget supper with the Orphan in your excitement."

"No fear," said the doctor. "Poor kid. I hate to see her growing up harum-scarum, with nobody in charge."

"She'll come to a bad end," said Dick. "I can prophesy it. It's nearer than any of us suspect."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the doctor, with sudden anxiety. "What do you know?"

"It's confidential. But I bet you'll find out for yourself if you keep your eyes open. Night, doc. Sleep tight, and dream of me."

"Night," said the doctor, and on his way home he worried a great deal about the thing at which his friend had hinted. "What," he asked himself again and again, "was threatening the Orphan?" As he went into the house, Mrs. Widget, his housekeeper, met him at the door in a state of perturbation.

"Perty carryin's-on," she said. "Don't ye never cal'late to git acquainted with your bed? All times of day and night. Where's that Peddy Orphan?"

"In bed, I hope."

"She come gallivantin' in here last night all of a quiver, wantin' to know where you was. Never see sich a piece! When I told her you'd left for the mill, she like to of throwed a conniption fit on the floor."

"She's an energetic child," said the doctor.

"Child!" exclaimed Mrs. Widget, and vanished into the kitchen.

That day Doctor Perkins devoted to what cat naps he could catch between the demands of mumps and measles and broken legs and boils. But at six o'clock he put on the evening clothes which had carried him successfully through his years in college and hospital. They were not new, but he wore them with determination and as a sort of object lesson. It was, he felt, his duty to demonstrate to this hoydenish child how a gentleman should conduct himself when calling upon a lady. Nor was he without qualms as to what would happen when she kept her promise to receive him in skirts. There was a certain piquance about the young person as she rushed about the village in khaki knickerbockers. Somehow they suited her, but what would become of her charm when it was adorned in the habiliments of her sex. Who had there been to guide her taste? He rather dreaded the moment, but determined manfully to make the best of it, and, if opportunity offered, to direct her tactfully and with his impeccable judgment into less tomboyish and more élite ways of life. He finished tying his tie and went down where Mrs. Widget met him with hands folded on ample stomach and regarded him with awe.

"If ye don't look fur all the world like a black gander," she said admiringly, with which compliment ringing in his ears he entered his car and drove out to the Peddy house. This was one of those large, old-fashioned places which have more rooms on the ground floor than the family ever know what to do with, and into one of these he was directed by the hired girl, who told him that Miss Priscilla would be down right away.

Priscilla! He smiled wryly. Of all names for the Orphan, that was, with its implications, quite the most unsuitable. So her name was Priscilla. It just occurred to him that he had never known her first name. It was absurd that she should be named Priscilla, and somehow the fact made him uncomfortable. Just what name he would have chosen for her he did not know, but this one made a sort of unpleasant joke of the whole thing. He did not sit down but paced the room uneasily.

Presently he heard a light step on the stairs in the hall and turned with perturbation to watch her entrance. And then she stood in the broad doorway!

Doctor Perkins blinked. He opened his mouth to speak and was unable to close it. He thrust his head forward and stared, and knew what it means to suffer from shock. And then he decided he had made a mistake and that the Orphan must have an older sister who had been granted superior advantages.

What he saw was quite enough to upset a young man who was expecting it, but to one who expected to have to withstand the sight of someone of whom he was very fond making her appearance as a dowdy, it was devastating. It was a dress of silver and worn as a princess might have worn it. Her short hair might have been done but an hour before in the Ritz! Her face was the face of the Orphan, but not the face of the Orphan, for it seemed somehow to be older, more knowledgeable, more dignified and more beautiful. In one way or another Doctor Perkins had observed a number of great ladies, but never had he seen one who carried herself with more certainty and charm and manner. He took *half* a step forward.

Then, strangely, he felt affronted and shook his finger at her quarrelsomely.

"Now look here ——" he began.

"Won't you sit down, doctor?" she asked pleasantly.

"I—what d'ye mean anyhow—letting me make a fool of myself? I—you ——"

"Do you need so much help to make a fool of yourself?" she asked sweetly. "And aren't you a trifle incoherent, if you know what I mean?"

"Are you—now, no nonsense! I won't have it! Are you really the Peddy Orphan?"

"Accept no substitutes," she said demurely.

"How old are you? Answer me!"

"Does a gentleman ask such a question?"

"He does, and he's going to find out. Answer me!"

"Twenty-one, please, sir."

"Then"—he fumbled helplessly—"then ——"

"Then what?" she asked.

He merely muttered something in his throat which was not distinguishable by her as any observation whatever. "What you meant to say was," she said straightly, "that in that case you wouldn't have to wait so long."

"Yes—no! What are you talking about? So long for what?"

"To marry me," she said briskly. "That's the general idea, isn't it? Or have you been leading me on and deceiving me?"

"I—I've never mentioned such a thing. I've never even hinted at it."

"You let me hang around all I wanted to and took me for rides and everything. Doesn't that mean something? I tell you it is pretty significant. You toll me on and—and lure me and everything, and now you have the face to stand there and say you didn't mean a word of it. Fine person you are to talk to me about being a lady!"

"I didn't—I didn't do any such thing. You know it. You were just a girl—er—in pants, and I was years and years older than you ——"

"And much more presentable socially," she said. "You really are very presentable; though you can't tie a tie. But I'll see to that."

"Eh?"

"When we're married, I mean. I'll get you up so you won't reflect on me. I took a course in it."

"What are you talking about?" For once in his life Doctor Brant Perkins was all loose ends and no middle.

"Special course at Vassar in how to turn a husband into a gentleman."

"I suppose you went to Vassar too. Go ahead. Pile it on."

"Class of 1927," she said. "Oh, I'm educated and everything. I've been as far as New York, and once I was in Paris."

"But—but why did you act that way? What made you bamboozle me? It wasn't fair. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you what? That I was a cultured young person of taste and beauty who really was quite worthy to be your wife?"

"Please. Please!"

"All right," she said; "you got yourself into this mess. Now get out of it."

"I crawl. I—I don't know how to get out of it."

"You might commence," she said, "by taking four headlong steps in this direction."

He did so.

"Now you might put your left arm around my shoulders—not clumsy like that, but as if you meant it. Um-m. . . . Fair for a beginner. And now you might look down into my face, which is pillowed on your shoulder, and say something to justify the position."

He had done all these things mechanically, but now he clutched her as if she were not at all fragile and his jaw set and his eyes grew quite fierce.

"Orphan! Orphan! Do you mean it, or is this more play-acting?" He shook her. "Do you love me, or don't you? Say!"

"It is usual for a gentleman to declare his devotion first. It says so in the book."

"Book be hanged!" said the doctor. "Do you love me or not?"

"If," she said, "you weren't an idiot you'd have known it months ago. I hate the kind of a man that keeps a girl waiting."

He did not keep her waiting.

Presently she emerged from his toils. "Just as I said to the governor," she observed—"awful slow starting, but a bear cat when you get in motion. Let's have dinner before Dick shows up. I told him he might come in and congratulate us."

"I suppose he knew all about it."

"To be sure; so did everybody else in Kidder's Dam but you. It's been open and notorious. But it would have been pretty tough for me if you hadn't come to scratch."

"I suppose you were in doubt about that," he observed ironically.

"You never know," she said, "till the vote's counted. Even if there's only one vote."

"This election was crooked," he said. "The people never had a chance."

"By the way," she said, "there's been a formality neglected."

"What?"

"You haven't informed me of the state of your affections."

"They're permanent," he said.

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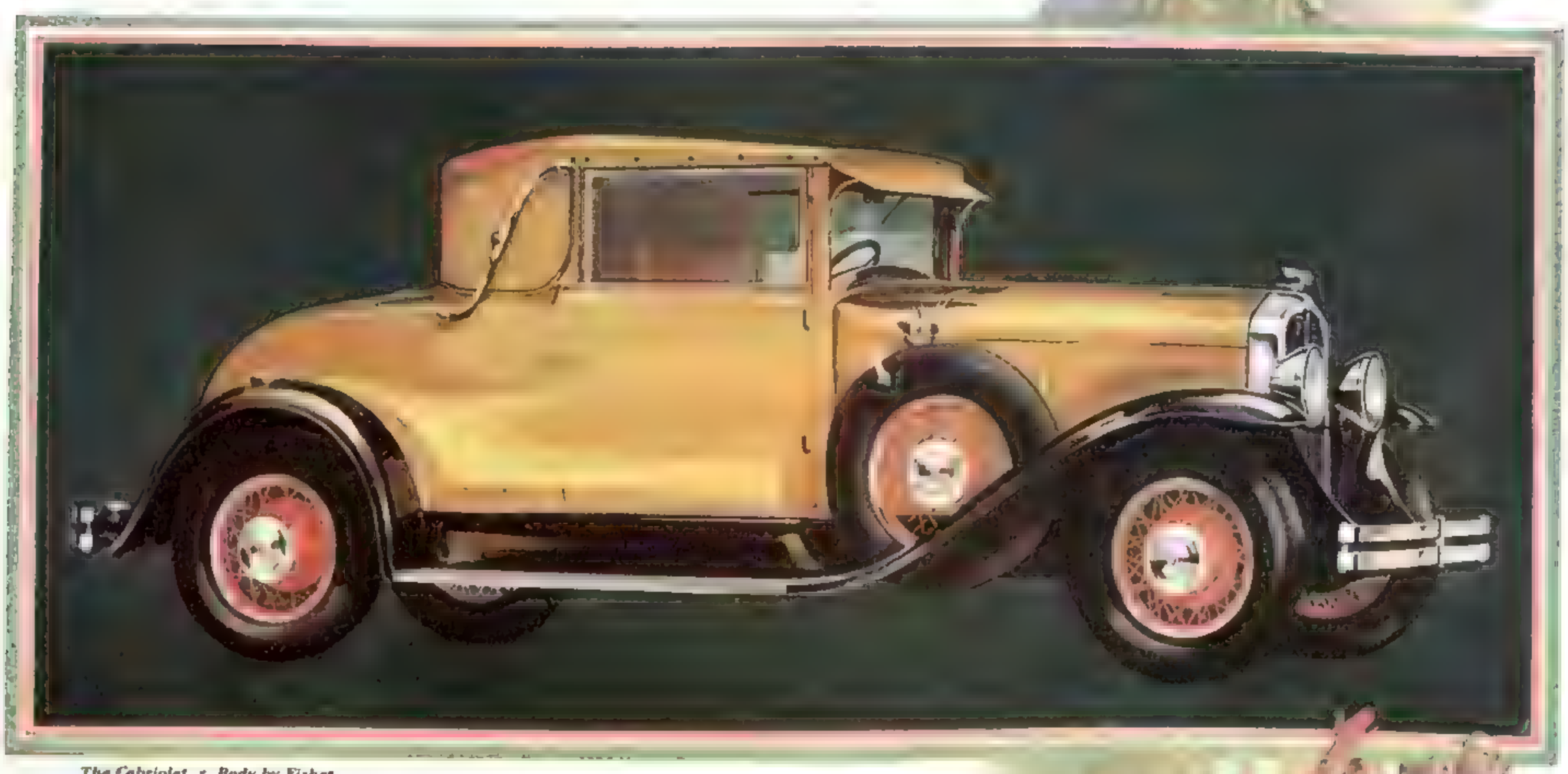

The Cabriolet — Body by Fisher

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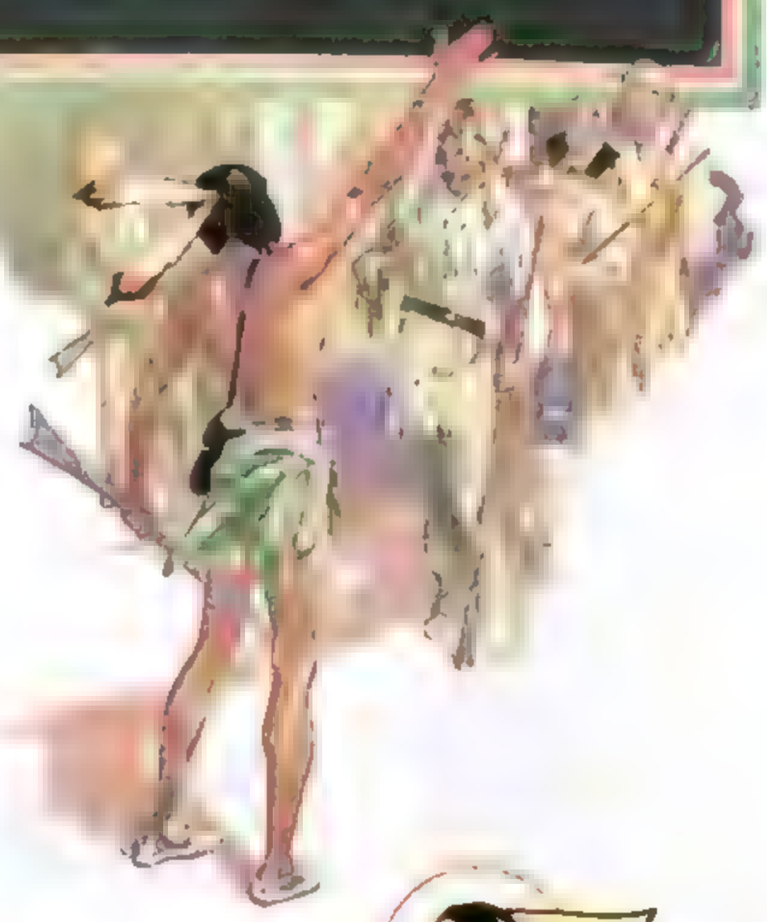

The New PONTIAC BIG SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

THE MILLION-POUND DEPOSIT

(Continued from Page 33)

"My dear, I know nothing about him," was Dutley's dry acknowledgment. "He may be a millionaire. A great many people say so—among whom himself. I know nothing about financiers or their habits. I hope I haven't kept you in from a party?"

"Only a stupid one. Where have you been to all day?"

"Well, I had dinner with your friend, the generous donor of floral offerings, an hour ago."

Lucille raised her eyebrows. "Impossible, my dear Charles. Sigismund went up to Leeds this morning early. He sent me a note to say so."

"So it was Leeds," Dutley murmured. "Well, well! Anyhow, you see, I happened to be there, too, this afternoon, and we came back on the same train."

"I think it was very nice of him to have dinner with you," she remarked. "Please leave off wandering round the room and sit down. Come and sit on the sofa, if you want to. Would you like some coffee?"

"Had it on the train, thanks. I'll have a whisky and soda later. So De Brest sent you all these flowers! A declared admirer, eh?"

"Don't be stupid! He's been that for a long time. What did you go to Leeds for?"

"Just to have a look at the works—make sure that the wheels were going round, you know—incidentally to see Grace."

"How is she?"

"She's all right in health, I think, but she is very bored, very discontented, and very worried about her father."

"What's the matter with Sir Matthew?"

Dutley polished his eyeglass carefully.

"I don't know yet," he confided. "I shall find out presently. I say, you're not thinking of chucking me for this fellow De Brest, are you?"

"Don't be absurd!"

"Well, it does seem rather a silly notion. I may not be so decorative, but I'm a much better sort of fellow than he is."

Lucille drew herself a little away from her companion's encircling arm.

"Are you indeed? What have you done in the world, I should like to know?"

"Come to that, what's he done?"

"He's made a great deal of money entirely on his own initiative," Lucille affirmed. "He told me only yesterday that his father was a poor man. The day he made his first million, he flew over to Amsterdam and bought the house his father and mother lived in. He's having it furnished for when he's at home."

"Very sporting of him," Dutley murmured. "I wonder what he'll do when he makes his second."

"You're impossible!" Lucille exclaimed, almost angrily. "I admire success in any man, and it's no use your being grumpy about Siggie De Brest, because if he likes to send me flowers I shall accept them, and if I want to see him I shall."

"I don't mean to lose sight of him myself."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Nothing. We're the greatest possible pals. He is going to make a fortune for me if I behave nicely and pawn my shares."

"There isn't going to be any more nonsense, is there?"

"Not likely. Let's drop the young man for a time. I've had an hour and half in the railway train with him. I'd rather just tell you how charming you're looking."

Her hands caressed his cheek for a moment. She looked searchingly into his eyes.

"You've changed somehow the last day or two, Charles," she said. "What's the matter? You're not worrying or anything, are you?"

He hesitated. For a single moment he found himself wishing that it were Grace inviting his confidence. Lucille would be properly sympathetic, of course, but there wasn't one chance in a thousand that she would really understand the black thoughts which were haunting his brain.

"I'm all right," he assured her. "London's a bit strange to me, you know—London clothes, manners, habits, and everything. If you'd spent several months in a shirt—not the same shirt—and a pair of riding breeches, with a spot of trouble about most days, it would make you sort of jumpy to get back here, with a policeman at every turn and even the dogs muzzled. Where's Ronnie tonight?"

"Staying in because I told him that you were coming. He said he wanted to see you."

A servant made a discreet entrance with whisky and soda. Lucille turned toward him.

"Tell Mr. Ronald that Lord Dutley is here," she directed.

"Would you like me to go back and change, and have an hour at the Embassy?" Dutley suggested.

She shook her head. "Not tonight, I think. You look a little tired, and a night off won't do me any harm."

Ronnie presently made his appearance. His prospective brother-in-law welcomed him with a scowl.

"I say, what are you knocking my shares about like this for?" Dutley demanded.

The young man was, for him, grave. He sat on the edge of the table with his hands in his trousers pockets.

"No one understands what's happening, Charles," he confided. "To tell you the truth, I wondered whether you could tell us anything. You've just got back from the works, I hear. There are all sorts of rumors about."

"As for instance?"

"Well, they say that since your chemist was shot, your people haven't made the right stuff, and that there's a lot of spoiled merchandise to come on the market. The shares were down to seventy-two at five o'clock. They rallied a little, but closed weakish at seventy-three. If this goes on your board will have to issue a statement."

"Why should we?"

"My dear fellow!" Ronnie remonstrated. "What about your shareholders? Think of the cold shivers you're giving them. Naturally, they want to know if there's anything wrong. Apart from all that," the young man went on, after a brief hesitation, "before you issue the statement, there's the personal side of the matter. You don't want your pals to be left in the cart, do you? If you could really give us some definite information, it would help us a lot. We handle a great deal of your stock, you know, and clients have been ringing us up all day."

"I don't think I could tell you any more than you know already, Ronnie," Dutley decided, after a moment's reflection.

The young man changed his position impatiently.

"But I say," he expostulated, "surely you can tell me, for instance, as a pal, whether it's true about all this bad stuff, and how long it's going on? We don't know where we are. I don't mind telling you that we've had a very formidable bear account opened against Boothroyd's in the last few days—a pool, I think it is, run by a very shrewd financier. Then I told you about the little man who came and tried to start one with us. I heard quite incidentally that he'd opened one with Hartupp's, and no small one either. Ever heard of him, I wonder? Thomas Ryde his name is."

Dutley, who was neat-fingered as a rule, was unexpectedly clumsy. He dropped his cigarette upon the floor. He recovered it, however, immediately.

"I seem to have heard the name," he replied, stooping to brush the cigarette ash from his trousers. "I don't know the man."

"Well, where does he get his information from, I wonder?" Ronnie speculated.

He slipped from his place, poured some whisky into a glass, and added a splash of soda. He passed the tumbler to Dutley and mixed another drink for himself.

"I think you'd better have a talk to dad before you go, Charles," he continued. "A fall of over ten shillings in shares like Boothroyd's is enough to upset the whole market. Before you leave, though, I'll tell you something else that will surprise you. You know that Sir Matthew was up the other day?"

Dutley nodded. "He came to see me."

"Well, he's selling shares—Boothroyd shares—selling them for delivery, not on an account. Not many people know that, fortunately, or things would be even worse. The managing director of the firm! What do you think of that, Charles?"

"I knew it," was the quiet acknowledgment.

"You knew that Sir Matthew was selling shares?"

"He was perfectly honest. He came up to town to tell me so."

There was a brief silence. The young man opened and shut his cigarette case with a snap. A servant entered the room with a note on a salver, which he carried across to Lucille.

"A district messenger is waiting for a reply, miss," he announced.

Lucille tore open the envelope. She sat for a moment afterward thinking. Then she rose to her feet and came over to Dutley.

"Can you guess whom my note is from?" she asked. "It's from Sigismund De Brest."

"Sigismund, eh? More flowers?"

"Don't be silly! How could he send flowers at this time of the night? He wants me to lunch at the Ritz tomorrow to meet his aunt, the Princess Enterfeldt, and his brother."

"Quite a family party," Dutley observed.

"You don't want me to go?"

"I want you to do whatever you'd like to do," he assured her. "I'm afraid I've already disclosed my feelings toward the young man, but I'm not old-fashioned enough to attempt to thrust my prejudices upon anyone else."

"I should rather like to meet the princess," Lucille admitted tentatively. "She gives wonderful parties at Deauville in the summer "

"De Brest is becoming quite an important client of ours," Ronnie put in.

"In which case, please don't hesitate," Dutley begged.

Lucille turned away and scribbled a reply, which she handed to the servant. Dutley glanced at the clock and rose to his feet.

"If I'm going to pay my respects to your father," he said, "I think I ought to be getting along."

"Come back and say good night to me if I'm up," Lucille invited, as the two young men left the room.

Mr. Bessiter was, apparently, not in the best of tempers. He was a handsome man, still in the fifties, with a quick, nervous manner which at times ran to irritability.

"How are you, Charles—how are you?" he welcomed him. "Did you go up to Leeds?"

"Got back this evening, sir," Dutley replied, sinking into an easy-chair.

"I'm very glad to see you; very relieved," Mr. Bessiter confided. "I suppose you've seen the papers. There's a regular run against Boothroyd's. The bears are rampant. Couldn't have believed such a thing possible. What's it all about? Do you know what Boothroyd's finished up at tonight?"

"Yes, I heard," Dutley acknowledged. "Somewhere about seventy-two or three, eh?"

"And weak at that. Furthermore, as well as the bear account which one of our own clients has opened against you, people who ought to know are absolutely selling the shares for delivery in large blocks."

"I've told Charles about Sir Matthew," Ronnie put in.

"Well, there you are then," his father continued, sitting up in his place. "I've got to ask you a straight question, Charles. Tell us what's wrong, for heaven's sake. Your own managing director selling shares as fast as he can! The position's incredible."

Dutley was looking almost as worried as he felt. He helped himself to the inevitable consolation—a cigarette—and took a gulp of the whisky and soda which he had brought with him from the other room.

"I think I know what the idea is," he announced at last, "but as to telling you exactly what it is that's wrong—well, I don't know. I'm afraid I can't do that."

There was an ominous silence. It was perfectly obvious that Mr. Bessiter senior was becoming slowly very angry indeed. Ronnie, on the other hand, was a little staggered. The situation was beyond him. It was his father who spoke at last, with great deliberation.

"You know what is wrong with the affairs of your house, Dutley, you know that we are involved on behalf of clients both ways, and you decline to take us into your confidence."

"I'm afraid that's about it," Dutley acknowledged. "You see, I've come into this mess rather unexpectedly, and it's taken me some time to adjust my bearings, but I do see this—a man like myself, who by inheritance owns part of a great business to the workings of which the public have intrusted their money, has to think first and always of those people. You're both my dear friends. I am hoping to become connected with your family. That does not affect the matter. I do not think you must ask me questions my answer to which might prejudice the position of shareholders in the firm."

"Good Lord!" Mr. Bessiter muttered hopelessly.

"Charles, are you crazy?" Ronnie exclaimed. "Have you gone off the deep end altogether? We're not living in the Middle Ages. Surely you can answer a few simple questions?"

"I would rather not answer the question you have put to me."

Mr. Bessiter helped himself to a stiff drink. He placed the tumbler by his side and deliberately filled a pipe.

"Dutley," he said, "I have always looked upon you as an amiable and a likable young fellow. My daughter happens to approve of you, and I shall be delighted to welcome you into the family, but I tell you frankly I don't want Lucille to marry either a Quixote or a fool. We have come up against a question where our interests are vital. After hours this evening we received by telegram from Leeds, which is practically your headquarters, an order to sell Boothroyd's from opening time until closing time tomorrow at such prices as the jobbers will make. This comes from a client who is already interested in the pool Ronnie has probably told you about, who has an international reputation as a shrewd financier, and whose checks we have seen honored for hundreds of thousands of pounds. What is behind that commission, Charles Dutley? What do you suppose we are going to do?"

"Carry out your client's instructions, if you are sure he is a sound man and that you will make money by doing so," was Dutley's calm advice. "I can't help you "

"But can't you see," Mr. Bessiter insisted, "that when a clever man sends us an order like that, it must be that he has some special inside knowledge? He must know that Boothroyd's is going down. If he knows it, you must know it too. Why not own up? You can do no good among your friends by adopting this attitude. We want to help you. I'd like to help you get out—help you to get a decent price on a portion of your shares, at any rate. You must remember that, coupled with all this, we know through a private source that Sir Matthew, although he's too clever to come to us, is selling his shares through half a dozen brokers."

Continued on Page 110

On being a Diplomat ... as diploma time approaches

Published in the hope that an ELGIN WATCH commemorates your graduation

Naturally, you can't just march up to that mother or father of yours and say in so many words that you'd like an Elgin watch for graduation.

But would you mind our suggesting it?

That's what these pages are for . . . just to remind the busy race of parents of an obvious fact that might have otherwise escaped them. Now, of course, they might not see this display, there's always the chance of that. But, of course, you might see to it that they don't miss seeing it . . . That's where being a diplomat comes in.

If ever you've thought of an Elgin for your graduation present (and who hasn't?) you'll be more eager than ever now. For never have there been so many exquisite Elgins. Never has the mechanism of a watch been cased with such beauty and variety. Somewhere in this array of watches . . . the largest in the world, foreign or American, is precisely the watch to carry the sentiment of your graduation day into the years to come. For the name Elgin is still, as always, the watchword of the watch world. Near you is an Elgin jeweler ready with your graduation present. Prices range from $19 to $350.

Numerals enameled on outside of case . $24

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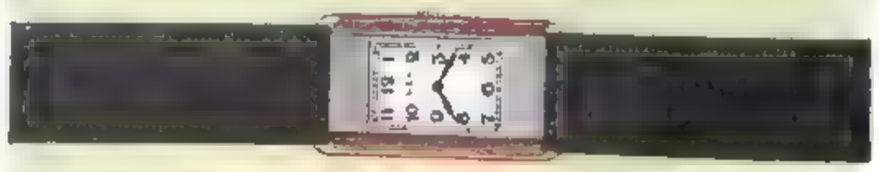
ELGIN LEGIONNAIRES, $19 to $28.50. Famous legionnaires . . . like Major-General Mason M. Patrick, who commanded the air forces with the A. E. F., and Admiral Hugh Rodman, who commanded the Battleship Squadron of the Grand Fleet and later the Pacific Fleet . . . have said some interesting things about the famous Elgin Legionnaire. And so would you, if you wore one. We hope you will—it's the perfect graduation present.

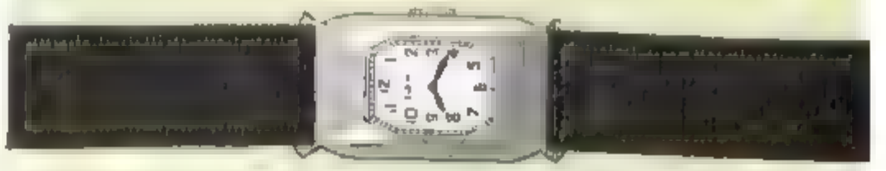
Lucien Lelong model. Fashioned with black enamel . $35



Red and blue enamel brightens this Lelong model . . $35

New angles on the old subject, timekeeping. Lelong . $35

The round dial much seen 'round Paris. Also Lelong . $35



Another of the new Lelong models. Smartly engraved . $35

Parisienne by Louiseboulanger, navy blue enamel . . $35

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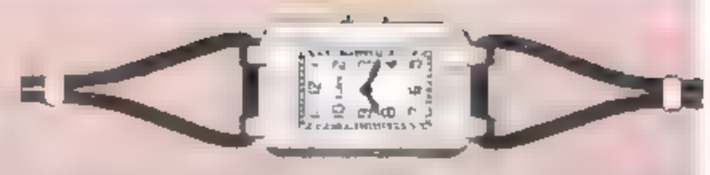
ELGIN PARISIENNES, $35. They're entitled to their chic . . . weren't their cases designed in Paris by stylists of international fame? By Lelong, Premet, Jenny, and many more of similar standing. And with this lovely French style is faithful Elgin timekeeping.

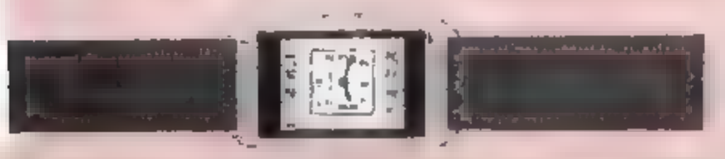
Engraved case. Filigree bracelet $32.50



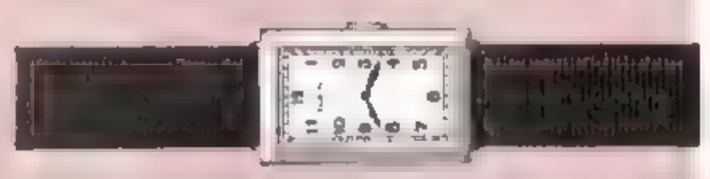
15 jewels. 14 karat case. Silken thong . . $65

15 jewel movement. With mesh bracelet . . $55

Genuine diamonds, synthetic sapphires . . $175

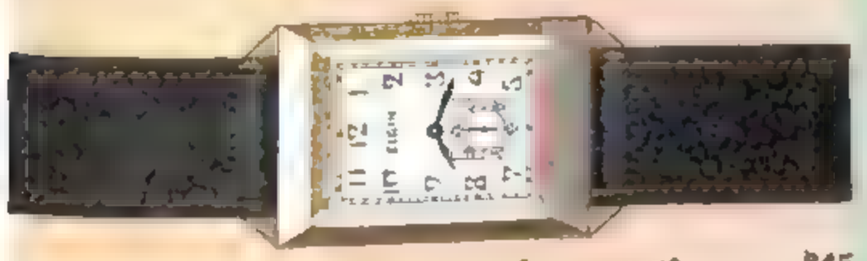


26 diamonds. 18 karat white gold case . . $250

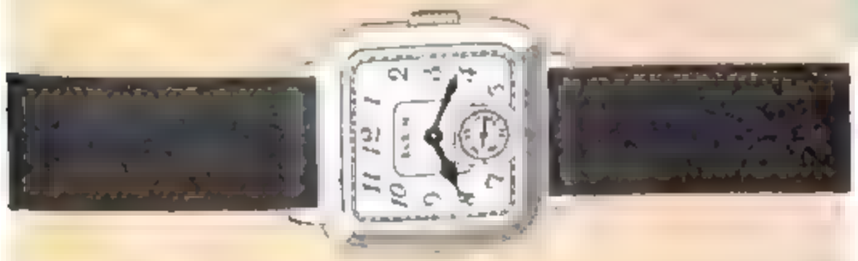


15 jewel movement in 14 karat case . . . $60

Square, modern, masculine! 15 jewel movement . . . $44



Smart masculine simplicity. 15 jewel movement . . . $45



17 jewel movement. Embossed dial $50

Smart and conservative new Elgin $25

THE AMERICAN EFFICIENCY SERIES

Charles H. Markham model. 17 jewels, adjusted . . . $41

Harvey Firestone model 17 jewels, adjusted $41

AMERICAN EFFICIENCY MODELS, $41. Two of a series named in honor of American business leaders —such men as Harvey Firestone, President, Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., Charles H. Markham, Chairman of the Board of the Illinois Central Railroad System.

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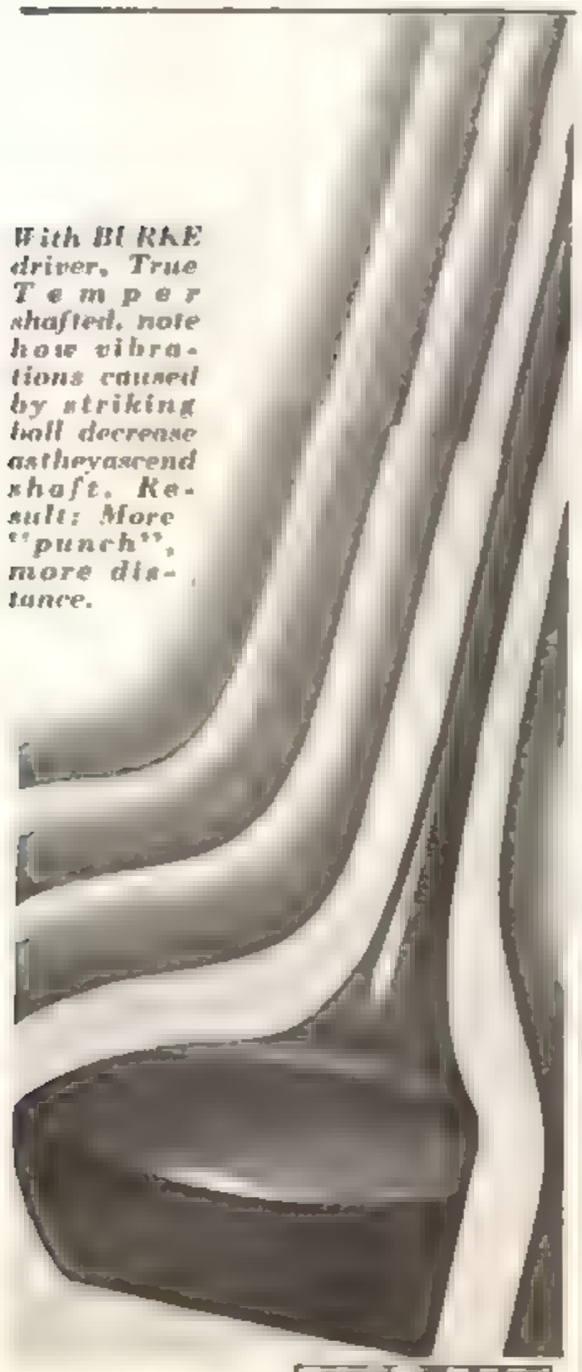

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THE BURKE GOLF CO., DEPT. A1, NEWARK, OHIO

(Continued from Page 107)

"Well, it's all beyond me," Dutley acknowledged, rising to his feet. "If you don't mind, I'll say good night."

"You're not going away like this?" Mr. Bessiter exclaimed, the anger flaming in his eyes.

"I don't see what else to do," was the despairing reply. "If I happen to know any secrets connected with my firm, simply because I am chairman of the directors and have a right to know them, I can't tell you what they are for market purposes, because that's what it amounts to, as I see it. I may be wrong—I know you think I'm a fool, and I probably am—but, you see, it comes to a man now and then in life that he's got to do what he thinks is right, whether he's making a mistake or not. I haven't a word to say to you, except good night. Don't bother to come to the door, Ronnie, unless you want to."

Dutley crossed the room with that sudden, stealthily swift stride of his which he had learned in the East. Bessiter looked after him with cold fury in his eyes.

"Perhaps you're not such a fool as you look!" he spat out. "Perhaps you think you can get rid of your shares better through another market."

Dutley turned back from the door.

"Mr. Bessiter," he said, "I am thankful that you have made one statement to which I can reply. I own five hundred thousand shares in Boothroyd Limited. I have not sold a single one, nor do I propose to do so."

Mr. Bessiter dropped his pipe. Ronnie stared at the closed door with open mouth. The next thing they heard was Dutley's clear voice in the hall:

"Thank you, Johnson, no. If Miss Lucille's gone upstairs, I won't wait. No taxi, thanks. I see it isn't raining. I'd rather walk home."

XIV

"BURDETT," his master confided, as he lit his after-breakfast pipe on the following morning, "we're off again."

In spirit the man groaned. Nine months in Abyssinia, which he loathed, and barely three days in London, which he adored! Well-trained servant though he was, his face fell.

"Very good, My Lord," he said. "Where to, and what sort of kit?"

"I shall require," Dutley explained, "two ready-made suits of clothes, not ridiculously ill-fitting, but of cheap material, a bowler hat and a cap, linen to match, boots which must have some sort of a rubber sole"

Burdett stared at his master.

"I don't quite understand, My Lord," he confessed. "Do you wish me to procure these things?"

"I do, and before eleven o'clock. This little adventure into which we are tumbling, Burdett, will not greatly concern you. You will, as a matter of fact, spend the greater part of your time here."

Burdett tried to conceal his pleasure, although his sense of bewilderment had rather increased.

"I'll go straight to a ready-made place in the Strand for the clothes, My Lord," he said. "You'll perhaps give me further instructions when I return."

"Did you ever hear, Burdett, of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde?"

"Can't say that I did, My Lord," the man admitted, puzzled. "There was a Bob Hyde who kept the Sun Inn in High Street."

"These were creatures of fiction," Dutley explained—"the same man really, inhabiting two personalities. Do you follow that, Burdett?"

"No, My Lord."

Dutley scratched his chin for a moment.

"Somehow I didn't think you would," he remarked, "but what is going to happen is this, Burdett! I'm out on an adventure, here in London, and while I'm engaged in it I shall arrive here at all hours of the day or night, and, so far as any visitors are concerned, I shall be out of town. It will be your duty to keep the servants from talking and to be on hand to receive me at all times. You understand that?"

"Perfectly, My Lord."

"To continue: When you have brought me the clothes, you will take me what is, I believe, known as a bed-sitting room, and a bathroom if possible, right down in the City, in the neighborhood of Thugwell Row, near Cannon Street. Better get a room for yourself there, too, in case I want you occasionally. Charles Dennis, my name is, and if it is possible to get hip pockets in the two suits of clothes, do so"

Burdett looked grave.

"Is this going to be a job of that sort, My Lord?" he inquired.

"I'm rather afraid it may turn out so," his master admitted. "There's a very unpleasant man going about I want to keep my eye on."

"You'll pardon me, My Lord, but in this country, wouldn't it be better to leave an affair of that sort to the police?"

"Naturally it would," Dutley acknowledged, "but, you see, in this case, Burdett, although I can't say that I'm up against the police, we're both working from a different angle, and for different ends. They'd spoil my pitch, and I should probably queer theirs if we worked together."

"But surely, My Lord," Burdett ventured, "if it is a criminal, or criminals, you want to track down, you wouldn't—forgive me, My Lord—have a chance against the police with all their detective force."

"I pass over the insinuation, Burdett," Dutley remarked, with a twinkle in his eye, "but, you see, there's just one thing you can pit against skill and brains every time—that's luck. And, concerning this matter, Burdett, just a slight stroke of luck has put me on the track of two at least of the men I want. If I handed over my information to the police, however, they'd probably make excellent use of it, but I should never get what I'm after. That's why I'm thinking of working alone. Is the car there?"

"Certainly, My Lord."

Dutley rose, and knocked out his pipe. "I'm going round to the gunsmith's," he announced. "Back in an hour if anyone wants me."

"You'll give me full instructions about letters and replies to inquiries and such things, later, My Lord?" the man asked.

"When I come back."

"And you'll forgive me, but if this business is going to lead to any scrapping, hadn't I better stick close and let Mrs. Bulwell and Robert look after the house? We've got out of a good many tight corners together, My Lord, but it's needed two of us sometimes."

"Quite right," Dutley acquiesced. "I may have to pull you in, Burdett, but just at present I'm doing a little scouting first, you see, before I make my pounce."

The man coughed slightly.

"You don't think, My Lord," he ventured apologetically, "that you being good enough at a scrap when all's clear ahead but not being used to this hole-in-the-corner business, the other side might do the pouncing if they got to know what you were after?"

Dutley nodded. "It's a perfectly sound idea. In fact, it has already occurred to me. Hence the second-rate clothes, hence an impending visit to Clarkson's. . . . Back in an hour, Burdett."

Dutley was an excellent customer of the gunsmith to whom he presently drove, and who hastened forward to greet him at his entrance. Dutley swung himself onto the counter and engaged in general conversation for a few minutes.

"I have been through your armory, My Lord," the man announced. "Two of the heavier rifles seem to have been rather badly used, but on the whole, everything is in pretty good condition. Are you thinking of starting out again already?"

"Not just yet. I came to the conclusion, though, Chester, once or twice when I was in rather tight corners, that my revolver practice needed improving and that my weapons were a little old-fashioned. Will you show me the latest thing you have in small but powerful revolvers, as flat as possible for a hip pocket?"

The man reflected.

"If you want a weapon for your usual sort of work, My Lord," he said, "I don't see how you can do better than your own."

"But I don't happen to want that sort of thing at all," Dutley confided, lighting a cigarette. "I want you to do as you've always done, Chester," he added, glancing casually but with a certain amount of meaning at the man. "I want you to supply me with what I require, ask no questions, and forget it. Automatics, I'm afraid, would be too cumbersome. I want two revolvers, sensitive but deadly weapons—something I can get up my sleeve if I want to, something more for civilized work."

"I can give you the pattern the gunmen in America are using so much," the gunmaker observed, going behind his counter. "They're deadly little weapons and we don't sell them to everyone. The police are thinking of adopting them, I believe."

Dutley made his selection and strolled into the shooting gallery, where the gunsmith watched his efforts with admiration.

"There's not many an American gunman could spot my target like that, My Lord," he said. "Have you ever tried a quick draw?"

The bullet was in the bull's-eye of the target almost before he could finish his speech.

"It's almost the best shooting I've ever seen for this class of weapon, My Lord," the man admitted.

"Almost?" Dutley murmured. "I'm rather conceited about my short-range weapons, you know, Chester."

"With good cause, too, My Lord, but there was a little man came in here some time ago, wanted very much what you asked for—a prim little figure of a man, with gold-rimmed spectacles and a precise manner. You wouldn't think he'd ever let off a gun in his life to look at him. He bought one of those and one a trifle larger. I took him into the shooting gallery, and my eyes pretty nearly dropped out of my head. It was almost trick shooting. It was just one better than yours, My Lord."

There was a moment's silence. Dutley seemed to be looking away into vacancy. Poor Rentoul! Through the heart! The watchman—through the heart again! Never a chance, either of them.

"What did a man of that type want guns for?" he inquired.

"Said he was cashier at some large works, My Lord," the gunmaker explained. "He often had an immense sum of money to get from the town for wages."

"Ah, I see! And a better shot than I am, curse him! You don't remember his name, I suppose?"

The gunmaker fetched down his day-book. "It's here somewhere, My Lord," he said. "He was in for some ammunition not long ago. Here you are: Thomas Ryde, The Towers, Greenwall Avenue."

"Very interesting," Dutley murmured. "Well, good morning, Chester."

Back in his room, Dutley was examining Burdett's purchases when the telephone bell rang.

"Miss Grace Parkinson to speak to you, My Lord," the latter announced.

Dutley took the receiver: "Hullo, Grace, you up in town? . . . Of course, you can see me. . . . What are you worried about, old dear? . . . Quite right. No secrets down the telephone. What about a spot of lunch? . . . Yes, I'm free all right. Lucille's lunching with members of the Dutch aristocracy. Ritz Grill at one o'clock—downstairs, mind. We don't want to run into royalty."

He hung up the receiver and glanced at his watch.

"You'd better see about those rooms this afternoon, Burdett," he enjoined. "I'll move in tonight, I think. If anyone asks for me, say I'm preparing to go out of town. And, Burdett ——"

"Yes, My Lord."

"Do you know where Greenwall Avenue is?"

"Yes, My Lord. Up Highgate way."

(Continued on Page 112)

First aid

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Frigidaire reduces risks that come with sultry days . . . . . .

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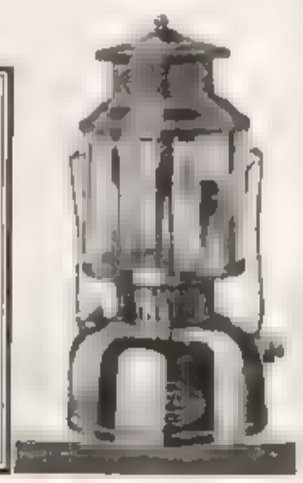

(Continued from Page 110)

"Well, I'll change my mind about those rooms," Dutley announced. "Try up there. Healthier neighborhood, I should think: plenty of fresh air and that sort of thing. Try as nearly opposite a house called The Towers as possible."

"I will make inquiries in that direction, My Lord," Burdett promised.

Grace was already waiting in the downstairs lounge of the Rita when Dutley arrived. She leaned forward and held out her hands, a slim, graceful figure, adorably neat in her simple but elegant clothes and fashionable little hat.

He felt a curious thrill as he realized the pleasure in her eyes.

"You are a dear to come," she said, "and what luck you were able to."

"Stroke of luck for me," he agreed. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing much, I suppose," she replied. "Still, life all seems so jumpy nowadays. You know we saw father on the platform last night, talking to some young man?"

"Yes, I remember that," Dutley acknowledged. "I remember the young man too."

"Well, directly the train had gone, I looked everywhere for father, but he'd left. At home I waited for dinner, and he didn't turn up. Just as I was going to bed, a taxicab man arrived with a note to Miller, the manservant, to take his clothes. There was just a message for me to say that he'd had to come up to London by the mail."

"Great Scott!" Dutley observed, summoning a waiter and ordering cocktails. "What a queer thing. He never said a word to me about coming."

"Well, what I felt was," Grace went on, "that as I'm only down in Leeds to look after him, if he chooses to come up to London, I thought I might come too. So here I am. But that isn't the quaintest part of it."

"It's the pleasantest part, anyway," Dutley declared.

"You dear!" she murmured, patting his hand. "Now, listen. You know, don't you, that for thirty years father has never stayed anywhere except at the —— Hotel. We've all begged him to change to another every time we've been to London. Mother used to get absolutely furious, but there it was. There was no moving him. He's like a little czar there. I think they even consult him before they dismiss a servant. Well, of course I marched in there when I arrived this morning. No, Sir Matthew wasn't staying there; certainly hadn't slept there last night. They hadn't seen him for days. Now, what in the name of all that's amazing, Charles, can have induced him, after thirty years of persecution from his womenkind, voluntarily to change his hotel?"

"Queer thing," Dutley acquiesced. "Have you rung up the London office?"

"I have. I rang them up when I rang you. He hasn't been there and they weren't expecting him."

"There is no doubt whatever," Dutley declared, as he moved a little closer to her side, "that life just now has taken on a complex and mysterious turn. It is a most providential thing that our supplies gave out and that I did not stay any longer in Abyssinia."

"You dear man, what difference are you going to make?" she asked.

He was silent for a moment. She had a vague idea that she had hurt him. When he replied, however, his manner was just as usual.

"Well, I'm here to share the racket anyway," he said simply. "Where are you staying, then, Grace?"

"Oh, I went to Smith's; very dull and very respectable, but the best place for me alone. I have a little bedroom and sitting room; look as though they came out of a doll's house. Charles, you're not on the committee of the management of the works, are you—not even as an honorary member?"

"Not likely," he replied. "They meet every week. I shouldn't be any good there."

"Well, do you know what I heard in the train coming up? Everyone in the carriage was talking about it. They're discharging two thousand hands on Saturday, and the rumor is that they're going to discharge another two thousand on Saturday week. The new factory's going to be closed down altogether. They're doubling their output of some sort of yarn and making scarcely any of the regular goods."

Grace saw suddenly a new expression in Dutley's face. It came and went in a second. It left behind a smoldering anger.

"I think your father should have told me before he took a step like that," he said. "However, it can't be helped. He knows best, I suppose. Let's go in to luncheon."

They rose to their feet. In the doorway, they met face to face a trio of newcomers on their way to the cocktail lounge. There was a moment of constraint. Lucille, with a sprig of tuberoses pinned in her smart black jacket, took charge of affairs. The Baron de Brest was upon one side and Ronnie on the other.

"Grace, how too bad of you not to let us know that you were coming to town," she complained. "Good morning, Charles. Are we on speaking terms, or aren't we? You never came in to wish me good night."

"I received a pretty plain hint not to," Dutley replied. "Besides, I think you had gone upstairs when I left."

"You took the governor too seriously," Ronnie intervened. "He can't bear anyone to stand up to him like that, and you must admit that you are being awkward, you know, Charles. You should spend an hour with us at the office, and you'd know how awkward. Boothroyd's were sixty-seven when I left."

"They'll be lower still tomorrow," Dutley observed. "Miss Parkinson tells me that the new factory is shutting down."

The young man gave a little gasp. He and De Brest exchanged quick glances.

"Is that authentic, Charles?" the former asked eagerly.

"Absolutely. It will be common property in a few hours' time."

With scarcely a word of excuse, the young man rushed off to the telephone. Lucille introduced De Brest to Grace. There were a few moments' casual conversation.

"You're lunching upstairs, I suppose?" Dutley remarked.

Lucille nodded. "The baron brought Ronnie up from the office to join our party," she explained.

Charles passed his arm through Grace's.

"I haven't had the pleasure of that call from you yet, Lord Dutley," De Brest ventured ingratiatingly.

"I am thinking the matter over," Dutley assured him. "See you all later."

A bowing maitre d'hôtel led the two to their table in the grillroom.

"Charles, whatever is wrong between you and Lucille?" Grace asked as they took their places.

"Oh, we had a bit of a flare-up with the family last night," he replied. "Everyone knows, of course, that there's something wrong at Boothroyd's, and old Bessiter wants the exact particulars, but I'm not telling anyone just yet. If we've got to smash, we've got to, but I don't like the idea of these gulls on the stock exchange making a fortune out of it, while our shareholders are losing their money."

"But is it as bad as that?"

"Pretty nearly, I should think, unless we get the formula back."

"Is there no chance of that?"

"Ask me in a week's time," he begged.

They ordered luncheon. Grace leaned forward

"Charles," she asked, "who is the Baron de Brest?"

"A rotter," he answered. "Why?"

She glanced around. They were at a corner table and no one else was within hearing.

"Because I feel sure I've seen him once before in Leeds," she said, "and he's exactly like the young man father was talking to last night at the station."

(Continued on Page 114)

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FREE WATERLESS COOKING RECIPE BOOK

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"Look father... I made it all myself"

THERE is a certain familiar request that fathers find it hard to refuse. It has to do with a needed new dress and it seems to come more often than it used to.

Next time that daughter of yours insists that she "hasn't a thing to wear", make her a business proposition. Offer to get her a Singer Electric and provide the materials for all the clothes she will make herself.

She may have an idea now that sewing is difficult and tedious. But let her sit down at a modern Singer and she will suddenly make the discovery that with this amazing new kind of machine, sewing is really fun! A little motor does all the work. She plans a pretty frock and with the aid of her Singer it will grow swiftly and easily to completion. With a little practice she can use the new and improved Singer attachments for all the deft details of finishing.

Patterns are so easy to follow, fabrics so lovely and so inexpensive that she will soon find she can have several smart dresses for the cost of one ready made. She will wear them twice as proudly because she made them all herself. And unless we are very much mistaken a certain father will be rather proud of having suggested the idea.

There's a very simple way to try this plan. The Singer man in your community will be glad to bring a modern Singer Electric to your home for your daughter to try, without the slightest obligation. A 'phone call to the nearest Singer Shop will bring a prompt response.

[P. S. The same idea applies to wives!]

SINGER ELECTRIC *Sewing Machines*

Singer Machines are sold only through Singer salesmen and the Company's own shops located in every community and identified by the famous red "S".

For the home not yet electrified there are modern Singer non-electrics which you can equip with Singer Motor and Singerlight when your home is wired.

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(Continued from Page 112)

"Same fellow," Dutley admitted laconically, as he picked up the wine list. "Don't let's spoil our luncheon talking about him."

XV

AT THE astonishingly early hour of half-past nine in the morning, De Brest descended from his car and rang the bell of Mr. Bessiter's house in Grosvenor Street.

"If Miss Bessiter is not up, please do not disturb her," he told the servant who opened the door. "If she happens to be down, I should like a word with her."

Evidently De Brest had reckoned without the English breakfast. He was shown into the dining room, where Mr. Bessiter and Ronnie had just concluded their meal, and Lucille was yawning in an easy-chair, with the Morning Post in her hand and a cup of tea by her side. She looked at the visitor in frankly displayed amazement.

"Been up all night?" she inquired.

"Don't be absurd," Mr. Bessiter admonished. "The baron is a man of business. I bet, as a rule, he's about before any of us."

"In Amsterdam," the young banker declared solemnly, "I am in my offices before eight o'clock."

"Have some breakfast," Ronnie invited. "There's some fish and bacon on the sideboard—tea and coffee too. Anything you fancy."

"Thank you," the other refused. "I can rise early, but I cannot eat early. I came with just a little piece of news I thought might interest mademoiselle."

Lucille glanced up from her paper.

"What is it?" she asked languidly. "Nothing much interests me nowadays."

"I called this morning, out of sheer kindness," De Brest went on, making his way as near as possible to Lucille, "to have a word with Lord Dutley. I had a proposition to put before him of a most advantageous nature. His house had the appearance of being partially dismantled. The door was opened by a black man. He informed me that Lord Dutley and his personal servant have departed on an expedition."

"Just what he would do!" Ronnie muttered.

Lucille laid down her newspaper. "Where is this expedition?" she asked.

"The black man did not know. All that he was sure of was that it was not to Abyssinia, or his master would have taken him."

Ronnie turned to his sister.

"You were talking to Charles yesterday at the Ritz, while I was on the telephone. Did he say anything about going away?"

"Only vaguely. I think he said that London didn't seem to be any place for him, or something of that sort."

"It is an easy way of facing trouble," De Brest sneered.

"Look here," Lucille expostulated, sitting up, "you're all down upon poor Charles. Remember, he's never pretended to have anything to do with the business. He's completely out of the show in a commercial crisis like this. He didn't run away during the war, did he?"

There was a moment's silence. De Brest flushed a little.

"It is to be remembered," he said stiffly, "that I was of a neutral country. It is only lately that I have become a naturalized Englishman."

"I'm not criticizing," Lucille assured him, "only I think you're all rather rough on poor Charles. He can do no good here. He never pretended to have any brains, and he must be bored and worried to death with it all. Why shouldn't he clear out if he wants to? Father's angry with him and has practically forbidden him the house. Ronnie's furious with him because he won't tell him the little he does know about the business, and I suppose in a way I am angry with him too. Why shouldn't he go and do the only thing he loves doing?"

"Personally," De Brest announced, "I welcome his departure. If he had remained here I should have tried to have done him a good action. As he has gone—well, what does it matter? The loss is his own. I am the more emboldened to ask Miss Lucille if she will come and dine and do a theater with me tonight."

"I'm through with playing gooseberry," Ronnie warned them. "I'll pick you up somewhere later if you like."

Lucille hesitated. "It's rather early in the day," she yawned, "to make these final arrangements. Something more interesting might turn up."

"It will be my endeavor," De Brest said earnestly, "to make the evening so interesting for you that nothing more agreeable could arrive. I suggest the Berkeley Grill at eight o'clock. My aunt has a box at the opera, but I think a musical comedy would be more amusing."

"It's awfully good of you," Lucille acknowledged, a little more graciously. "Make it a quarter past eight, if you don't mind. I have an unpunctual hairdresser."

A servant announced the car. Mr. Bessiter rose to his feet and lit a cigar.

"See you later, I expect, De Brest."

The latter assented. "I shall probably be down in the City. How did my account close, sir?"

"Very favorably for you," Ronnie declared. "Unless something happens to steady Boothroyd's today, you're in at the present moment about sixty thousand."

"What should happen?" De Brest demanded quickly. "We know now the truth. We know that they're shutting down the works gradually. What could happen, I ask you?"

"Nothing," Ronnie declared confidently. "The only thing that makes the bears kind of uneasy now and then is that the shares come on the market so slowly. You see, Dutley holds an enormous quantity, and I believe has kept his word—I don't think he's sold a single one of them."

"It is very foolish of him," De Brest declared severely. "He could have sold at eighty, seventy-nine, seventy-eight, and all the way down to sixty—shares, too, which have the appearance of becoming practically worthless."

Mr. Bessiter grunted. "Dutley may be Quixotic," he said, "but he isn't quite such an ass as he seems. He's hung onto his mother's fortune all right. I should say that he's a holder of some four hundred thousand pounds' worth of war stock."

De Brest stood perfectly motionless for a minute. There was a very unpleasant curve to his lips and a gleam in his eyes which might have been only of envy, but which certainly contained a suggestion of malice. Lucille, seeing, wondered whether she was really in love with him.

"If I had only known that," he muttered, half to himself.

"What difference would it have made?" Lucille inquired curiously.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Only that coming down in the train the other night, he asked my advice about increasing his income. I thought he had only Boothroyd shares to sell, or a few other stray securities, and I'm afraid I wasn't very interested. I could have made his fortune."

"Come on, Ronnie," Mr. Bessiter called to his son. "The car's waiting. We must get along and make ours. Still the same instructions, baron?"

"Still the same," De Brest acquiesced. "As markets stand, I suppose you don't need a margin?"

"Your profit's margin enough," Ronnie declared. "See you later."

De Brest lingered in the room for a minute or two after their departure. Lucille gave him no particular encouragement.

"If you really want me to like you," she confided, "you mustn't come and see me at this hour of the morning. I don't like it. I only get up out of a misguided sense of duty, because I know that if I don't, mother will. I haven't made up; I've scarcely had a bath. I'm still remembering last night's cigarettes and champagne. I don't want any of the ghosts of my sins about me."

He laughed softly. Decidedly, she was of a type which appealed to him.

(Continued on Page 116)

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Modishly modeled . . . . clean cut in contour . . . . trim . . . . Ternstedt Outside Door Handles . . . . and interior fittings, too . . . . smartly complete the tailored appearance of motor cars of today. There is a sparkling originality . . . . a masterful handling . . . . to *all* fittings created by Ternstedt craftsmen that make instant appeal to the connoisseur of quality. In that select group of motor cars which have sprung to dominant leadership, Fittings by Ternstedt preside . . . . a continuing delight to the eye . . . . and to the hand they so dependably serve.

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done properly . . adds loveliness to

Children's Hair

Why Ordinary Washing..fails to clean thoroughly, Thus preventing the . . Real Beauty . . Lustre, Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing

THE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss and lustre of children's hair . . . depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this film . . . and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—fine young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why careful mothers who want their children . . . to have . . . beautiful hair always use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear and entirely greaseless product not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust and dirt.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in the appearance of the hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will be so delightfully soft and silky.

Even while wet, the hair will feel fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

The next time you wash your child's hair, try Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo and . . . just see . . . how really beautiful the hair will look.

It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage, and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter, . . . anywhere in the world.

For Your Protection

Ordinary Cocoanut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

(Continued from Page 114)

"I will go, Miss Lucille," he said. "All that I lingered for was just a kind word from you. You have seen what has become of this young man, now that trouble is abroad. He does not stay to face it. He does nothing. You will remember?"

"Oh, I shall remember," she promised as she waved him away. "A quarter past eight at the Berkeley, unless, before then, I have a perfectly satisfactory explanation from Charles. I shall take a great deal of amusing, and if I am not amused I shall come home. I'm in a quaint mood, and I'm not in the least likely to be a gracious guest."

"You are the only guest in the world whose company could bring me joy," De Brest, who had paid his shilling on the preceding afternoon, to inspect the will of Lucille's grandmother, declared fervently.

XVI

ON THE whole, the evening, starting at the Berkeley and finishing at the Embassy, was a success. They had met the princess at the opera. She had been very gracious to them both, and presented Lucille to a minor royalty. The performance had been good, and the crowd at the Embassy cheerful. Plans had been made for later in the week, and De Brest arrived at his very comfortable bachelor suite of rooms in the Milan lighter-hearted than he had been for weeks. On the threshold of the salon he came to an abrupt standstill. An unannounced visitor was seated in one of his easy-chairs. His heart sank as he recognized him.

"Sir Matthew!" he exclaimed, and there was a marked lack of enthusiasm in his greeting. "No one told me that you were here."

"They wouldn't know," Sir Matthew replied, keeping his hands in his trousers pockets and making no effort to rise. "I've taken rooms here for a night or two on this same floor. I can't do any good down at Marlingthorpe. There are a few little matters I want to look into at this end."

De Brest threw his overcoat onto the sofa and pushed the whisky and soda toward his guest, who shook his head grimly.

"No, I didn't come here to drink with you, lad," he said. "I came to have a few plain words, and maybe the sooner they're spoken the better."

De Brest ensconced himself in the other easy-chair.

"I wish that you had let me know you were coming," he regretted. "I would have put off my engagement and been here to meet you. You did not say anything about it when you saw me off at Leeds."

"I didn't know then. I went in to the club that night, and I heard a bit of news there that I've got to find out the truth about. I was told that Glenalton's have invited tenders for the erection of a new factory within a few miles of Manchester, to cover forty acres of ground. Furthermore, that their agents in Belgium and Germany were looking at machinery. For what purpose do you think, eh?"

De Brest had the air of a man preparing for conflict. He was obviously, however, far from being at his ease.

"How should I know?" he demanded.

"I hope, for your own sake, you don't. Still, this is the club gossip. They say that it's for the manufacture of artificial silks—Glenalton's, mind you, who've been toying with the idea for years, but never yet made a proper start. Now, hearken to me, young fellow, and I'll tell you a story."

De Brest leaned from his place and mixed himself a strong drink. Blast all this gossip! He had thought himself safe for at least a week.

"Thirty years ago, Robert Glenalton, John Boothroyd—young Charles Dutley's father—and I met at the Cannon Street Hotel here in London. We'd made our first basketful of that celanese stuff—as they call it nowadays—and we had it there with us. John—young Dutley's dad—he was scared of the business. We were doing pretty well on our own manufactures, and it meant raising a sum of money we'd think nothing of nowadays, but which was like a fairy story then. He proposed to Glenalton an amalgamation of the two firms. Our capitals were about equal. We were each making brass as fast as we could, and the thing seemed like a square deal. Now I won't say who was right or who was wrong. John Boothroyd wasn't anything like this young gadabout son of his. He was always a hard man, and one for having his own way. Glenalton was as pig-headed a manufacturer as ever darkened the portals of the Manchester Cotton Exchange. There wasn't a great deal between them, as I remember it, but neither would give way. They parted in a temper, and Glenalton's last words I've never forgotten to this minute.

"'You think you're clever,' he said, to old John, who was my governor in those days, 'because your chemist has hit upon the secret of making that stuff, and because you've got it you think you can dictate to Bob Glenalton. Well, you can't, and that's all there is about it. There are plenty of other chemists in the world. Before five years are gone I'll be making that stuff as well as you. And then look out, John, my lad!' With that they parted."

"This is a very intriguing story," De Brest commented, with every appearance of interest. "It is all quite new to me, too."

"There aren't so many that know it," Sir Matthew acknowledged. "Well, old John Boothroyd, he came out on top. Bob Glenalton tried all he could. He had chemists from all over the world, but he never struck it right. He kept the whole business as quiet as he could. Everything was done in a factory outside the main works, but bits of news were always leaking out, and to the day of his death you couldn't make old John Boothroyd—Lord Dutley he was by then—happier than by talking of Glenalton fiddling about with his experiments. They went ahead all right in other ways—made almost as much brass as we did—but the old man never kept his word. He never found out how to make that art silk, and, my lad," Sir Matthew concluded, slowly rising to his feet and growing taller, until his head seemed almost to touch the ceiling, "they're never going to with our formula."

De Brest took a cigar from an open box on the mantelpiece, bit off the end savagely and thrust it into the corner of his mouth.

"I'm sorry to hear this, Sir Matthew."

"Why?"

The baron looked around the small room suspiciously. Even though any manner of eavesdropping was plainly impossible, he lowered his voice.

"The gossip you heard was probably true," he confided. "If we can arrange the transference safely—and that, I think, is a certainty—I have sold the formula to Glenalton's for a million pounds."

"Then you can unsell it," Sir Matthew declared fiercely, "for they'll never get it! Listen, you," he went on, pausing for a moment to dab his forehead with his lavender-perfumed handkerchief. "Sooner than that formula went to Glenalton's, I'd give the whole show away. I'd spend the rest of my life in prison, but there would be one or two of you who'd hang for that night's business."

There was a soft tapping at the door nothing insistent; there was even a suggestion of timidity about the summons. The two men, who had been glaring at each other, were speechless for a few seconds.

"Who's there at this time of the night?" Sir Matthew demanded.

De Brest shook his head. Even as he rose unsteadily to his feet, the door was thrust open and Doctor Hisedale stood upon the threshold.

"They told me that you had been asking for me downstairs, De Brest," he explained. "I have been late at the laboratory tonight—a very interesting new diffusion. It is Sir Matthew Parkinson, I believe. . . . You have not forgotten me, Sir Matthew?"

"Not likely," the other growled. "We're kind of partners in this murderous business, aren't we?"

(Continued on Page 119)

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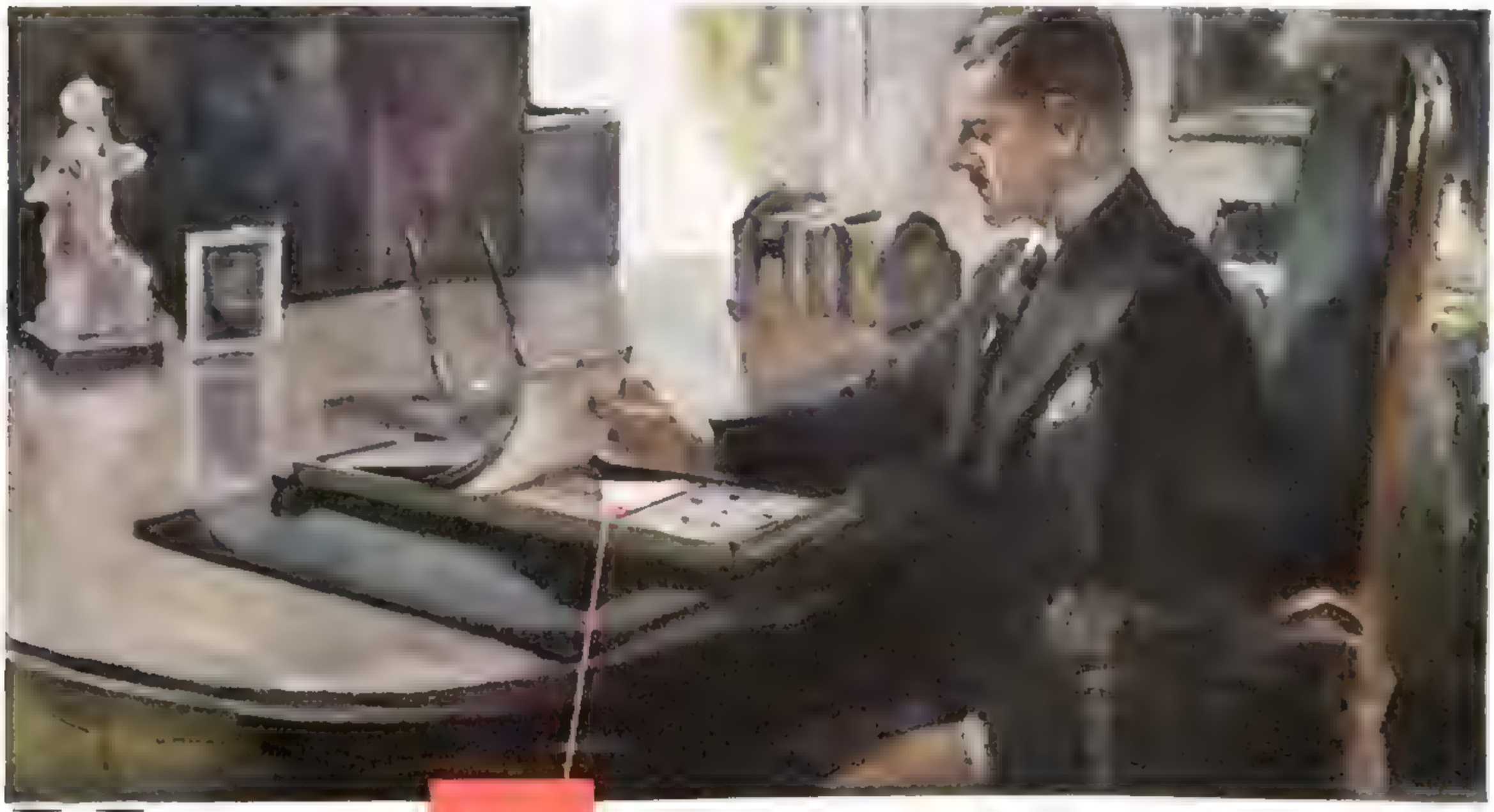

He saw red . . . *and the next week Wilbur's inactive accounts* ordered candy worth $50,000

HERE'S the news—last minute news—that a Kardex Sales Control Record flashed one day to William A. Goebel, sales manager of the Wilbur Suchard Chocolate Co. of Philadelphia:

2702 customers haven't bought anything in six months.

Jones buying 150% ahead of last year, but still buys only two products.

Sales off in district K because men don't call.

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Immediately he took steps to bring the weak points up to the high level of Wilbur Suchard's fast growing business.

His first simple step was to send a form letter to all accounts which the red Kardex signals revealed had not purchased in six months.

Within a week, 21.8% of the list sent in orders which totaled $50,000.

Kardex enables thousands of other American executives to know where every account stands every day. Without fumbling over scattered reports, bulky ledgers, or hidden cards, they just glance at the neatly arranged trays, and see *today's* PICTURE *of their business.*

Three Kardex features make this possible: the edges are visible, the signals are simple, and no card can be misfiled.

Also for Credits, and Stock Control

In the time it takes to glance at it, Kardex can tell you any customer's credit rating . . . can signal the accounts which need a collection reminder . . . and those which need stringent handling.

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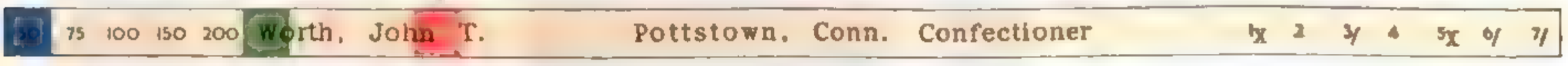
For helping to increase sales, or to speed up collections, or to cut inventory to the bone, Kardex Visible Records ask only a slight investment. A system can be started on as little as $5. A schoolgirl can handle it.

A Remington Rand analyst will be glad to look over your records, and advise you on the most profitable system for your needs. He will give you an impartial answer to your problem, for he represents an organization that manufactures most of the great control systems of the day. Call one of the nearby branches or write Remington Rand Business Service, Buffalo, N. Y.



THE KARDEX TELL-TALE EDGE: ■ Buying only 50% of what he bought last year. ■ Salesman hasn't called in eight months. ■ No purchases in six months. XX Buys only two products. /// Prospect for three more.

(Continued from Page 116)

The baron shut the door quickly. Doctor Hisedale raised his hands in shocked fashion.

"My dear Sir Matthew!" he expostulated. "You should not talk like that. We were partners in a very daring enterprise, during which unfortunate incidents occurred, which I think had better be forgotten."

Sir Matthew smiled. It was a broad smile which had its peculiarities. It was benevolent on one side of his mouth and evil on the other, according to the twist of his lips. The two men who watched it were neither of them at all comfortable.

"If I were in your shoes," he declared, "I, too, should want those incidents forgotten, but I'm not, you see. I've been all sorts of a fool since I knew this young fellow here, but that was one mistake I didn't make. I was safe at home in my bed while you others were qualifying for the gallows."

"For heaven's sake, Sir Matthew!" De Brest exclaimed in a frenzy.

"My dear, good friend!" Doctor Hisedale remonstrated. "Drop your voice, if you please. Keep silent. Those are terrible things which you say."

"Well, maybe I'll be silent, and maybe I won't," Sir Matthew rejoined after a brief pause, "but understand this once and for all, young De Brest! Our formula isn't going to Glenalton's, and that's that."

Doctor Hisedale looked inquiringly at his fellow conspirator, who nodded back in response.

"Sir Matthew has been hearing some gossip about Glenalton's inviting plans for a new factory," he confided. "It seems that they are old commercial enemies, and Sir Matthew objects to our dealing with them for the formula."

"They aren't going to have it!" Sir Matthew repeated.

Doctor Hisedale remained pink and white and unruffled. He drew a chair up to the table and ran his hands over his stiff, short hair.

"Dear, dear me!" he sighed. "This is most unfortunate. I was looking forward to Sir Matthew's congratulations. Glenalton's offer, if we are able to carry it through without risk, would have been a magnificent compensation for all our anxieties. Does Sir Matthew understand that the million pounds is to be paid in cash? There is no other firm in business, I believe, who could make such a proposition."

"Consider for a moment, if you please, Sir Matthew," De Brest begged. "Your share of this million will be a hundred and seventy thousand pounds in bank notes, roughly. You will be able to discharge your other liabilities and call yourself once more a rich man."

"I don't need you to tell me what I can do, young fellow," Sir Matthew growled, "and as for my other liabilities, the less you say about those the better. You know who's responsible for them. I say that Glenalton's are not going to have the formula. Put that in your pipes and smoke it, both of you!"

"Let us consider the situation reasonably," Doctor Hisedale proposed. "You will remember, Sir Matthew, that, besides yourself, myself and De Brest here, there are three others interested—Thomas Ryde, Huneybell, and Hartley Wright. There are six of us altogether. Five of us, Sir Matthew, have our eyes fixed upon that million. I only put this for your reflection. One has sometimes to look at matters from the point of view of the other person. To five of us out of six, the thought of that million is very good indeed."

Sir Matthew made no answer for several moments. There was, however, no sign of any weakening in his manner. Presently, he gravely patted the breast pocket of his coat.

"The disposal of the formula was after all a wonderful idea," he said. "I have in my pocketbook here a scrap of paper which to the ordinary person would seem to be of no value at all. That scrap of paper will stop either of you, or any of you, from touching the formula against my will. I'll beg through the streets of Leeds before that scrap of paper finds its way back to Queen Victoria Street to release the formula for Glenalton's."

This time the silence was almost tragical. De Brest was a figure of despair. Doctor Hisedale was tapping lightly upon the table with his finger tips. He had the air of a man mildly puzzled, who was studying a chessboard on which a pawn or at most a knight was in some temporary danger. Presently, he looked up, and it was a curious thing that his eyes met De Brest traveling in the same direction. They were both looking toward the inside pocket of Sir Matthew's coat.

The Yorkshireman took his leave a few minutes later abruptly and without cordiality. The two men listened to his heavy footsteps in the corridor and to the slamming of his door.

"Nearly opposite," Doctor Hisedale reflected.

De Brest had gone a little paler. He shook his head. "I think," he muttered, "Thomas Ryde should deal with this."

XVII

MR. EDWARD WOLF was frankly panic-stricken. He had fled from the window of the little sitting room in Greenwall Avenue to a distant corner, and even there he had the air of a man who would have liked to crawl behind the easy-chair. Dutley, shabbily dressed, even after ten days of absence from civilization, unrecognizable, stood just out of sight of the street, between the curtains. On the other side of the way, a prim little figure of a man, carrying a small black bag and holding an umbrella over his head, was walking briskly and purposefully toward the last house in the thoroughfare—a hideous, stuccoed-looking affair, with a tower on each side.

"Yes, that's our friend," Dutley murmured, half to himself. "That's our friend right enough. Looks like a churchwarden, doesn't he?"

"He's a blooming murderer—that's what he is," Wolf whined, from his distant corner. "You let him alone, guv'nor. You don't get me near him—I tell you straight."

Mr. Thomas Ryde opened the front gate of his flamboyant, unpropitious-looking residence. He paused to furl his umbrella, scraped his boots carefully, and, inserting a latchkey in the front door, entered the house and disappeared. Wolf came out from his lurking place.

"You've got a blooming nerve, guv'nor," he said, "to be hanging round here, opposite to him. You may think you're well disguised—you took me in all right—but if he's ever seen you before, you'd never deceive him for a single moment. You sent for me, and I came, but I tell you straight the air of 'Ighgate's 'ealthy enough, no doubt, for them as lives here and minds their own business, but it's no good to me, and it won't be to you if he catches sight of you."

"You're rather depressing," Dutley observed. "I rather thought of calling on Mr. Thomas Ryde."

"Then you're as big a fool as you look, which I have sometimes mistrusted, and that's all there is to be said about it," Mr. Wolf declared vigorously. "What do you want from me, guv'nor? You sent for me, and I've come. I told you before I wasn't going to touch your job."

"Quite so," Dutley assented. "Well, in any case, I wasn't asking you to do anything about our friend over there. A perfect paragon, he seems to be! Half-past-eight bus from the corner every morning. Half-past nine in his office. An hour giving instructions to his town traveler. Out to pay a few calls, quite in the regular way of business. Luncheon at a very pleasant little city club. Back to the office to receive his reports from his traveler. A few more calls and home to tea. An exemplary life, Mr. Wolf. No low tastes for cinemas or saloon bars or anything of that sort. Books—heaps of them. A strong reading lamp and early to bed."

"Did you find out all this yourself?"

"I did. I spent the best part of a week studying Mr. Thomas Ryde."

"Well, you've got more nerve than I have!"

"There's only one thing that puzzles me just a little still," Dutley went on. "A curious taste in lamp shades our friend seems to have! He sits with his curtains drawn back—quite a reasonable thing to do when one considers that he has all London below to look at—but why, I ask you, Mr. Wolf, does he continually change the color of his lamp shades? Red one night, green another, occasionally even purple. If I could solve that little puzzle I should know all that I wanted to about Mr. Thomas Ryde."

"Well, you find out, guv'nor," Edward Wolf suggested. "I ain't a-going over there to ring the bell and start a friendly chat, even about lamp shades. If there's nothing more you've got to say to me," he added, picking up his cap, "I'd like you to pay my expenses for coming up here, and I'll be getting along."

"Don't be an ass, Wolf," Dutley admonished. "You know I didn't send for you to come up here to make a fool of you. You're going to earn a hundred pounds. Sit down in that chair and listen to me. We've finished with Thomas Ryde."

"A hundred quid!" Edward Wolf muttered. "Get at it, guv'nor!"

"Last time I had the pleasure of receiving a visit from you," Dutley continued, "you heard me mention the name of a foreign nobleman—the Baron de Brest. You showed signs of familiarity with the name. I believe you even went so far as to warn me against him. Why?"

"He ain't on the square, guv'nor, that's all. I'm not saying he's dangerous—he's too chicken-'earted—but I can tell you this: He don't mind doing dirty work through a thug now and then."

"Meaning?"

"Well, if he wants a job done, he don't do it himself. Bill Meakin was copped doing one for him. He paid up all right, lawyer and all, 'andsome. But a cove who uses a thug needs a bit of watching, and that's why I tipped you the office."

"I see," Dutley murmured. "I'm keeping my eye on that gentleman already. Listen, Wolf. You know him if you see him?"

"That's right, guv'nor."

"You're not afraid of him like you are of the little gentleman opposite?"

"No, I ain't afeared of him. He's a big, lousy sort of fellow. Keep out of any scrap if he could."

"Well, a few days ago," Dutley recounted, "he called at my house in Curzon Street, knowing full well that I wasn't there, and asked permission to go into my study and leave a note for me. My servant wasn't having any, but he could scarcely get rid of the fellow. In the end, he offered him a tenner to let him sit in my study and just write one note."

"What did he want to pinch?" Mr. Wolf inquired shrewdly.

"That's what I should like to know," Dutley confided. "Now, you can earn your hundred pounds this way. You watch my house from the time the servants go to bed—say eleven o'clock—until five. If you see any signs of De Brest or any of his thugs hanging around, there's an all-night telephone at the pub at the corner of Clarges Street. You telephone here—178 Mount Joy—and if you can't get me, and they try any housebreaking, just pass word on to the police and fade away. You get a hundred pounds, anyway, and another hundred if you have any luck. Is it good enough?"

Mr. Edward Wolf grinned. "It's my job," he declared. "The little 'un opposite ain't in it, is he?" he added anxiously.

"Not a chance," Dutley replied. "This, I rather think, is a private show between De Brest and myself."

"Start tonight, eh?"

Dutley nodded, counted out a bulky package of notes, and handed them over to Mr. Wolf.

"Come up here," he directed, "if you have anything to tell me. If I'm not in, wait."

"Crikey, what's that!" Wolf exclaimed suddenly, shrinking back to his far corner of the room.

Dutley glanced across the way. From behind the bare, uncurtained window of The Towers a strangely colored, purple light was showing. Wolf caught up his cap.

"You can get out the back way," Dutley told him.

The little man stealthily withdrew, opened the back door, hurried down the narrow strip of garden, opened another rough wooden door, and slunk along a cobbled passage toward safety. In the sitting room, Dutley, having carefully extinguished his own lights, sat at the window and watched.

Five minutes passed—ten—quarter of an hour. Several taxis went honking by. A limousine with flaming lamps followed in their wake. There were a few pedestrians, one or two couples arm in arm, regardless of the weather, making for the borders of the heath. Then silence seemed to settle down upon Greenwall Avenue. The strangely shaded lamp still burned from behind the uncurtained window, and once Dutley fancied that he saw the figure of a man pass between it and the casement. Otherwise, inertia appeared to have descended upon the neighborhood. Dutley, however, with a smile at the corners of his lips, was apparently satisfied with his vigil. Presently he pulled the curtains, turned on the light, mixed himself a whisky and soda, and took up the evening paper. He had scarcely commenced its perusal before he stiffened into an attitude of listening. There was the sound of the soft turning of a key in a door from the far end of the passage, a footstep approaching. Dutley's hand slipped into his pocket. He turned out the light and changed his position. A moment later the revolver was back in its place and the light once more switched on. Burdett lingered for a moment upon the threshold while he disposed of his dripping mackintosh, and afterward entered the room. Although his clothes were outrageously shabby, and his chin for nearly a fortnight unshaven, his voice was still that of the perfect servant.

"Your idea was quite correct, My Lord," he confided.

"Good! And don't forget to drop that 'My Lord,'" Dutley enjoined. "You'll slip into it when we're not alone."

Burdett sighed. Almost the hardest part of his task these days was to remember that in Highgate new identities existed, as well as a new manner of life. He began his report.

"There was a taxicab waiting round the corner of John Street, another one only a dozen yards farther back, and a limousine on the other side of the way. The chauffeur was pretending to tinker with his engine. As soon as the purple light shone out of the window, you could see quite plainly that that was what they had been waiting for. The two taxicabs started off first, and the limousine afterward. Another taxicab must have been parked under the trees the other side of the road, because that went off the other way. The two that passed The Towers, and the limousine, honked as they went by."

"I noticed that," Dutley remarked. "I suppose you couldn't catch a glimpse of any of the passengers?"

"The drivers didn't give me a chance, sir," Burdett regretted. "It's pretty clear, though, that that purple light was what they were waiting for. As soon as they saw it, off they went."

"Yes, and didn't stop at The Towers," Dutley meditated. "On Wednesday, when the red light was out, three taxis stopped there within five minutes. What do you deduce from that, Burdett?"

"I should say the purple light was meant to warn 'em off."

"My own idea entirely," Dutley agreed. "The purple light means danger—'Don't

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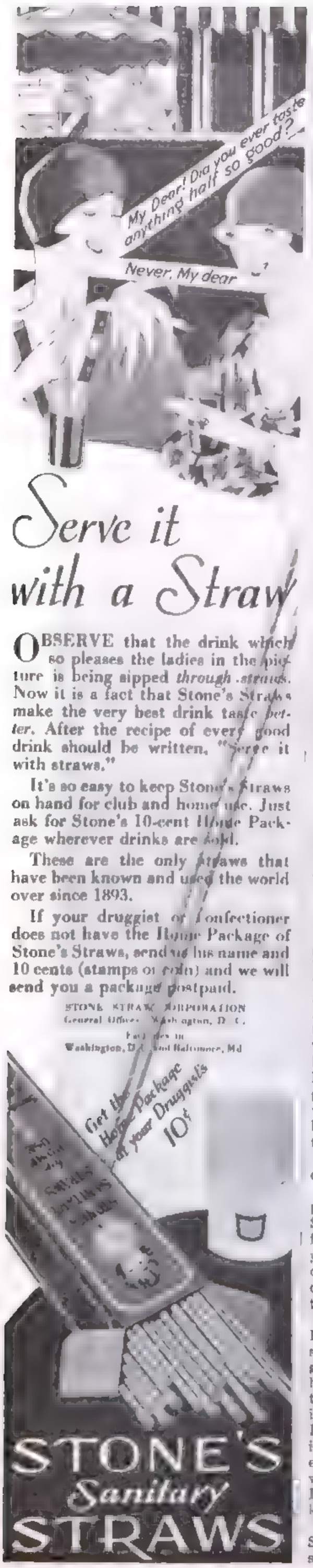
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come near.' But what danger? What is our friend over there afraid of? Does he know that he is being watched? You don't think anybody over there saw you?"

Burdett indulged in a little grimace. "No, sir, but I'm afraid that the gentleman we're watching did."

"The devil!" Dutley exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"Well, he's got a big telescope in one of them towers there, sir, and in the other one he's got a searchlight. It just flashed down the road once, and I'm afraid it got me. Five minutes afterward that purple light was going."

"You went out by the back way, didn't you, Burdett, and down the lane?"

"I certainly did, sir. No one could have seen me leave the house, or seen anything of me at all until I turned into the avenue. I stood under the trees out of the rain, and I even made myself believe that I was waiting for an omnibus. I just felt that wave of light for a few seconds, and that's all."

"Very annoying!" Dutley pondered. "We were getting on so well. I've got four of them. I only want the fifth. What the devil did you go and get in the way of that thing for, Burdett?"

"I couldn't help it," the man regretted. "I was underneath the thickest trees in the avenue, and with another thick tree between me and the next electric standard. There wasn't such another place. I'd got my electric torch all ready in my pocket. I was just coming up to pretend that I hoped the taxi driver was disengaged, and there it was bang on me. Sent me spinning round. That wasn't any astronomer's pretty toy, sir; it was a wicked searchlight, meant to discover anything wherever it lit, even to the pebbles on the way. I don't know who he may be, sir, that chap up at The Towers, but — "

Then Dutley suddenly stiffened once more. The outside gate was cautiously opened, creaking slightly on its hinges. There were footsteps upon the few yards of tiled walk which led to the front door—quiet footsteps, yet hurrying as they approached. Dutley listened without blenching. The newcomer was obviously a stranger, for he failed to find the bell. A moment later there was an indistinct but perfectly audible tapping upon the panels of the front door.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

OFTEN WOMAN VARIES

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Mortal eye had never seen Eileen's hair in papers, and it was the same, damp weather or dry. When she let it down to brush it, it cascaded over her white shoulders and down almost to her knees. If the ripples could have been straightened out there would have been no "almost" about it. Of course, she wore it in a fringe in front—or, as they were now calling it, a "bang"—and, such is the contrariety of female nature, she would have liked that hang to be straight—which it refused to be. She could soak the kinks out of it and brush it down in a plaster over her forehead, and before it was fairly dry it was curling like the tendrils of a morning-glory. "Glory" was the word for Eileen's hair, morning, noon or night. Anybody knew that, but only a highly privileged few knew how much more so it was, let down. Beyond dreams! Of course it isn't necessary to say all this except to show that she was a mighty lucky girl and that primping was with her a mere figure of speech. When she was through with it, all the difference that you saw was that she had changed her dress and put on some other kind of bead necklace or a new ribbon. Gilding refined gold doesn't add anything to its appearance.

When Eileen came downstairs this time, her Great-uncle Samuel Stegg, looking at her over the tops of his spectacles, saw that she was wearing the special-occasion blue beads that went so well with her eyes; also that she had flimsy lace ruffles bolling out from her elbow sleeves. That was about all. A fresh gingham apron covered her dress from the heads to her ankles and she was wearing those little slippers with the fool high heels, and the silver buckles that had come down to her from her Great-grandmother Kane, who had worn those very same buckles at a ball given by the lord lieutenant at Dublin Castle. At least that was the tradition.

She bobbed a saucy little curtsy. "How do you like me, U. S.?" she asked.

"When you're a good gal, I like you pretty tol'able dog-gone well," replied Mr. Stegg. "When you're jest mejum, my affections tords you is similar, and when you're bad, I ain't got no sort nor manner of use for you and I'd see you get a good, old-fashioned spanking without shedding a tear."

"Not without a blush, I hope," said Eileen demurely. "But you know you're story-telling, U. S. As far's my conduct goes, even if it was ever what it shouldn't be, it wouldn't make a particle of difference to you. You'd love me just the same, like in marble halls. I mean, do I look nice? Do I look so anybody would take a pleasure in looking at me? Am I beeyutiful and loverlee—even with my apron on? That's what I want to know. I mean, that's what I want you to tell me; because, of course, I know I am."

"Handsome is as handsome does," Mr. Stegg told her. "Likewise, beauty's only skin-deep."

"And kind words will never die," Eileen retorted. "I ought to have asked you after dinner instead of before. I'm going in now to fry the chicken and you'll see; if ma likes this young cattle baron she'll tell him that her smart little daughter, Eileen, did it all by her own self, and when the cake comes on the table, she'll say, 'I'm glad you like the cake, Mr. Hogson ——'"

"Jorgenson," Mr. Stegg corrected.

"Jorgenson. He must be a Swede. 'I'm glad you like the cake, Mr. Jorgenson. Eileen made it, and she was afraid it wouldn't be as good as her cakes always are ——'"

"Owing to her getting all flustered up and spilling the batter, account of having her mind on a beau of hers back in Lebanon," Mr. Stegg suggested.

Eileen pinched his ear and then took his hand in hers and slapped the wrist daintily. "You showed him the patch I put in your shirt, didn't you?"

"That's what's bringing him here—if he comes," replied Mr. Stegg, and here Mrs. Bessie Kane called from the kitchen, asking Eileen what she was doing. She came to the door. "If you're a-going to fry that chicken you'd better come and do it now, or everything else will be spoiled. Uncle Samuel, I don't b'lieve your company's a-coming and it's foolish to wait. You must be starved. Oh, and would you be so kind as bring me some water?"

The old bullwhacker sighed and laid down his paper. He took the pails from the kitchen down to the spring and filled them, and was on his way back to the house when he heard a call behind him and, looking around, saw Mr. Bill Jorgenson cantering into the yard. He answered the call and motioned his guest to the barn, where, in a moment or two, he joined him. Jorgenson had dismounted and was already unsaddling.

"I was just a-passing by," he said conventionally. "I don't know as I can stay. I allowed I'd stop off as I was a-passing and see how your health was and how you was making it generally."

"Put up your horse and come in and have a bite of dinner with us," Mr. Stegg invited hospitably. "You jest come in time. Ten minutes later and there wouldn't have been nothing but the back, gizzard and neck of the chicken to offer you, the way my appetite feels. Well, as to my health, I'm sort of po'ly, but I make out to hobble around and take a little exercise packing water up from the spring, like you seen me doing. But I don't do that all the time. Sometimes as much as an hour goes by without them women of mine setting up a holler for more water."

"Looks like you was bearing up pretty good," remarked Jorgenson. "Well, since you are so pressing, and if it don't put the women to no extry trouble ——"

Mr. Stegg led him in by way of the kitchen and presented him to the ladies of his household. Jorgenson ducked his head and scraped his foot ceremoniously to each of them. Eileen was busy before the sputtering skillet and apparently gave Mr. Jorgenson scant attention, excusing herself from shaking hands on the plea that she was all battery. It was no more than the heat of the stove that heightened her color. At all events Jorgenson got the impression that the skillet was the really important thing to her just then. Another impression that he got was that she looked as if anybody would take a pleasure in looking at her. Bessie Kane cut that pleasure short, though.

"If you gentlemen'll go into the setting room and visit, we'll get the dinner on the table pretty soon now," she said.

Accordingly the two slunk out. Eileen turned from the skillet to her mother and pulled a curl of her own bang, scraping her foot behind her as she jerked her head forward. Her expression was so woodenly serious and her graceful body became so awkwardly stiff that Bessie Kane had to laugh in spite of herself.

Jorgenson heard this laugh. "Sounds kind of good, don't it?" he said to the old bullwhacker. "You're playing in luck, if you ask me. Say, you was beefing about packing the water for 'em, and I don't say that I blame you. You're getting along to the time of life now when you had ought to take things easy and let the young bucks do the hard work. What wages would you be willing to pay me to come here and carry the water and bring in the wood and such?"

"How much would you be willing to pay me for the privilege?" countered Mr. Stegg.

"I'll have to study on that a while," Jorgenson told him. He produced a handful of cigars. "Take these and credit me up with them if we make a deal. Don't be afraid of taking 'em; they was give to me."

"A friend of yours?" Mr. Stegg asked.

"Well, he don't wish me no harm," Jorgenson replied. "Know how come? Well, them's birthday cigars." He went on to explain that the birth had occurred in Blueblanket the previous evening and that the proud and happy father had already been celebrating for some hours when Jorgenson first met him and was told the glad tidings with full particulars of weight, sex, lung power and hirsute acquirement of the prodigy. The father then presented Jorgenson with a couple of cigars from a box that he was carrying under his arm. A little later Jorgenson met him at Frank Frush's and then at Paul Klemmans', at the Eagle Bird, the First and Last Chance, and Duffy's, and each time was again told what had happened and presented with cigars.

"He'd opened a fresh box the last time," Jorgenson chuckled gleefully.

Bessie Kane called them to dinner. "It was too bad to interrupt you," she said as they seated themselves. "You'll have to tell Eileen and me what was so funny," she said.

"What was it, U. S.?" Eileen inquired, and Mr. Stegg referred her to Mr. Jorgenson, whose story it was. Eileen made play

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with her eyes and begged Mr. Jorgenson to let Bessie and her share the joke; thereby so overwhelming the young man with confusion that Bessie intervened, suggesting that perhaps it was a story that ladies wouldn't appreciate. Jorgenson protested, incoherently denying the impeachment, but still asking to be excused.

"Then you'll tell it to me when we're alone, won't you, U. S., dear?" said Eileen. "I'm just dying to know what it was and I think Mr. Jorgenson's mean."

"I don't know about that, Eileen," replied Mr. Stegg gravely. "There's a many a thing that ain't out of the way to tell a grown-up person of experience that it wouldn't be proper to tell a young gel. Your ma is right."

"Aw, say!" Jorgenson protested unhappily.

"Oh, well," said his host, "we'll drop it right here. How are you making out, Bill?"

"He's not eating scarcely a thing," Eileen declared. "I don't think he likes the way I fry chicken. . . . Did you know I fried that chicken, Mr. Jorgenson?"

"Yes, ma'am; I seen you," replied Jorgenson. "'Selegant." He was really eating quite heartily, in spite of his embarrassment. He had never been told that it was impolite to speak with his mouth full, but he habitually refrained from doing so, for practical reasons; so that his table talk was brief and limited, usually in response to direct questions only. It was not until he had reached the "I thank you, ma'am, I wouldn't choose no more" stage of repletion that he responded freely to Mr. Stegg's efforts to draw him out. Then he became almost garrulous on the subjects of the weather, the condition of the range and the hay crop. It looked like it was a-going to be a good year for the cattlemen. When he was in town yesterday ——

"That's right," said Bessie. "Tell us what the news is in town."

Well, Mr. Jorgenson didn't know as there was much of any. Dave King was painting his house and there was talk of a new restaurant. Hollis Brown, who used to cook for George Turner at the Oarlock ranch, was going to run it. That was about all.

"Didn't you say there was a little stranger come to Clyde Britten's home?" asked Mr. Stegg. "Twelve-pound boy, didn't you say?"

"I b'lieve I did mention it—er—and—oh, yes, sure! Henry Albien's hired a new clerk, I hear tell. You remember that young snoozer come in on the stage with the French girl yesterday?"

"I don't call to mind," Mr. Stegg answered hastily. "It don't matter, though. Him, was it? And so Clyde Britten has been increasing the population of Blueblanket! Well, well! You got something to see, next time you go to town, Bessie."

"What's this about a French lady?" Eileen wanted to know. She evidently wanted very much to know. "And a snoozer. You didn't say anything about snoozers or French ladies when I asked you this morning. Tell me. I know Mr. Jorgenson won't. He won't tell me anything, and I'm mad at him and I don't think I'm going to like him near as much as I thought I was when I first saw him." She gave Mr. Jorgenson a reproachful look that affected him perceptibly.

"Aw, Miss Eileen ——" he began.

Mr. Stegg kicked him under the table. "No, Eileen, my dear," he said, "Mr. Jorgenson is too much of a gentleman to sully them ears of yours by—by —— Well, the truth is she wasn't French and she wasn't no lady, and the less we say about her the better, so we'll just drop the subject here and now. I reckon Mr. Jorgenson would have another piece of pie if he was properly approached. Some of these fine days we're a-going to have a strawb'ry shortcake. Miss Kane here was a-saying that we didn't have no fruit in the Black Hills and I'm a-going to show her how badly she's mistook about that. Afore another week rolls around we're a-going to ride out a little ways down Whitetail Canyon and come back with a wagon box full of nice ripe strawb'ries and I'll back Mis' Kane to do what's ne'ssry after that. You didn't see nothing of Tip Yoakum as you come along, did you, Bill? No, you wouldn't though, coming from town. Not a-going to have no more pie? Shucks, you must have lost your appetite. You're like me thataway. Well, if we're all through ——"

As they rose from the table, Mrs. Kane, facing the window, said, "Now I wonder whoever in the world that can be! Uncle Samuel, you go out and see and, whoever it is, don't bring them into this kitchen."

A bright and shining buggy, drawn by a shiny-coated bay horse, had stopped just outside of the yard fence. A man got out, tied his horse and opened the gate and entered the yard, looking about him uncertainly. Jorgenson grinned and muttered "I guess I know who it is," but he didn't say it as if he were pleased. Nobody heard him, though. The two women were watching Mr. Stegg, who had strolled out to meet the stranger. Suddenly Eileen uttered a little cry and darted out of the door, running after her uncle and passing him easily to —— No, she didn't; but it certainly looked as if she intended to. And the man had positively leaped to meet her, but halted as she did, with a clear space of at least a foot between them. They shook hands—all the hands they had—and kept them clasped after the shaking. That much Bessie and Jorgenson could see.

When Mr. Stegg reached them Eileen turned a glowing face to him and said, "U. S., darling—darling love, this is Joe."

"Oh, this is Joe, is it?" said Mr. Stegg, with a queer smile.

"Joe Lenning, Mr. Stegg," said the young man very pleasantly. "I don't know if you remember, but I met you in town yesterday." He offered his hand and Mr. Stegg took it and shook it—rather limply, for him.

"Seems like to me, now I look clost at you, that your face does seem sort of familiar," he said.

"What nonsense!" cried Eileen indignantly. "Of course you remember him. 'Sort of familiar!' The idea!"

"I was just a-passing ——" Joe began.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Stegg, "and you thought you'd look in and see how my health was and how I was a-making it."

"Not altogether that," smiled Joe. "I heard Miss Eileen was staying with you—and Mrs. Kane," he added. "You see, I come from Lebanon and knew them there."

Mr. Stegg said that he was pleased to make his acquaintance and suggested that Mr. Lenning might as well put up his horse for a while.

"Have you et?" he asked.

Joe thanked him kindly, but he had et. He said that he might, however, let the horse have a few mouthfuls of hay if it wouldn't be troubling too much. He couldn't keep his devouring eyes from Eileen, even as he spoke. As they started for the buggy she put her hand out to him again. He seized it eagerly and felt a warm answering pressure.

From the kitchen door, Bessie Kane called, "Eileen!"

"I'll be in, in a minute," Eileen answered over her shoulder.

"Better go in now, hadn't you?" her great-uncle suggested. "Your company won't think you're extry polite."

"He ain't my company, he's your company," Eileen told him. "I didn't ask him to come. Joe's my company, aren't you, Joe?"

"Steady," Joe answered, glowing. Their eyes said a lot more.

As Mr. Stegg tied the horse in a stall in the barn he asked Joe where and when he had eaten. After all, the young man was civil and decent acting. Also, Eileen had pinched his arm quite viciously, twice. Joe confessed that it was in Blueblanket; but it was a late breakfast, thank you just the same, sir. He wasn't hungry. Truly, his thoughts were far from food. Mr. Stegg, seeing that the manger was empty, climbed the cleats across the studding that formed a vertical ladder to the haymow. He went up with extraordinary agility too. The two turned to each other as he disappeared.

"Think of you being here at last, Joe!"

"It don't hardly seem real!"

"When did you get here?"

They dodged back from a small avalanche of hay from above.

"Yesterday morning," Joe answered. And I've got a job already—in Albien's store. I start in tomorrow."

"Oh, goody, goody!"

Joe whispered, "Can you take a buggy ride with me this afternoon?"

"I'll ask ma," she answered, whispering also.

"Sweetheart! Have you missed me at all, Eileen? Don't plague me, for once."

She leaned toward him and his arms went about her; then they drew apart, very quickly. Mr. Stegg's nimble legs were descending the ladder. But Joe knew that she would have.

"You ought to have let me do that, Mr. Stegg," Joe said. "It was right kind of you, but you oughtn't to have done it."

"Maybe you're right," said Mr. Stegg with his wry smile. Eileen was standing by the barn door. She was swift as a swallow.

Bessie Kane had been obliged to entertain Mr. Bill Jorgenson. She had recognized the newcomer almost at once when she saw Eileen run to him. She had also recognized the fact that there was no sense in forcing matters.

"I think it's an old friend and neighbor of ours," she informed Bill. "Let's you and me go into the setting room. The dishes can wait for a while."

She skillfully maneuvered him from the open kitchen door and into the next room, where she seated him with his back to the window that gave on the barn. She herself could see perfectly what was going on outside, but it would have taken a more acute observer than Jorgenson to have detected her in the act of looking. She was smiling and serene; the perfect hostess, with only one thought: To make her guest aware of the high esteem in which she held him and of the pleasure that she derived from his conversation. Bessie was decidedly no slouch, and if her technic was somewhat crude, it was eminently successful. Only for a moment she excused herself to run to the kitchen door and call her daughter, but she was back almost at once, smiling amiably, with righteous rage in her matronly bosom

"Yes, Mr. Jorgenson, go on. You were saying ——"

"It was the best chicken I ever et," said Jorgenson. "She certainly can fry chicken to the queen's taste."

"She's a good cook, Eileen is, and she's like me—she loves to cook. I wouldn't do a hand's turn around this house if that girl had her way. I just have to hold her down, she's that ambitious. I know I oughtn't to brag about her, but if you could see some of the sewing ——"

"I seen a patch she put on the old—in Mr. Stegg's shirt," said Jorgenson. "It's a fact, is it, ma'am, that she done that? When I seen it I thought mabbe Mr. Stegg was a-joking us."

"My gracious, no!" said Bessie. "That isn't anything to what she can do."

"It certainly ain't usual," remarked Jorgenson. "You take it as a general thing, and if a girl's as good-looking as what Miss Eileen is, she ain't worth powder to blow—what I mean is she ain't much good for much else than to look pretty, and that don't help a man much if he's married to her and got used to it. What he needs is good vittles and a house kept tidy—like this'n. The last time I was here—afore you come"—he looked around the room—"well, you wouldn't believe. I tell you, ma'am, we all think Mr. Stegg's lucky, having you ladies."

Mrs. Kane laughed merrily. "You men! Of course, you need us. You can't get on with us or without us. I spose, though, there are some of you would sooner be free and foot-loose. I expect you are like that, Mr. Jorgenson."

"Well, no, ma'am," Bill answered. "I've had my hankerings. Once in a while I happen in on a family of grangers where the man and woman ain't fighting and where there's kids around and ——" Jorgenson heaved a sigh. "But it's like I said. There's girls, but the pretty ones ain't no good and the homely ones a man wouldn't want, and I've took care none of them ever throwed their loop on me. I'm tol'able well fixed for a boy who's always worked for wages, and they've swung their ropes aplenty, but I've always dodged them. But when I see a young lady like—well, I reckon I'll get catched up sometime." He stopped at the sound of voices. Eileen and Joe entered together, Mr. Stegg behind them. Eileen was brazenly leading Joe by the hand.

"Here's an old friend come to see you, ma," she cried happily.

Pretty smooth people, Bessie Kane! She rose with a welcoming smile and gave Joe her hand.

"Well, Mr. Lenning! This is a surprise! Whatever brought you out here? This is Mr. Jorgenson, Mr. Lenning."

Joe gave Mr. Jorgenson the briefest glance and the slightest nod. "We've met afore," he said. "You're looking right well Mrs. Kane," he said, smiling at her in his very pleasant way. "Mighty well! This country must agree with you. It's good to see you, ma'am." He hadn't expected such kindness as she was showing him. Absence must have softened the old lady's heart. He felt that he could learn to love Bessie.

She went on: "Eileen, take Mr. Lenning's hat. You're going to stay a while, aren't you? Sit down and tell me all the Lebanon news."

"He's coming into the kitchen with me and I'm going to get him some dinner. He hasn't had a single, solitary thing since breakfast." Eileen held out her hand to the young man.

Mrs. Kane rose. "I'll get him some dinner," she announced. "You set down here and entertain Mr. Jorgenson. Your Uncle Samuel'll want to take his afternoon nap"

"I ain't sleepy," said Mr. Stegg.

"And you've done enough, ma," said Eileen. "You just rest a while now. Joe won't mind if I don't fix things as nice as you would, will you, Joe? And you do as ma says, U. S., dear. Come on, Joe. Excuse us for a little while, Mr. Jorgenson."

But Mrs. Bessie Kane was in the saddle, so to speak. "Eileen," she said rather sharply, "you do like I say. I will be minded." Her mask slipped for a moment, but she quickly readjusted it. "Uncle Samuel, I want you to go upstairs and lay down. It'll rest you, even if you ain't sleepy. There's nothing for you to do outside and I've got water aplenty. And, Eileen, I—am—going—to—get—Mr. Lenning—something—to—eat, and—I—am—going—to—wash—the—dishes. Now, no nonsense!"

"I'm not hungry; honest, Mrs. Kane," said Joe.

She laughed and took him quite familiarly by the arm and led him away.

"It sure is great to be so good-looking the women folks come nigh fighting to feed you," Jorgenson remarked, rather pathetically, to Mr. Stegg.

Eileen turned and looked at him with a smile. "Well, I've given in, you see," she told him. "But you know we haven't seen Joe for months, Mr. Jorgenson."

"My given name is Bill, and you ain't seen me for heaps longer'n months, Miss Eileen," suggested Jorgenson, and Eileen was almost as much astonished by his aptness as he was himself.

"You're beginning quite nicely," she told him, and then, to her great-uncle: "Ma said that she would be minded. You'd better mind and go upstairs and take that nap, whether you're sleepy or not, or there's no telling."

(Continued on Page 129)

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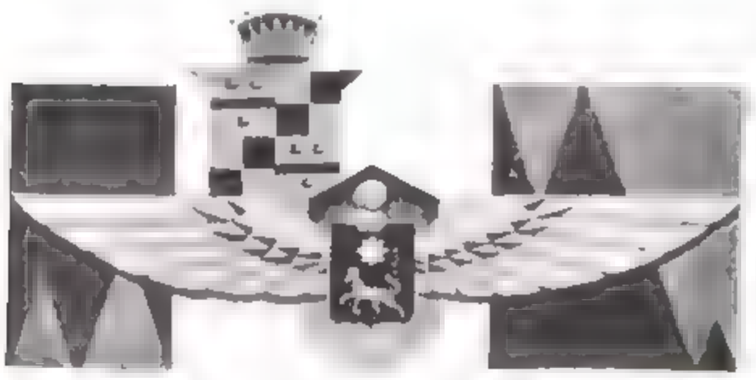

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(Continued from Page 124)

"Well," said Mr. Stegg, "mabbe I'd better. Two's company anyway; but I warn you I'm liable to come down any minute." He chuckled and started up the stairs.

"Don't burn another hole in your shirt," Eileen called after him. Then she turned to Jorgenson. "And now you can tell me all about that French lady," she said. "Was Joe—Mr. Lenning—the snoozer you were speaking of?"

Mrs. Bessie Kane had a perfectly wonderful visit in the kitchen with the young man from her home town. As she questioned him she cleared the table and spread snowy linen before him, placed his plate and knife and fork and set a glass of the clear, cool spring water. She was never niggardly in her estimate of the food she served and there had been an abundance left over from the first onslaught even of chicken—and all it needed, as she told Joe, was being het up. Joe found he was mistaken about not being hungry. Everything looked so good and tasted elegant. Mrs. Bessie got some very sincere compliments on her dinner and she would have been less than human if she hadn't warmed to the boy a little. But not enough to forgo her purpose. She reminded herself that this was a young wastrel, for all his good looks and his frank smile. No account, trifling. Eileen must and should be protected from him. As for Joe, he was impatient to get back to Eileen, grudged every moment of this absence from her, but he had surely something to be grateful for in Mrs. Bessie's changed attitude. Could this smiling, laughing woman, so full of motherly solicitude and interest in his appetite be the tight-lipped, frowning matron who, back in Lebanon, had forbidden him her house? Amazing! This was sure his lucky day. If old Mr. Stegg was only a little more cordial, he would scarcely have anything to wish for. Eileen, little torment that she was, cared for him. Her eyes, as she ran to meet him! Gosh! But wouldn't Mrs. Kane ever get through with her questions? She had asked after every man, woman and child in Lebanon and for twenty miles around. She had even included animals—cats—in her insatiable desire for news. And time was flying. The afternoon would be gone the first thing he knew and there would be little time for Eileen to take a buggy ride with him.

"And now here's these here dishes!" exclaimed Mrs. Kane in mock anguish. "I told Eileen I'd do 'em and now I spose I've got to."

Could Joe have done less than offer to wipe? He could—and be a dirty, ungrateful dog. Bessie was sure he hated wiping dishes, no matter what he said. "If I was a young girl now ——" Joe said he was sure nobody that was a stranger would know she wasn't a young girl. So he wiped. But, for a capable house worker, Mrs. Bessie was certainly dog-gone slow about the washing. Joe wondered Eileen didn't come and rescue him. She would joke him about this when they got to be alone together. Well, here was the last of them and he was free to go back to Eileen.

Mr. Stegg came downstairs just as Joe and Mrs. Bessie came into the living room. Eileen was sitting closer to this jay, Jorgenson, than Joe exactly approved. Not that he had any feeling of uneasiness on account of the jay, but he did expect Eileen would look at him with eyes brimming with sympathy. Perhaps laughter, too; but that wouldn't have mattered. As a matter of fact, she hardly looked at Joe at all—the merest glance. He might have been an old tomcat walking in. The jay was telling her something and haw-hawing, and he supposed Eileen was trying to be polite.

"Well, I done my level best, Bessie, but shucks, I can't sleep in the daytime," declared Mr. Stegg. He asked Joe Lenning if he managed to stave off the pangs of hunger. Joe thanked him and said he had eaten the best dinner since he didn't know when.

"And he was bound and set he'd wipe the dishes for me," beamed Bessie.

"He looks 'sif he might be good at that," remarked Jorgenson with an irritating grin.

"I'm good at lots of things," said Joe. "I'm good at finding my way around, for one thing. I'm a good liar, too, when it's in a good cause and strictly ne'sary; but there's lots of poor ones around. Not from lack of practice, prob'ly, but they're too dumb to fool anybody but another fool as big as what they are. Ain't I right?"

"Well, I don't claim to be no great shakes at lying myself," said Jorgenson. "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth is good enough for me."

Joe turned to Mr. Stegg. "Speaking of finding my way around, is there another man name of Stegg living on Hat Creek?"

"If there is, nobody don't know it," Mr. Stegg replied

"Hat Creek don't cut through the Cheyenne and run away up on the other side, does it?"

"If I seen it do that I'd swear off and never touch another drop," the veteran answered.

"Then," said Joe, coolly argumentative, "if a man told you that Stegg's ranch was on the other side of the Cheyenne River, along a trail forking off from the left, about a mile before you come to the ford, you'd set him down either as a liar out-and-out or if you wanted to be right charitable you'd say he was a chuckle-headed idiot, wouldn't you?"

Mr. Stegg looked at Jorgenson, who had shifted in his chair and was glaring at Joe. He looked at Joe, who was stroking his mustache and smiling in a perfectly agreeable manner.

"Well," said Mr. Stegg, "I might think he was joking. Or I might study on it a while before I come to any conclusions. Now I think of it, there used to be a trail forking off about where you mentioned that led to a crossing above the mouth of Hat Creek, but it ain't been used since the stage road was run to Fall River, and it must be growed over by this time and a feller'd be apt to get lost in the brakes a-trying to follow it. The river crossing ain't extry good either."

Jorgenson laughed offensively. The others seemed to sense something unusual and hostile between the two young men. Bessie Kane broke in, telling Eileen what a lovely visit she had been having with Mr. Lenning.

Eileen said indifferently, "Yes? That was nice."

Mr. Stegg said, "I hear you're going to work for Henry Albien. You figure on staying here right along, do you?"

"Yes, sir," Joe answered, "I'm here to stay. This strikes me as a mighty fine country with lots of opportunities for a young man. I'd sooner have gone into the lumber business, because that's what I've been working at long enough to know something about it, and groceries and dry goods will be new to me; but there ain't no opening in the Blueblanket yard right now." He wondered when Eileen was going to look at him. Her shoe buckles seemed to be interesting her now. But Bessie's eyes widened on him.

"For the land's sake!" she exclaimed. "You mean to say you've got a job here? Well, ain't that splendid—if you can only keep it. I mean if you don't get tired of it and throw it up. Lemme see; you've had seven different kinds of jobs now, ain't you? There was the time you was going to be a telegraph operator and work for Mr. Evans at the depot, and there was the steamboat job, and the time you studied law with Judge Wilberry, and the circus that you went off with—that didn't last long, did it?—then there was the real estate and insurance that you went into with that worthless Henry Ballenger and the lumber yard and—what was the other?"

"I reckon that was about all," Joe said, considerably disconcerted. "Say, Mrs. Kane ——"

"Oh, yes. The pool room. I knew there was seven."

"I didn't work in the pool room. I loaned Chris a little money I happened to have and it got out that I'd bought an interest, but it wasn't so. I just wanted to help Chris out. He's a right nice boy and ——"

"A right nice business. I'm glad you think so; I don't," said Bessie, and closed her mouth tightly in the old way that Joe remembered. She opened it again to say: "Well, it takes all kinds of people to make a world. Some like variety—jobs and girls." Decidedly, Joe thought, she was jabbing at him pretty hard.

"I've been in the cow business ever since I was big enough to climb a horse," Jorgenson informed them. "Yes, sir, I never was one of these yer Jacks-of-all-trades."

"You got suited at the start," Mr. Stegg told him. "Me, I've punched cows, too, and I've mined and I've soldiered and I've run a corral and a livery and freighted and ranched, and that makes seven. Now I'm not doing much of anything, which makes eight, and I like that about the best of them all. A man has to try at what he's best fitted for, the way I look at it, and then he can settle right down. As to gels ——" he paused.

"The same way, unless he gets suited right at the start," Joe opined. "He likes this one, but there's something about her he doesn't quite like, and then he goes with another one for a spell and finds she ain't what he'd hoped for; and maybe he'll try half a dozen and get the name of a trifler, when all there is to it he's looking for the right one. Finally he meets up with her and he knows it's her right from the start, and that nobody else, not if she was the queen of England, will satisfy him; and from that on he keeps right after her until he gets her. Then he can settle down with her for the rest of his life. Ain't that so, Mr. Stegg, sir?" He looked at Eileen, but not even this moved her to look back at him.

"Mabbe so, mabbe so," said Mr. Stegg.

Eileen did look up then. "If the girl doesn't find out that he isn't all that she hoped," she said coolly and turned to Jorgenson. "Isn't that so, Mr. Jorgenson?"

"It sure takes two to make a bargain," Jorgenson answered.

Joe bent forward to Bessie Kane. "Mrs. Kane," he said pleadingly, "won't you please let Eileen go for a little buggy ride with me? It's a beautiful afternoon and I'll bring her back safe and sound any time you say. Please!"

Bessie's face hardened. "I don't know, I'm sure," she said. "I don't like to be mean, but you see we've got company, and to tell you the truth, I'm a little nervous about your driving. I think you're reckless, and then you might get lost. I'd be so nervous I don't know what I'd do. No. Eileen, I don't want you to go buggy riding with Mr. Lenning. If you go it will be against my wishes and I want you to understand that."

"Shucks!" said Mr. Stegg. "Let her go, Bessie. The fresh air will do her good."

"But I don't want to go," said Eileen. "I'd rather not go. Thank you just the same for asking ma, Mr. Lenning."

Joe Lenning was a little taken aback for a moment, but he saw the joke then and laughed. "That's so," he said. "I beg your pardon, Miss Kane. Would you do me the honor of taking a buggy ride with me if your ma kindly consents? I've got a good horse, and it's been a long time since I had the pleasure of a visit with you, and the country is certainly beautiful. It's too fine outdoors to stay in."

"Please excuse me," said Eileen. "I really don't want to go."

Joe knew then that she didn't. Incredible as it seemed, Eileen was turning him down. He had to accept the fact, but what did it mean? She had spoken coldly, without even the semblance of a smile, and her eyelids had half drooped over her blue eyes, making them seem almost black—and a short time before they had been so full of joy at the sight of him! There had been

(Continued on Page 131)

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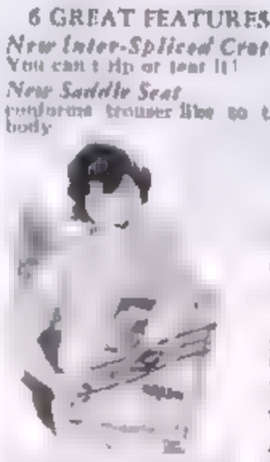

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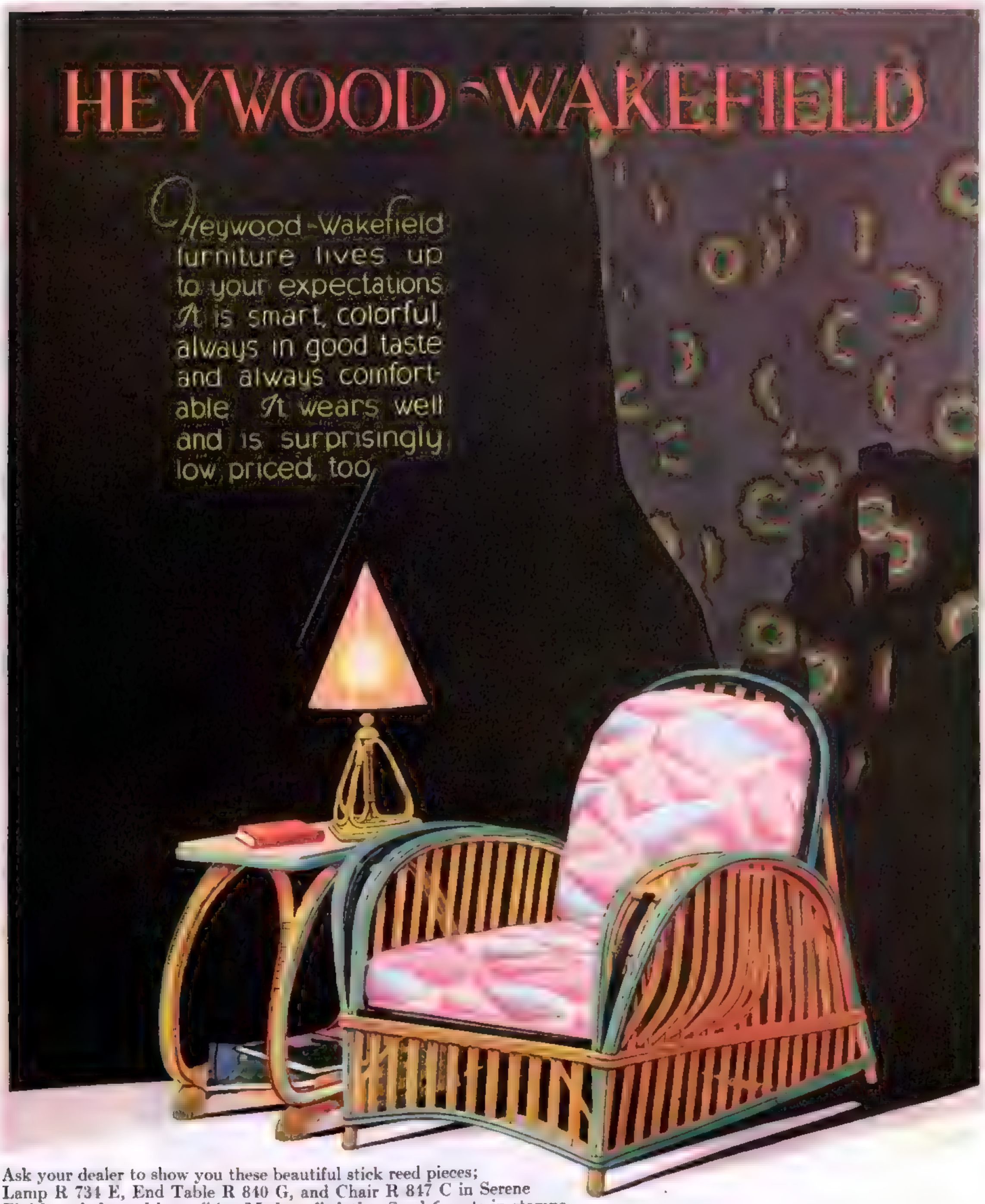

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(Continued from Page 129)

times before when she had, incomprehensibly, changed her manner toward him after the briefest absence. She had often been heavenly kind at parting, only to chill him to the soul at their next meeting. Joe had never been able to feel sure of her. He had a spirit of his own, and at times he had flung off in anger; and then perhaps a week later, when he had been weak enough to put himself in her way, she would act as if no cloud or shadow of dissension had ever fallen over them. Then she would be her own gay, charming self, reproaching him for his bad temper and admitting frankly that she disliked him the least of any young man of her acquaintance. But it had been different back in Lebanon. There they could see each other constantly. Few days in the past year had there been when they didn't see each other long enough to exchange a few words at least, in spite of the mother's watchfulness; but here he was seeing her for the first time after months of absence and she was treating him worse than she had ever treated him before—making small of him before her mother and uncle and before the beefy-faced, tow-headed jay. What was the reason?

"Buggy riding ain't much," Jorgenson was saying to Eileen. "Not to my notion. What I like is a good horse right under me. He'll take you where you want to go; you don't have to keep to the roads. That cayuse of mine—the one I rode up here—he'd climb up the side of a house and over the roof if the eaves wasn't too wide, and he'll run till the wind blows your front teeth in if you give him a touch of the quirt."

"He must be wonderful!" exclaimed Eileen. "You ride a great deal, don't you, Mr. Jorgenson?"

"About all the time," Jorgenson answered; "yes, ma'am."

"You must be a wonderful rider," said Eileen.

"Well," said Jorgenson, "it ain't no secret that I'm about as good as any there is on these here ranges, and mabbe a little better. Jim Berry of the Bar T is cracked up to be the best there is and the handiest with the rope, but I'll back myself against him for money, chalk or marbles."

"The big-mouthed windbag!" thought Joe. Aloud he said, "I ain't got no chalk and I quit playing with marbles quite a while back, but I've been saving up my wages for a chance like you're offering. Any time you and Jim Berry make up a match I'll give you long odds Jim beats you."

"You know Berry?" Mr. Stegg asked.

"That's a pleasure to come," Joe answered, smiling. "But Mr. Jorgenson admits he's got a reputation, and I've seen Mr. Jorgenson ride. He hasn't got good hands."

"Mabbe I can show you sometime that there ain't nothing wrong with my hands or the way I can use them," said Jorgenson. "Where did you get to know so much about riding?" he asked.

"Didn't you hear Mrs. Kane say that I followed a circus off one time? Yes. Of course I may be mistaken, but I'm willing to take a sporting chance any time."

"You're too willing," Mrs. Kane told him acidly. "I don't hold with this gambling and betting, and I tell you that plainly."

Joe knew that he was looking foolish. Mrs. Kane hadn't changed for the better, after all. She hadn't any more use for him than she ever had. She had just been letting on that she was glad to see him, so that she could get the Lebanon news, darn her! No, it couldn't have been that. She didn't want Eileen to get a chance to be alone with him. He'd been dumb not to realize that at once. But that didn't explain the way Eileen was acting. Her mother hadn't said anything to her; maybe her uncle had. It was clear that Mr. Stegg had taken a dislike to him. When the old man was spinning that yarn about that young gambler—in Willor's Hotel the day before—Joe had imagined him to be sympathetic with the troubles of the lovelorn. Maybe he had been when he was younger. These old codgers could get mighty sentimental about the past, but things that were happening today, right under their noses —— And what for was Eileen acting so pretty to Jorgenson? It had not occurred to Joe to consider Jorgenson as a rival. He had too good an opinion of himself and of Eileen to entertain such a preposterous idea. Jorgenson was simply a peculiarly irritating sort of booby who was at the present moment very much in the way. He was grinning at Eileen now. He hadn't the sense to see that he was included in Mrs. Kane's unkind remark.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," Joe said to Mrs. Bessie; and here, to his surprise, Mr. Stegg again interposed in his favor.

"She's trying to fool you, son," said the old bullwhacker, smiling at him kindly. "She's a good deal of a sport herself. It was only the other day she was betting me a cooky about something. Think you're going to like your job in the store?"

"I hope so, sir," Joe replied, grateful for the notice. "I've got a lot to learn, though."

"Don't be too anxious," Mr. Stegg advised. "You know a family name of Leffingwell in Lebanon?" He companionably hitched his chair a little closer to Joe's.

Joe knew the family. So did Bessie. They identified it, but the particular Bud Leffingwell whom Mr. Stegg had in mind had long since passed on. "But what I was going to tell Joe about," Mr. Stegg continued, "was when Bud left the farm to clerk in Jim Allen's store. Bud was always a great hand to be sure he was right afore he went ahead."

"He's getting at me now about that Hat Creek trail," Joe thought.

"Not only right but fixed proper, so's to be ready for anything. When he was a kid and some of the neighbor boys come along and asked him to go with them a-fishing, he'd tell 'em to go right on to the branch and he'd catch up with them, and then he'd start to get ready. First he'd dig for worms, and he'd make dead sure that he had aplenty before he quit. So he'd put in about an hour digging before he got enough. Then he'd look up his fishlines and work on them until he had got all the snarls out, which was mabbee half an hour more. After that he'd notice that his hooks was rusted and he'd take them out to the workbench in the barn and slick 'em up with emery and file the points. He'd be working on a new bobber and figure on painting it when the old man would come along and ask him what he was a-doing. Bud would tell him, of course, and then the old man would mention an onion patch that needed weeding, and in about three minutes Bud would find himself weeding onions and rubbing a tingling ear."

Joe joined in the tribute of laughter that Bessie paid. "Are there any fish in the Cheyenne?" he asked.

"I'll show you if you come down some Sunday," said Mr. Stegg. "We'll all go and take a fry pan and some salt pork and I'll show you how a sand pike ought to be cooked. But I was speaking about Bud working in Jim Allen's store. What was it you was a-saying, Eileen?"

"I was telling Mr. Jorgenson it would be lovely," Eileen answered. "He says he'll come over and give me a riding lesson any time I say. I'd just love it! Will you let me go, ma? He says he can borrow a side saddle and he's got a wonderful little horse, just the thing for a lady to ride. Isn't he the kindest ever? Do say you'll let me go, ma, darling."

"I'll see," said ma, smiling benevolently.

"No, but we want to set a day."

Joe rose from his chair. He had an amiable disposition, and the last hour of this afternoon had proved his patience under injury bordering on insult; but this now had passed the border of tolerance. He could frame no excuse for Eileen. What possible object she could have had in so welcoming him was beyond speculation, and he was not going to speculate about it. He was no fawning, cowering spaniel, to lick the loved hand that struck him and whine for mercy; nor yet a snarling, low-bred cur, to snap at it; but he could with dignity move beyond the reach of further outrage and take darn good care that there should be no chance of such a thing happening again.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you for a moment, but I reckon I'll say good-by and thank you all for your kind entertainment," he said.

It was something of the suddenest in the way of farewells; his smile was merely polite and his bow was inclusive; even Jorgenson could take his share of it if he wanted to. Joe was not going to pretend that he was anything but resentful.

"Oh, good-by," said Eileen, coolly; and Bessie Kane: "Must you go so soon? Well, I expect we shall see you in town sometime -if you stay." Curiously, Mr. Stegg showed the only sign of concern.

"Here, Joe," he called to Joe's receding back, and started up from the Boston rocker. For the first time Eileen saw her great-uncle angry—and with her. It was just a look that he shot at her from beneath his shaggy brows, but it left no doubt in her mind as to his opinion of her behavior.

The old bullwhacker called again when he was outside the house, and Joe Lenning stopped. "Don't you trouble, Mr. Stegg," he said. "I can get the horse out."

"I'll help you harness," said Mr. Stegg. "See here, buddy, I'm not a-going to ask you to linger, but I want you to understand that I'm sorry to see you go thisaway. You got a raw deal all around."

"'Sall right, Mr. Stegg," said Joe as they entered the barn. "No hard feelings."

"That does you credit, boy," the old bullwhacker approved, and handed the young man the horse's collar. "I'm fond of my grand-niece," he went on to say, "but I'm a-going to give her a talking to she won't forget in a hurry. But what was the trouble about? I got the idee somehow that you was good friends and that she was sort of glad to see you. Of course I knowed Bessie wasn't. I was upstairs for a while and I may have missed something."

"There wasn't nothing but what you saw and heard," Joe told him. "If you don't mind, I'd rather not talk about it."

Mr. Stegg said no more until the bay was between the shafts and the lines passed through the saddle rings and buckled. Then, after Joe had got into the buggy, he shook hands with him, and there was nothing limp in his grip now.

"So long, bud," he said. "I'll just say this much: I'm sorry for what's happened in my house and I'm a-going to find out what's wrong and straighten it out if I can. You're not a-going back to Lebanon?"

Joe shook his head. He was looking pretty dog-gone miserable, but he made out to smile. "No, sir. I said I was a-going to stay here, and I'll stay."

He hesitated a moment, and then added: "If it could be straightened out—if you could—if there was a reason—but there ain't." He smiled again pathetically.

"I hope to see you back here before long. I wish you luck," said Mr. Stegg, and Joe nodded again and turned the buggy and drove off.

"I b'lieve that boy is all right," said Mr. Stegg, looking after him. "He's got savvy and he's got grit and he's got self-respect, whether there's grounds for it or not. Another thing, he can keep his mouth shut as well as shoot it off. Yes, I wouldn't wonder if he was all right." He turned, his forehead puckered with thought, and went to the barn. "Now what in thunder made that fool gel act up like she done?" He led his colt out and took him to the creek to drink. Returning, he considered whether Jorgenson's horse needed water and decided that he didn't. He was still angry when he thought of his womenfolk. He had an idea that a guest under his roof should be treated decently, irrespective of likes or dislikes. He would tell Bessie so, and she could get mad if she wanted to—Eileen too. They could go back to Lebanon if they wanted. Bessie probably would, if Lenning stayed, and Eileen would have to go along.

He sat on the grain box and pondered the matter, and was presently surprised when Jorgenson appeared.

"Leaving us already?" Mr. Stegg asked.

"Got to get back to the ranch," said Jorgenson.

"Come again sometime when you can't stay so long," said Mr. Stegg, using the stock jocularity, but with a rather weak smile. Jorgenson knew, of course, that it was a joke. He backed his horse out and began to saddle him.

"That reminds me to tell you that I propose to give my grand-niece her riding lessons myself," Mr. Stegg told him. "And I've got it all fixed to get her a horse and side saddle. We was talking about it afore you come; so you won't need to trouble about them things either."

"Well, that'll save me trouble," said Jorgenson, not in the least perturbed. "I can side her after you've learned her. Say, old-timer, that girl is a peachalorum."

"I'll tell her you said so. She ought to be pleased," said Mr. Stegg.

"She knows I think so, all right, all right," Jorgenson grinned, and then a sobering thought came to him: "She ain't subject to them headaches, is she? She don't look to be sickly."

"Which headaches?" inquired Mr. Stegg.

"She's been took with a bad one. Had to go lay down, or I might have stayed a while longer. Well, there's more days a-coming and it won't be long afore I'm back." He buckled on his spurs and mounted his horse. "I had a rip-snorting old time," he said. "I ain't had such a good time in a coon's age."

"I'm mighty glad somebody did," said Mr. Stegg. "So long, Bill."

"You're a great old josher, you are," laughed Jorgenson, and touching his horse with the spur he loped off.

According to his determination, Mr. Stegg told Bessie Kane his opinion of her inhospitable conduct, at the risk of having her flare up and return to Lebanon with Eileen. Bessie didn't flare up, though; she simply and efficiently burst into tears, whereat Mr. Stegg apologized humbly for the harshness of his reproof. After all, you could hardly blame Bessie. She had at least been consistent in the hostile attitude she had maintained toward Joe Lenning. Eileen was the real offender, but Eileen was still in retirement with the time-honored excuse of headache; so Mr. Stegg had to wait until the next morning to give her the talking-to that she so richly deserved.

It wasn't an easy thing to do. A man had to be mighty tough to hold a long face when Eileen smiled at him, and it took a powerful lot of holding in to keep from looking at her when she spoke. It was necessary to think hard about the scandalous way she had acted toward a poor, unprotected, unsuspecting boy in order to answer her shortly and gruffly. After a while, if Mr. Stegg knew her, the gel would get spunky and say something that would give him an opening for his attack. That should not be before Bessie, though. The affair was private. Eileen was not only to be scolded; she had also to explain herself. Dog-gone all women, with their choppings and changings!

Mr. Stegg coldly declined more hot cakes and, leaving the breakfast table, went to the barn and took the colt to the creek and watered him. After that he tied Selim to the suspended ring in the middle of the barn and, quite unnecessarily, proceeded to groom him. Selim was feeling pretty good and light-footed and Mr. Stegg had to admonish him severely. "Be ashamed of yourself! A body would think you was a filly, the way you behave."

"That's a nice thing to say," Eileen's voice remarked. She had made a noiseless appearance at the barn door. "I'd be ashamed of myself, if I was you," she continued. "That's right, Selim; nip him again."

(Continued on Page 134)

GLOVER

It stretches

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Glover Shorts (track pants) also have the exclusive *Adjusto-band* construction. They fit firmly and snugly on the hips, yet give an entirely new freedom of movement. Proved the most comfortable two-piece underwear made—and the most satisfactory—by thousands of wearers!

Pajamas Illustrated

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The suits shown at the left are, from top to bottom:

FOLKESTONE—Green, Helio, Blue Twillette . $4.50
AINTREE—Rose, Brown, Green Charmeuse . . $7
BERWICH—Orange, Rose, Blue Broadcloth . . . $5
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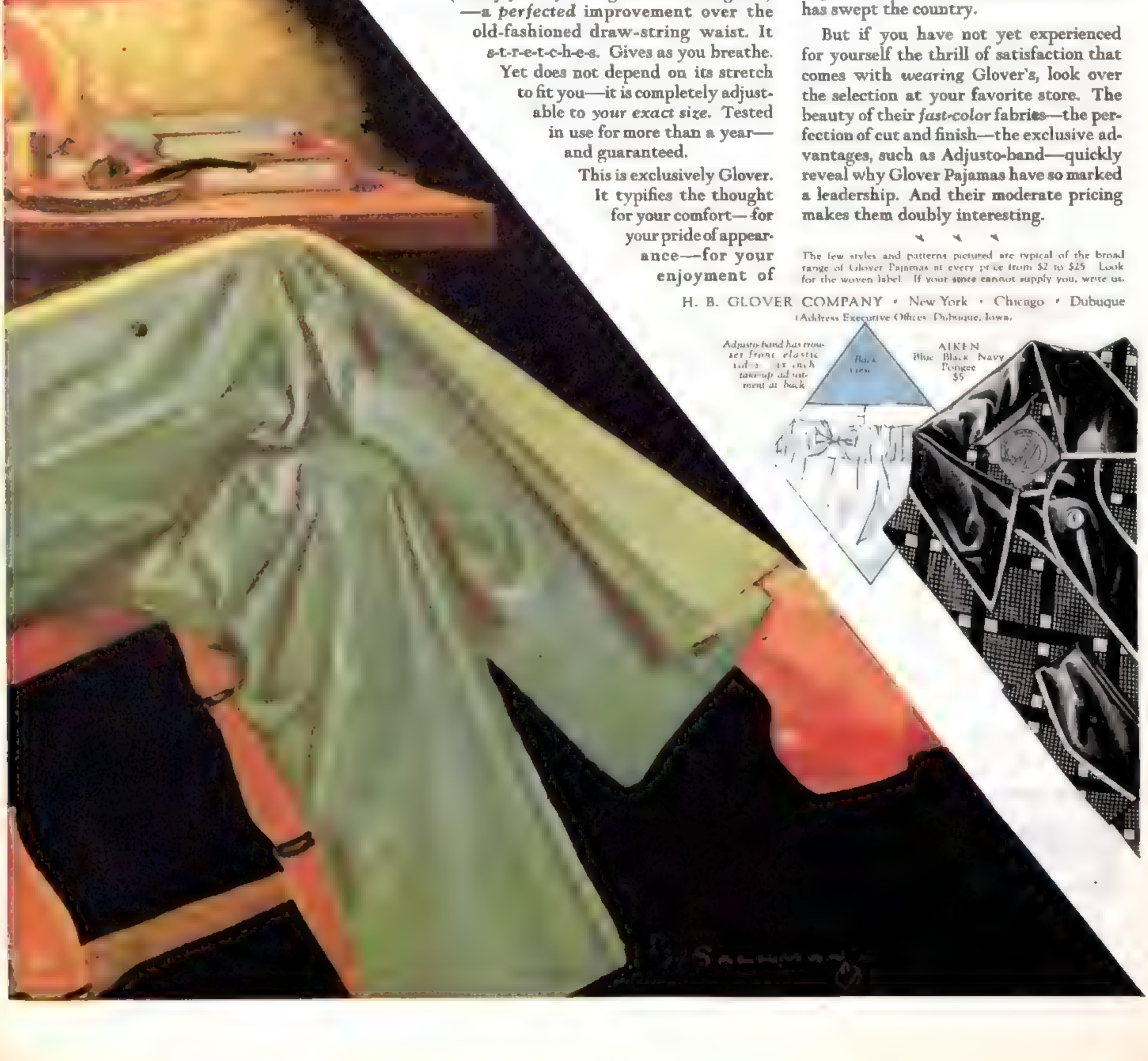

Carnelian Cabinet in the Palace at Versailles

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CLARK

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The trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

(Continued from Page 131)

Mr. Stegg made no reply to this—didn't even look round.

"Talk about behaving," Eileen went on. "What kind of behavior have you been a-showing? I'd never have b'lieved it of you, U. S.; pouting and frowning at your loving little niece as if she was rank poison to you, instead of a sweet-natured, nicely behaved young lady that any uncle ought to be proud of, to say nothing of the pains she took to brown your cakes the way you like 'em. Won't even look at me!"

Mr. Stegg shot a brief glance that he tried to make sternly contemptuous, and then slapped Selim's nose.

"He hates me," cried Eileen. "He's simply killing me with his unkindness—and for no earthly reason. That's a man, every time. Not a particle of reason. One minute as pleasant as a basket of chips and the next thing he's snapping and snarling for nothing at all; sitting right through breakfast without a single, solitary word, and looking glum and biting the food as if he had a grudge against it. But I did think you was an exception, U. S I've often said to myself: 'No matter what, and however unreasonable everybody else is, my dear, darling U. S. will be reasonable.' I forgot that you was a man, I spose."

Mr. Stegg had to look at her now—in amazement. She smiled at him. She certainly did look pretty, standing there leaning against the barn door, the breeze ruffling the curls of her bang.

Hard to keep from smiling back at her. Her eyes should have been red and puffy from penitential tears shed on her midnight pillow, but they weren't. The red was on her smiling lips and on her cheeks, and her blue eyes were clear as crystal. She had all the appearance of a young person who had slept long and soundly with a clear conscience.

"I certainly do admire your nerve," Mr. Stegg said. He turned his back to her and knocked the currycomb against a post of Selim's stall, dislodging a mat of felted hair. "I admire your nerve," he repeated, and led Selim to his manger and tied him, returning to hoist himself to a seat on the grain box. Nothing for it now but to begin the scolding.

"You know dog-gone well why I ain't pleased with you," he said. "Yesterday afternoon ——"

Eileen interrupted. "Do you mean to say that you've been mad at me ever since yesterday afternoon?" she asked. "Let the sun go down on your wrath? Why, U. S., you know right well it wasn't my fault you had to go and take a nap. All I wanted was to save you from the consequences of disobeying ma—and this is what I get for it!"

"What for did you act up the way you done to Joe Lenning?" demanded Mr. Stegg sternly.

Eileen's expression of astonishment did her credit. "Mr. Lenning? Why, how did I act up?"

"Like he was a mangy yellow dog—which he ain't," replied Mr. Stegg. "Made me feel ashamed of you and your ma both. Seems like you might have been p'lite, anyway. And it was 'Joe,' when you run out to meet him—'This is Joe.' And if you'll look up over your head you'll see them floor boards ain't none too close together and a person up in the mow can easy see what's a-going on down below."

Eileen had the grace to blush. "First you say I'm not p'lite, and then you sort of hint —— I didn't think you'd peep, U. S."

"I didn't," said Mr. Stegg, with a grin. "But it seemed to me you was too far apart when I come down the ladder. What I want to know is why you chopped and changed about and wouldn't take no notice of him. Not being a man, I reckon you've got some good reason."

Eileen explained that she had been busy trying to entertain Mr. Jorgenson. If her uncle would insist on inviting lovely young cattle barons to the house, he couldn't blame her for being too fascinated to pay much attention to anybody else, especially if others was present to save her the trouble. Mr. Stegg conceded that there was reason in that, Jorgenson being a fine, strapping feller, not like that young slim Jim, Lenning. Also Jorgenson had a good moral character, s'far's was known, and was saving and well-fixed, whereas Lenning, if all tales was true, was a scalawag and didn't have a cent to his name.

Eileen's eyes flashed. "Don't you dare say such things!" she cried. "You know perfectly well he's not ——"

"No, he's not," said Mr. Stegg. "He's a fine boy, my dear, and that's why I don't like to see you treat him bad, even if you have took a shine to Bill Jorgenson."

"I haven't." Eileen stamped her foot. "The big, boasting idiot! If he ever comes near here again he won't think I'm p'lite either."

"Then it looks like you must have some other reason," Mr. Stegg insinuated, and held her with an inquiring gaze. She nodded. "Well, then, why?"

"Because."

"Fine and dandy," remarked her uncle sarcastically. "You let on that Joe's the only one in the wide world for you and all other men was to you like shadders, and ——"

"I didn't!" said Eileen. "Didn't, didn't, didn't!"

"And then you turn around and stomp on him; send him away, broken-hearted—because"

"His heart ain't broke very bad," said Eileen, tossing her head. "He'll find some nice, handsome French lady with red stockings to mend it for him. And I'm sure he's welcome to, for all of me."

Mr. Stegg stared at her and emitted a long, low whistle. "Red stockings? Who told you about them red stockings? Jorgenson, I'll bet a horse. So that's how come! And the last thing I'd have thought of. I certainly did think that you had a lick or two of sense, but seems like I was mistook."

"I've got enough sense to—to —— You know that it's true. You were trying to keep it from me; you know you were." Tears dimmed the girl's eyes.

"Quit chewing that apron," said Mr. Stegg harshly. "And if you start to bawling I won't tell you nothing. Listen now. I don't know what that skunk, Jorgenson, told you, but it's true that Joe traveled all the way from Sidney with them red stockings—only they was inside the coach and he was outside, on the box with Red Raymond. I know that, because I passed the stage on my way to town, and the French lady was inside with the two China boys that was also passengers. I seen 'em all get off at Fred Willor's and I set and et my dinner with 'em, and I took notice that madamoselle couldn't get no attention whats'ever from Joe, nor her red stockings couldn't neither. I also took notice that when she was in the parlor and the crowd was making cracks about her, Joe Lenning was the only one that spoke and acted like a gentleman. He was sorry for her—I seen that—and when she come out to get aboard the stage, he had the sand to tell her good-by and wish her luck and offer to shake hands with her right afore all them grinning yahoos, and he done it like a kind-hearted boy and a gentleman, and nothing else, and anybody that give it any other twist is a dirty-minded liar, and any gel that wouldn't have been proud of him —— Here! you quit that right away! . . . Don't, honey—don't. I didn't mean to blame you, sweetheart."

A Scene in Mount Baker National Forest, Washington

Eileen was bawling now sure enough. Her starting tears and quivering lip should have given ample warning of the storm that had broken. She had clutched two handfuls of her great-uncle's shirt bosom and buried her face in the folds, sobbing, with broken utterances to the effect that she had known it all along, that she was wicked, foolish, mean and hateful and other things that she should not have been and for which she deserved the direst penalties imaginable, chief of which was that Joe Lenning would detest her and never speak to her again, or so much as look at her. She wanted to die. She repeated that, so there could be no mistake about it, and she seemed to have a firm conviction that she would die. All that Mr. Stegg could do in the way of patting her shoulder, stroking her bright hair and assuring her that all would yet be well had no perceptible effect for quite a long time and his shirt bosom was uncomfortably moist before she removed her head from it and showed him a face as puffy, blotched and blowzy as ever appealed to pity.

"Do you really and truly believe that he'll forgive me, U. S., dear?" she asked. "Do you honestly think so?"

Life and death hung on the answer to that question, if Eileen's look and tone meant a thing.

Mr. Stegg said that he wouldn't mind betting a herd of horses that if Joe thought that she was sorry and would never do it again he would forgive her this one time. She begged him not to joke. How could he joke!

"If he'll only forgive me, I'll marry him tomorrow, whatever ma says. I'm going into town to tell him so, and I don't care how poor he is or what hardships we have to go through. They won't be hardships for me, with Joe—if he wants such a silly, wicked fool. I want to go to town, U. S., and if you won't take me I'll walk. Oh, what makes ma so! That she can't see how noble he is! U. S., dear, please take me to Joe now. I'll go crazy if you don't."

"Now, see here, my dear," said Mr. Stegg soothingly. "Don't get excited. That there noble young man ain't a-going to run away; he told me he wasn't. He's a-going to stay and let you forgive him. As far's getting married tomorrow's concerned, there ain't no rush about it, and when you do get married, with your ma's glad consent and blessing—which I undertake to g'ar'ntee—you won't have no hardships worth mentioning, because I've got another ranch, on Horsehead, that I ain't using, excepting to rent, and I've got quite a few head of stock—horses and cattle—running on the range and a few dollars that Lake & Halley's bank is taking care of for me and that I've been wondering what use I'd ever have for So I'm a-going to see you and Joe through if you don't change your mind and take Jorgenson, and —— There ain't no need to strangle me. And now you and me will go down to the crick and wash your face and you can use my clean handkerchief before your ma sees you."

Ten minutes or so later, Eileen returned his handkerchief and paid for the use of it. "What I can't understand, U. S., darling, is why you don't sprout wings," she told him happily.

"Well, I might get me a small pair and use some roses for clothes after I'd fatted up and got a clean shave," said Mr. Stegg. "Then all I'd need to fit onto a valentine would be a cute little bow 'n' arrers."

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JOHN QUIXOTE

(Continued from Page 5)

black as a crow's wing, and unbobbed. Queer, how vividly he remembered those dark eyes, a faint perfume, the swift grace of her passing—as if bright stirring wings had brushed his face and vanished.

What was she running from? That chauffeur didn't look like anybody's jailer, and nobody else was in the car.

What had she meant by that appealing glance? John Harvey, being new to Spain, didn't guess that she had merely feared he'd speak to her amorously and wake the chauffeur. Other men, freer from inhibitions, did accost her; he saw their hopeful smirks, their stoic shrugs as she hurried on. In their philosophy there was no harm in trying. No doubt they wondered why John Harvey glared so balefully as they came level with him.

The girl vanished through a huge doorway. That was a railway station; well, anybody had a right to walk into a railway station. John Harvey was a serious and respectable young man, but he was human.

Wenceslao, lurking in the dark entrance to the bull ring, slipped out and trailed the tall young Englishman who had befriended him—all tall blond men were Englishmen to Wenceslao; if you had told him this one was American he would have been confused. Americans came from Cuba or the Argentine, and spoke very good Spanish, though with a queer accent. This one hardly spoke Spanish at all.

Ducking with some relief into the shelter of the station, Wenceslao stood very straight before John Harvey, saying in what he had been taught for English, "Sair, I sank you."

"Huh?" said John Harvey. "Oh, hello, son! You all right?"

The boy's white shirt was muddy, and his black trousers, long like a man's and modishly high and snug above the waist, were torn and smeared where the bull's horn had caught; but plainly he wasn't hurt.

John Harvey, being no judge of Valencian modes, thought he was an appealing young ragamuffin—so slim and straight, with clear audacious eyes. He grinned and gave the boy a peseta.

Wenceslao was embarrassed, but the tall young man was looking at a woman.

The girl had joined a shortening line before a ticket window. Directly behind her stepped a handsome youth with a small, very pointed black mustache. Immediately he began to murmur over the girl's shoulder; John Harvey recognized the fatuous smirk, the caressing tone that all Spaniards seemed to try on all pretty women. Why didn't she call a cop? But no, if she was a fugitive ——

Plainly the fellow was no friend of hers. She kept her face averted, but he only murmured more insistently. He moved closer. So did John Harvey, and his good right fist was itching.

Wenceslao was thrilled. The Englishman was following Elena de Avila! But what was Doña Elena doing here without a maid, or anything? Surely she wasn't going on the train alone? It simply wasn't done!

She came to the window, her head still bent, the lace mantilla drawn about her face. John Harvey hadn't seen her face again—and he wanted to. She took her ticket and her change and fled. Her persistent admirer, smirking after her, said with satisfaction at the window, "*Tambien a mi.* The same!"

John Harvey understood that much Spanish. John Harvey's jaw clenched and his feet moved uncertainly. He stopped; for after all he was a serious young man.

"Quickly, sair!" urged Wenceslao. "Ze train goes!"

The boy was grinning at him with audacious eyes. Well, why not? He wasn't enchanted with Valencia. He stepped to the window as the handsome youth left it; snapped, "*Tambien.* Me too!" and snatched a leaf out of his notebook and scribbled on it—in English; the hotel manager, a cultured Swiss, spoke better English than John Harvey did. That for Valencia!

"Want to carry this note for me, son? Tell 'em I don't know when I'll be back."

"Yes, sair," said Wenceslao piteously, not moving.

He was afraid to move. The bullfight was over; the crowd was streaming past the station now, among them somewhere a short, stout gentleman with a face like a thundercloud. Wenceslao was in no danger of two weeks in jail, but the flogging was a moral certainty.

"Wan penny, meester! Wan penny, pleess!"

That was the ragged urchin from the sidewalk. Wenceslao leaped on him, dragged him aside, thrust the peseta and the note into his hand, hissed in harsh, clipped Valencian Spanish, "Shall I give thee to the *guardia?* Then take this note, and quickly, or ——"

The beggar nodded and took to his heels before it should dawn on this rich one that he had given a whole peseta. Wenceslao turned and sprinted after the disappearing Englishman.

A grumbling guard was punching John Harvey's ticket; Wenceslao shot under his elbow, and the guard cursed him and shut the gate. He couldn't be bothered with small boys.

The train was moving out. John Harvey ran and climbed aboard, in the face of a protesting trainman, and under cover of the argument Wenceslao swarmed up too. John Harvey grinned.

"Hello! Are you still with us?"

"Yes, sair," said Wenceslao. "I go wiz you, sair. You permit?"

"Humph!" said John Harvey, noting now the excellent quality of the boy's damaged clothes. "What about your folks?"

"Par-don, sair?"

"Your family—your father, your mother. Do they know it?"

"I haf no fazzer," said Wenceslao pitifully, wiping the short stout gentleman temporarily out of existence. "No mozzer. No family. No frien' but you, sair."

"Humph!" said John Harvey. "You're a liar by the clock. You could be an orphan, but you couldn't be friendless if you tried with both hands—not if I'm any judge!"

"Yes, sair," said Wenceslao, understanding nothing but the kindly tone. "Iss it that you loff Doña Elena, sair?"

"Huh?" said John Harvey.

"*Ze señorita.*" Wenceslao dropped into a furtive pose, drew an invisible mantilla about his face, glanced all about with anxious eyes. The boy was an unconscious mimic.

"Is that her name—Elena?"

"Yes, sair. Elena de Avila."

"H'm!" said John Harvey. "Pretty name. You know her?"

"Yes, sair. Her fazzer very rich, too bad. Too—too ——" Wenceslao threw back his head and pointed a thumb down his own throat; you could almost hear liquor gurgling.

"Drinks too much?"

"Yes, sair. And too moch ladies. All men," granted Wenceslao, himself a man of the world, "loff ladies. I loff a girl call' Epifania. You loff Doña Elena. But he iss too moch. Too many. Too moch often things. Too bad."

"Does he mistreat her?"

"Yes, sair," said Wenceslao. He had no idea what the Englishman had asked him, but he felt like agreeing. He liked the Englishman. Probably Englishmen didn't punish boys for doing forbidden things. Anyway, he, Wenceslao, had escaped punishment for the time being, and the world was wide. Valencia had dropped behind, sinking and flattening, and the blue Mediterranean rose cool and dim and spacious. The train rocked on into the terraced hills.

III

THE sun was down, but the lights hadn't been turned on. The dusky corridors were a confusion of seatless passengers, hand luggage, fruit baskets, birdcages. The train was crowded; Spanish trains were always crowded. Every compartment had at least one woman in a black mantilla and one fat man who glared truculently at every questing head and cried, "There is no seat! There is no seat!"

John Harvey began to feel more than a little foolish. It came to him that he hadn't seen the girl's face except for that fleeting moment when she had stared so queerly at him through the glass of the limousine. Was he sure he'd recognize her? And if he did, what of it?

"S-s-st!" said Wenceslao, ducking back and flattening himself beside a door in the approved manner for sleuths.

The girl sat next a window, staring with somber eyes at the slow-passing hills. John Harvey saw her face almost in profile—the clear line of her cheek, the proud unhappy tightness at the corner of her mouth, the sweet curve of her lashes. Fronting her was a heavy-jawed, bold-eyed, flashy male of the coarser sporting type, his gaze roving with relish over her from head to foot. And what could you do about it? Men gazed just as openly in the cafés, on the sidewalks—anywhere. It was quite customary.

John Harvey moved to the other side of the door and fixed a baleful glare on the offender. In this position he became aware of the handsome youth with the trick mustache—he of the station—lounging against the outer wall of the corridor and watching the girl with glowing eyes. John Harvey transferred his glare; the youth became aware of it, glanced down and murmured an apology. He thought he had been standing on John Harvey's foot.

Then he turned to his bland, zestful staring.

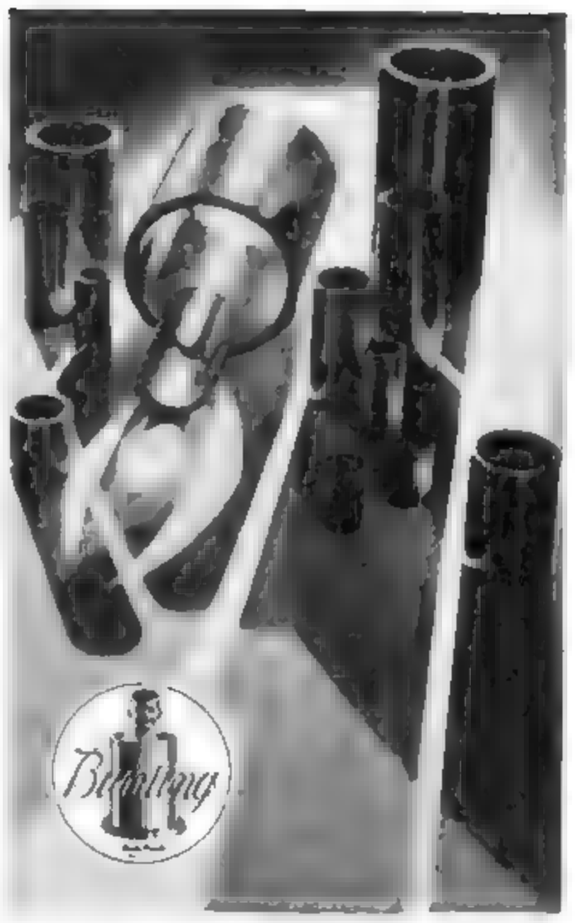
It was quite customary. The lights came on, and tobacco smoke drifted thicker, and monotony dulled the edge of righteous indignation; after all, they couldn't hurt her much, just staring. There were other women in the compartment, and an old gentleman with a beautiful white beard. John Harvey drifted out and stood on the back platform, moodily watching the rails click backward, dim fluid lines of starlight that flowed ceaselessly and never passed.

The sky was clear and deep; the coastwise hills were opening, letting out the horizon. The moon came up. A distant hilltop passed across its lower edge; against it, for a moment, the dark and lonely shape of a ruined castle stood in sharp relief.

Castles in Spain. . . . Once to John Harvey it had been a phrase—a pretty phrase for airy, formless dreams. But the reality was grim and sad and old. You saw them everywhere, always on some harsh lonely height, as if the tide of living centuries had drained away and left them stranded there—dead, empty shells of pride and personal ambition. Once every hilltop had its feudal lord, fierce, arrogant, eternally at war; once from those frowning gates rode plumed and armored knights in search of battle, plunder, ladies in distress. The turrets crumbled and great halls gaped open to the sky, too dry and dead even for gypsies. The memory of those knights with lances now lived only in the bull ring.

These were the signs of what had been. Castles that crumbled on a thousand hills; a small boy pitting himself against a wounded bull; men who stared boldly, openly, desirously at a pretty woman; a girl with red rebellious lips and stormy eyes. . . . The train ran clattering into a considerable town.

There was a touch of fantasy about this town; its lights soared glittering into the sky, hung on an unseen mountainside. But near at hand was dull reality enough. There



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was the inevitable babbling crowd; Spaniards loved crowds, and yet their noise was the noise of a hundred quarrels. Motor cars honked hysterically, proud sedans and tiny humble things designed to save expensive gasoline; beggars whined, vanishing abjectly as two members of the *guardia civil* strolled by, silent, formidable, in their queer shining hats with brims turned flatly up behind; lesser policemen hovered in the background. Inevitable, too, the somber figure of a priest.

Vaguely it all meant something. A nervousness, a sense of maladjustment; towns of fierce individualists being crammed into the mold of a mechanical modern world. John Harvey suddenly was tired of towns. The Spain he vaguely sought was not in towns; it was out yonder somewhere, under the riding moon.

"S-s-st!" said Wenceslao, beckoning in the door.

The corridors were empty. The compartments too; their seats held only hats or other personal belongings; most of the passengers had gone out to dine. The girl was alone, her head bent and the black mantilla drawn about her face, her slim hands plucking nervously at a handkerchief. Wenceslao looked expectantly at John Harvey, but John Harvey didn't rise to the occasion.

Helpfully, therefore, the boy hissed—the universal signal for attention. But the girl only shrank nervously. A woman traveling alone simply must not hear such things.

"*S-s-st!* Doña Elena!"

Her head flew up; John Harvey heard her swift sigh of relief. "Feo!" she cried. "*Tu! Qué haces aquí?*"

Wenceslao explained apologetically to John Harvey, "Zey call me Feo because I am so ogly. My name iss Wenceslao."

"Ugly?" said John Harvey. "Why—er—I wouldn't say ——"

The girl laughed. John Harvey was a little dazed. As if by magic all the strain had gone out of her face; her eyes were merry, her voice casual—and she spoke in English! Only a little undue dwelling on the consonants showed her unfamiliar with it.

"You shouldd havve seenn himm when he wass a baby. He wass a little monkey a darrling little beasst. Eh, Feo?"

"*Me lo han conta'o,*" muttered Wenceslao.

"Speak English. It is good for you; and if the gentleman is English — "

"Not guilty," smiled John Harvey. "American."

Her dark eyes weighed him, and she nodded.

"Yes; an Englishman would stand more stiff before he is presented. You are perhaps a friend of Feo's father?" But in the instant that he hesitated her dark eyes had filled with apprehension. "Is—is he with you?"

"No." Trying to bring back the note of laughter, he added with a mournful glance at Wenceslao, "The poor boy has no father. No mother, no friends—no anything."

"What!" cried the girl reproachfully.

"I tol' him," admitted the sheepish Wenceslao. "I wan' to go wiz him. I tol' him."

"Go with him? Where?"

John Harvey, grinning wickedly at Wenceslao, found himself hoist by his own petard. Wenceslao merely looked at him with bright audacious eyes and waited for him to answer.

"Why—er—I found him on my hands rather unexpectedly. Of course I'll send him back by the next train."

"Par-don?" said Wenceslao, alarmed.

"You must go back. Your father will be worried."

"Nevaire!" cried Wenceslao.

"But yes," said the girl firmly. "You are too young to travel without your father."

"And you?" cried Wenceslao.

The shot told. He saw it hit, and gazed at her with calm superiority. He was a male; the most he had to fear at home was a mere caning, and he had that coming anyway. But women—women were gravely judged. A girl, a De Avila, must not even go into the street alone; and here she was on a train, without even a servant to stand for the proprieties!

The girl glanced with apology at John Harvey and spoke soberly in Spanish.

"Look, Feo, I confess: I have run away. But for me there was no remedy. Believe me, Feito; when you are older you will understand. It is no whim that brings me here alone."

"But you are not alone," Wenceslao reassured her, "now. I am with you, and the English gentleman!"

Even in her distress she smiled at that. "No, Feo; you are too young to run away. Come," she said, hustling him into the corridor, "there is a train that passes here before we go."

"If you send me back," cried Wenceslao, "I will tell your papa, and he will telegraph the *guardia civil* and they will catch you!"

The girl dropped her hands in a hopeless gesture.

"Then you shall come with me, and I will write your father that you are safe. By the time a letter reaches him it will not matter about me."

Wenceslao stiffened. That was no way to go adventuring with a woman! He said with dignity, "I am with the Englishman."

John Harvey had withdrawn discreetly. The girl went to him, told him, "I have asked Wenceslao to come with me. I know his family, and I will write them tonight."

"Good," said John Harvey. "Thank you."

"But he insists that he go with you."

"It iss the same," cried Wenceslao. "I go wiz him, and he go where you go! He loffs you!"

"He—what?" faltered the girl.

"He loffs you! He walk behind you to ze *estación*. He iss moch anger when zat man talk loff to you. He buy ze same *billete* like you buy, and ron to find you in ze train. He can ron fast," said Wenceslao admiringly.

John Harvey was making a noble if somewhat hollow effort to laugh it off. The girl said curtly, "Is this true?"

"It's true that I have a ticket to ——" With panic he realized that he had paid no attention to the name of his destination; with great presence of mind he fished out the ticket and showed it to her. "I have business there."

"With whom?"

He opened his mouth to answer the first Spanish name that came into his mind and nothing came! His mind was blank of every Spanish name but hers—Elena-Elena de Avila! That wouldn't do. He blurted, "You don't believe me?"

"I do not," said Elena de Avila. "If you speak to me again I shall denounce you to the *guardia civil* at the next station."

John Harvey bowed. He turned away with one sharp picture in his mind—her flashing eyes, the proud and tender beauty of her face, the way her soft lips trembled; he felt the tension that filled every nerve of her slim somber body. He thought it must be tough to be a woman, and alone, in Spain, where every woman was fair game for every cruising male.

And on another track, another train rolled in, headed back to Valencia. John Harvey, hesitating, saw the boy Wenceslao lurking behind him, wistful but dogged.

He said firmly, "No, son. You stay with her. She ought to have some man along."

"Yes, sair!" said Wenceslao, straightening

The bold-eyed sporting man pushed his way into the car, picking his teeth. John Harvey glared uncertainly after him, and the train pulled out. Oh, well! He had a ticket to some unknown place; he might as well see something for his money. Of course he wouldn't go near the girl again, but it wouldn't hurt to have a grown man handy if those fellows started anything.

(Continued on Page 141)

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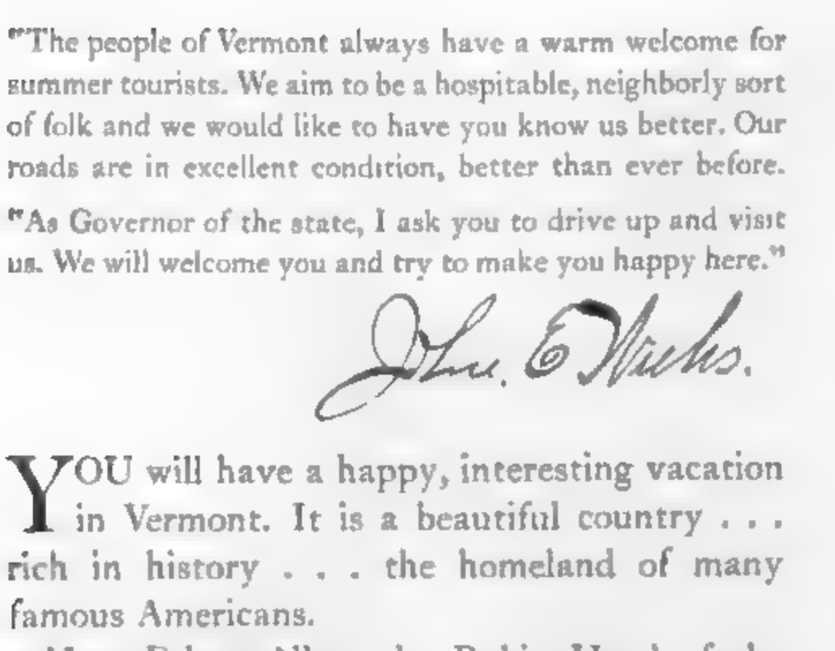
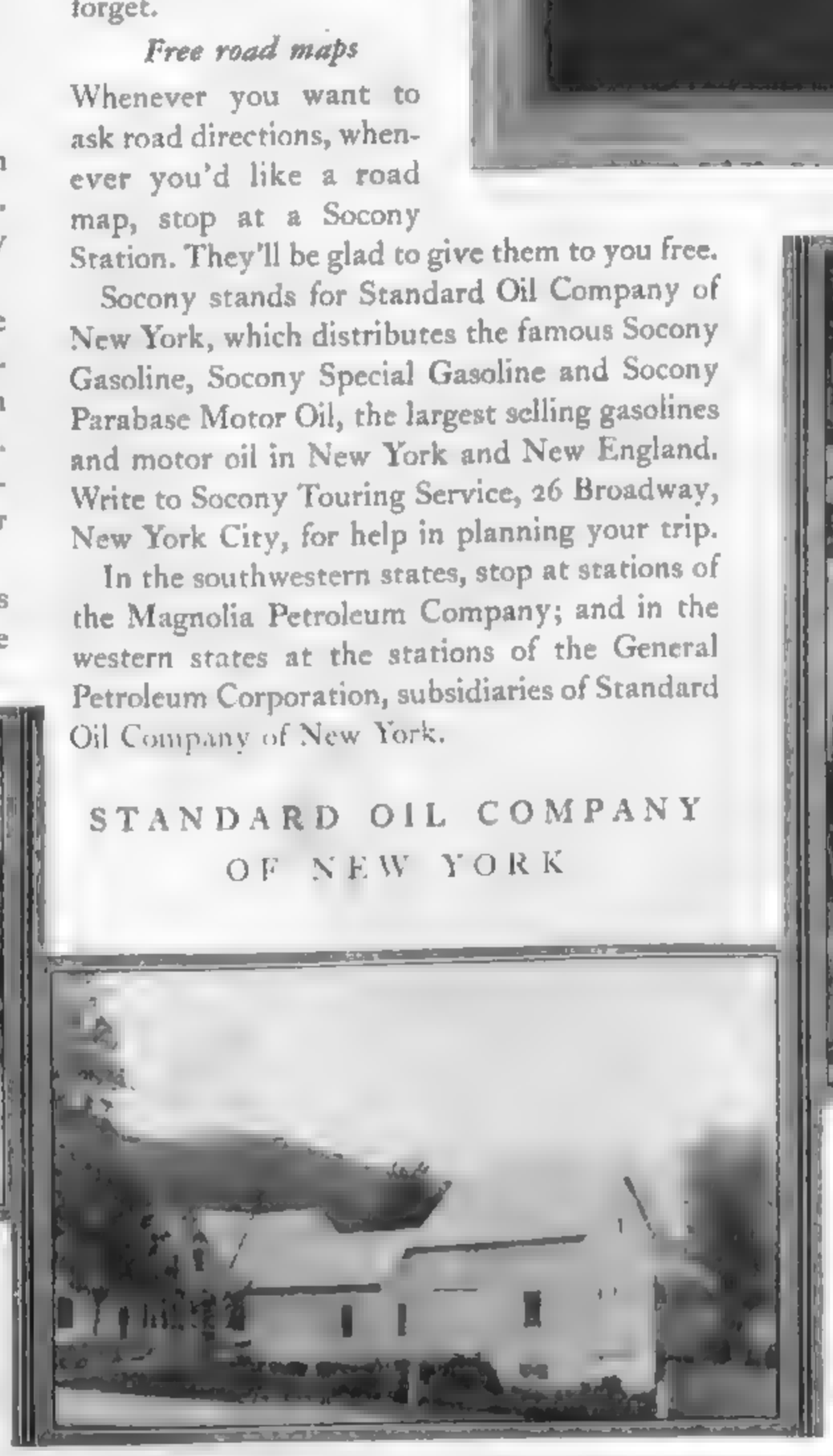


The home in Plymouth, Vermont, where Calvin Coolidge took the oath of office as President of the United States



You'll find beautiful and picturesque camping spots like this almost everywhere in Vermont

(Continued from Page 138)

The hills fell back, and queer small villages went by, and ruined castles kept their lonely heights under the moon.

IV

AND presently the hills were gone, and the sky opened to an emptiness of moonlight that absorbed the noisy passing of the train. Passing? It rolled and clattered, but the land was still the same. The moonlight was the same—a clear, dry moonlight that reached off to a dim edge of sky that was not a horizon; you felt suspended, watching a motion that was all illusion. Nothing changed. Now and again a low white village passed, always the same village, sharp with white walls and purple shadows, the train lights shining on a few dull staring faces; to them, you felt, the train was illusion too.

Within the train, too, life had sunk to a flat monotone. Even the bold-eyed sporting man, though he still picked his teeth and lifted his eyes occasionally to appraise the charms of Elena de Avila, did so mechanically. Mostly he read a comic weekly in whose illustrations female charms were much more obvious; he didn't even notice when the girl left the train. The handsome youth with the trick mustache followed her into the moonlight; but John Harvey, skulking in the shadow, saw him kiss the whiskered cheeks of a stout countryman and climb into a buckboard and drive off, not even offering the girl a lift.

There was a village in the middle distance. The girl and Wenceslao and a few bystanders trailed away and melted into the moonlight. John Harvey, left alone with the station master, asked uncertainly, "Hotel?" The man stared. He had never seen a tourist. There was no hotel—not what this weirdly dressed young man would call a hotel. John Harvey was wearing a soft white panama and plus-fours; the station master took it to be the national costume of some outlandish race.

But after a struggle he comprehended that the stranger had to sleep somewhere. He nodded silently, locked the tiny station with a huge iron key, beckoned, and plodded silently toward the village.

It was a considerable village, but the tremendous moonlit plain around it made it seem lost and lonely. Lord, what an emptiness!

Suddenly John Harvey grinned. There was a squat white tower holding up four gaunt arms whose like he had never seen except in pictures—the folded wings of an ancient windmill. It tickled him; it seemed a sardonic comment on this blank and empty feeling. Suddenly, recalling his Spanish map, he knew the name of this tremendous plain. It was La Mancha.

This was the land of Don Quixote—Don Quixote de la Mancha, last of the knights of romance; the gaunt, the somber, the ridiculous, with his cooking-pot helmet and his faithful Sancho at his heels, riding to fight imaginary foes for an imaginary lady—tilting at windmills!

John Harvey doffed his hat, murmuring, "Don't shoot, big boy! I recognize you now."

Gosh, what a silence! There was a street where their feet echoed noisily, alarmingly. The station master swung a monstrous knocker on a silent door; the boom was deafening. And silence closed, absorbed it, wiped it out as if no sound had ever broken there. John Harvey had never dreamed a place could be so still. It left the ears blank and empty, straining.

The door ground harshly and a silent, staring woman let him in. His guide took one last stare, refused a tip, said solemnly "With God!" and took his lonely way into the silence. The woman's feet made no sound on the rough stone floor. She showed him to a narrow room with thick white walls and one small window, iron barred; said solemnly "Sleep with God!" and vanished. John Harvey heard his watch tick, found himself undressing with strained caution. A knock at the door made his heart jump.

It was Wenceslao. The boy seemed curiously subdued; John Harvey thought the quietness oppressed him.

"You wish somesing, sair?"

"No, thanks, son. I'm all right."

"I say good-by," said the boy gravely. "We go tomorrow in *ze camión*. Far, far," said Wenceslao, waving a vague hand southward. "To ze house of hair—how you say?—hair big papa."

"Her grandfather?"

"Yes, sair. Castillo de Teresa."

"Well, good luck, son. What did you say your name was?"

"I am Wenceslao José María Sánchez y Montalban, sair."

Out of those liquid syllables John Harvey's untrained ear caught something, and he grinned. "Sánchez? I thought so! Ever hear of Sancho Panza, son?"

All proper Spanish boys know their Cervantes. Wenceslao grinned and pushed out his slim belly, which is *panza*. "Yes, sair. Ze sairvant off Don Quixote?"

"Right," said John Harvey. "Mitt me, Sancho! Mitt John Quixote, himself, in person—not a moving picture!"

"I am pliss to mitt you, sair," said Wenceslao.

The moon poured silver silence on the world, so still, so vast that you could feel the span of centuries; as if time were a little thing; as if you could almost remember the reality of old fantastic happenings. Castles and armored knights and ladies in distress. . . . Castillo de Teresa, far, far—*castillo* meant castle. Her grandfather's house. Well, she belonged in some old gallant setting, with those proud lips and those dark, stormy eyes. What was she running from? Her father. . . . None of your business! Go to sleep. Tick, tick, tick, tick. . . . John Harvey's watch boomed louder, louder, merged with the boom of battle-axes on a castle door behind which lay a captive with soft, trembling lips and ——

Honk! Honk!

That was an automobile squawking. In Spain they always squawked like that; sensible horns were against the law, or something. Silly country—wanting to be modern, boasting of being modern, and yet setting their heels at every step of development. . . . None of your business. Go to—suddenly John Harvey was awake. The *camión!* He bounded to the window just in time to see a small American motor-truck, its body fitted with a canvas top and two seats over a mass of freight, bearing Elena de Avila and Wenceslao away.

Castillo de Teresa, far, far —— Oh, well!

Hard sunlight hit the white wall opposite, thin, brilliant, without heat; he dressed and went out, shivering. The silent woman gave him coffee, managed to explain that there would be a train back to Valencia at seventeen o'clock in the afternoon. Eleven hours!

Slow signs of life came from the street. A gaunt, slow woman swept the earth before the door—gray earth, stone hard, worn not with wheels but with the feet and hoofs of generations. A little girl plodded by, lugging a loaf of bread; John Harvey spoke to her and she gave him one frightened look and ran. A few men squatted in the sun, puffing cigarettes. They stared at him and answered rustily, "With God!"

There was no more of the village than he had seen last night. Beyond it lay the plain, tremendous, flat beyond all imagining. He had seen prairies in the States, land that rolled out in great slow undulations; but this land was flat, blank, overpowering. The eye hit the horizon in one vast, breath-taking reach.

The sun rose and the morning stir subsided. Doors closed to keep out the heat; the street lay empty, shimmering between white walls and thin blue shadows. A blue greyhound, a grotesque and timid shadow of a dog, loped on gaunt legs from nowhere into nowhere. John Harvey grinned. Dogs would be greyhounds here! You needed legs even to bear the contemplation of those distances.

How could they be so still? John Harvey couldn't. He pulled his hat over his eyes and set out down the road. Southward; but not, of course, because the girl had gone that way. He simply didn't think of going north.

He wasn't going anywhere. No! He was just walking.

True, he thought of her as he strode. The quaint, proud, tender curve of her lips, the stormy beauty of her eyes, made colorful material for thinking. Castillo de Teresa, far, far. . . . Across the south lay a low line of blue, and that was not a cloud—not in that brilliant sky. Those would be hills, and her grandfather's house a magic castle. And why not? He wasn't going anywhere. He sang, under his breath at first; and then it came to him that he might sing as loudly as he chose. That mighty silence had no ears.

"I'm a son of a son of a son of a son of a son of a gambolier!"

He was neither a gambler nor a son of a gambler; he was a medical student and the son of a plodding physician. And what of it? For the first time in his life he was alone—tremendously alone. He didn't know the name of the queer spell that lifted him—the challenge of unchanging time and space that crushes men into themselves or draws their souls out in fantastic dreams.

Here once rode Don Quixote with his rusty sword. Here strode John Harvey, and he neither knew nor cared that he was swaggering.

There was a bankless river in the plain, almost invisible till he came to it, lying so flat that he crossed easily on stones. He didn't see what it was—a stream of life that rose in the eastern hills, flowing across four-fifths of Spain, growing, feeding towns and cities all the way to the Atlantic. John Harvey didn't know that water had a price.

There was a place where the road slanted down to cross a great ditch in the plain, straight as an arrow—a canal, but water had never run in its deep bed. Its sun-baked corners never had silted up. Here and there its beveled banks had slumped, dropping gray earth to settle undisturbed, melted and fused now by the scanty rain of years. And yonder, a thousand yards away, labor had stopped; some gaunt machine lay rusting there. A steam shovel!

Queer to see such a thing in this unstirring land. He started toward it, but the heat that shimmered from those beveled banks was suffocating. He went back to the road and plodded on.

He felt the heat, a dry, rather exhilarating heat; he didn't know that it was dangerous. He didn't know that he had seen the ruin of a great attempt to fight it. He was no engineer, and he didn't know that he had ever heard of Andrew Morgan. It didn't even faintly occur to him to connect Elena de Avila with a steam shovel.

He only wished his hat brim were a little more opaque; he knew now why these men wore stiff felt hats instead of flimsy straw.

How long had he been walking? He pulled out his watch, and the white sun glare on it stabbed his eyes with pain. He'd better get out of this. But where? There were no trees. The village lay far off and tiny. Yonder, maybe a mile away, a low white ranch house beckoned; he could almost feel the grateful dimness of its interior. He hurried on. White walls glared in his face, and shadow took him in. Water! A swarthy, courteous man gave him a drinking jug. He didn't know how to shoot a stream into his mouth from the thin spout without touching it; he shocked his host by drinking from the neck. Whew, but the shade was good!

A flustered woman thrust a chair under his knees. Brown, timid children peeped at him from doorways. A dirty baby stared at him with solemn eyes; he grinned and crooked a finger at it, and the baby rose solemnly and clutched the finger to see if it was real. And suddenly John Harvey was a friend of the family.

Kind, simple people, these. He was amazed to find how well he could speak

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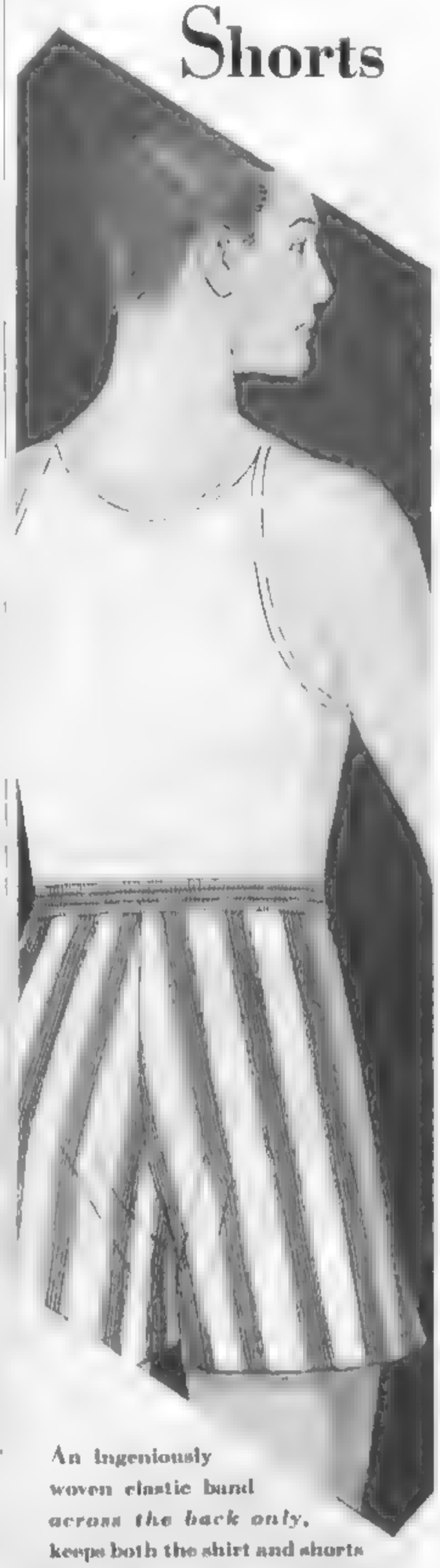

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Spanish when people really tried to understand. He spent an hour trying to explain why he wasn't an Englishman. It came to him that the United States was a great country, more than a little wonderful.

And strange. In the United States all space was measured, bounded, known; all time neatly divided, used. Everything was so mathematical and definite. In the States you always knew where you were going and just how to get there; if you didn't some brisk information clerk would tell you.

Idly he asked his host, "Castillo de Teresa?"

But plainly the man had never heard of it. So that was all right.

The sun slid westward, and somewhere out there the train to Valencia went by. What of it? He asked his host, "I—*sleeps* here?" The man assured him cordially, "You are in your house." And he meant it. This was no place where people made a living out of tourists; it was a little stronghold where a spark of human life glowed bravely against infinity, and human reënforcement was always welcome.

The sun went down, and the moon came up, and the motor bus went by. Northward, this time. It hadn't occurred to John Harvey that busses usually ran both ways. What of it? He resented motor busses here; impertinent, soulless mechanisms, shortening space and expanding time—doing tricks with infinity.

But in the morning, staring south to that blue line of hills, he felt his legs a little short against those distances. The sun was fresh, flooding the plain with its deceptive, heatless brilliance, but John Harvey wasn't fooled. The motor bus was coming, crawling, it seemed, yet covering more miles per hour than his legs could cover in a day. John Harvey weakened; galloped in and shook hands with his hosts, pressed some pesetas into the baby's dirty paw, left them protesting and ran out and flagged the bus.

"*A donde?*" inquired the driver. "Where to?"

John Harvey was embarrassed. He wasn't going anywhere; he was just seeing Spain. He said tentatively, "Castillo de Teresa?"

The driver stared, nodded and let in the gears.

V

NOBODY knew old Andrew Morgan lived in hell. Nobody, not even Father Anastacio, to whom he was a most confusing heretic, doubted that Don Andrés had laid up stores in heaven. All the world knew that Don Andrés was good. Most people thought he was a little crazy, and some people envied him.

All the world—which is to say, the valley that lies in the narrow hinge of Bisagras Mountain—knew his tall, dignified old figure, his deep-set, queerly burning eyes, his vague but kindly smile. Always his progress through the village was a ceremony. At his approach you dropped whatever you were doing and stepped out to give him greeting; if you didn't somebody was sure to warn you, "S-s-st! Comes Don Andrés!" Not many people now remembered why they did this. Eighteen years is a long time, even in Bisagras Valley.

On a certain Monday he came down in person for his mail. The women washing clothes in the arroyo saw him first; and with the memory of other Mondays, scattered through more years than some of them could remember, they got respectfully to their feet and smiled and waited for his gentle scolding.

"Good morning, Concha! Pepa—Maria—Mariquita—Luisa—Gimena. You are in everything well?"

"Very well, thanks, Don Andrés."

"Thanks to the good God. And the families?"

"Also, thanks to God, Don Andrés."

You always said that, even if the family were sick to death. If there was sickness in the village, Don Andrés would find it, and would sit an hour calling on vast unseen powers of healing; and sometimes a sick man would get up and walk. But you must never say a man was sick. He, Don Andrés, was never sick. Sometimes his deep eyes burned and his hands trembled and he called you by a name that wasn't yours; but at such times his voice was stronger and his smile somehow exalted, and you knew he looked on things denied to ordinary men.

Today his eyes were dull, but he didn't forget to glance reproachfully at the gray soap cloud sullying the shallow stream.

"Truly you ought not to wash clothes here. It makes the water dirty and unfit for drinking."

"But we carry our drinking water from the *chorro* yonder, Don Andrés."

"You would not need to carry it so far if you did your washing below the town."

"But the water there is dirty, Don Andrés."

"It would not be dirty if you let nobody wash here, or throw garbage in the stream."

"But we have always washed here, Don Andrés."

Twenty-two years ago they, or their mothers, had begun explaining things like this; patiently, for Don Andrés was a newcomer and a foreigner, who could not be expected to understand. They were still patient. Things do not change much in Bisagras Valley.

Today old Andrew Morgan hardly heard them, hardly remembered that he had seen them. His lean old legs bore him by habit down the cobbled street, and his somber eyes saw men who smiled and waited, women who appeared in doors, smiling; wiping their right hands on their aprons, calling sharp admonitions to naked babies sprawling in his path; and with his physical voice he called them all by name. But today his spiritual eyes, that sometimes saw reality, were blind. His mind repeated phrases like an incantation.

"Nothing of this is real. These shapes are shadows, cutting off reality. Nothing is real but—peace. Peace."

The village of Bisagras reached its limit centuries ago; there is just so much water. The houses are all old, unchanging, only their bulbous walls thickening year by year with endless coats of lime. Below it the valley widens, giving room for dusty farms; on either side the hills are terraced with the gray ash-green of olive trees—old, stumpy gnomes of trees, their trunks gnarled with centuries of struggle. Even trees must have water, and the hills of Spain are dry

Yet even here the stir of modern progress comes. Where once an ancient stagecoach trundled twice a week, now a brisk motor bus runs almost every day. Not that it means much here; a little freight, a little mail sometimes. Mostly it merely passes, and people merely watch it because it moves

Today a little crowd gathered as usual before Paco's wine shop at the lower edge of the village, idly to watch it come. Even old Andrew Morgan expected little from it; maybe a printed leaflet, or a letter signed by some name that had never been anything but a name, dry with set phrases that had lost their meaning. But sometimes a new phrase could lift his mind a little while from hell.

Sometimes they had meaning. But today his mind heard only words that it repeated, desperately, like an incantation

"Time is not real. A dream—a dream without a dreamer! Nothing is real but love, eternal—the Eternal Now."

Vaguely he saw the bus come chugging up and turn by Paco's wine shop into the road that climbed away over the pass. But he didn't see two strangers get down from it—a hatless, coatless boy and a slim, costly-looking lady all in black. He didn't hear the murmur of speculation, didn't hear her soft and agitated voice inquiring, didn't see her coming toward him. He didn't know his physical eyes had lifted; he didn't know he ever gave any outward sign of his tortured inner seeking. None of the villagers ever spoke to him when he looked like that.

"You arre Mr. Morrgann?"

(Continued on Page 145)

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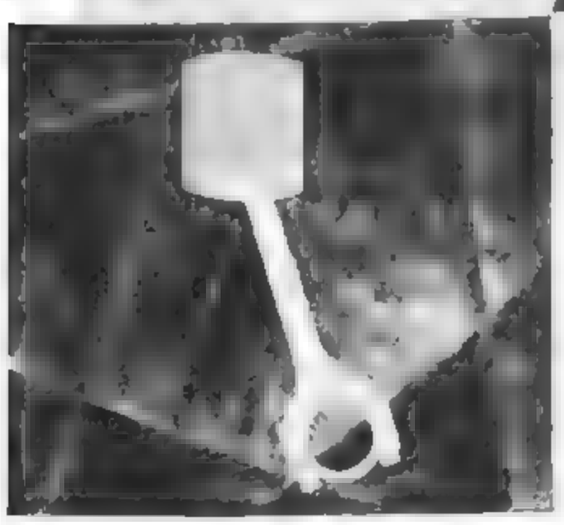

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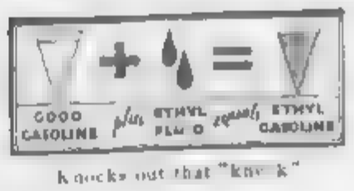

knocks out that "knock"

"Most cars now stop at this pump."

(Continued from Page 142

It startled him. English! He stared at her—this girl with red rebellious lips and stormy eyes.

"*Mande?* Oh! I—yes. I beg your pardon. Yes, I am Andrew Morgan."

"I am Elena de Avila." After a pause she added with a frightened smile, "Your granddaughter."

"My ——"

Pain closed on Andrew Morgan's heart. Something within him cried, "No! No! Not real—not real!"

But it was true. Her eyes were dark, her soft lips sensuously curved, but her expression—the brave directness of her gaze, the quiet mouth, the way one eyebrow lifted, waiting—that was Terry, Terry! Eleanor hadn't had it. Eleanor had been soft, all soft and beautiful.

"I—I beg your pardon. Yes. You are—Elena, is it?"

"Yes, grandfather." Her voice broke on the unfamiliar word; Wenceslao moved beside her to confront this queer old man who stared so crazily.

"And this is—your brother, Elena?"

"I am Wenceslao José Maria Sánchez y Montalban!" denied Wenceslao, firing the syllables at Andrew Morgan. "She has no brothers!" His tone implied, "And not much of a grandfather!"

But the girl quelled him with a touch, said quietly, "He comes with me because I had to come alone. I come to you in—in need, grandfather."

Her English obscured her meaning. The old man's eyes involuntarily questioned her expensive dress, her sheer mantilla, her dainty, high-heeled, silver-buckled slippers; she had to say, "May I speak Spanish? Not in need, but of necessity; because I have no other refuge."

The bus honked warningly; she gave it a glance of panic and let it go. The villagers edged closer at the sound of words they could understand.

"Refuge?" croaked Andrew Morgan. "Then—is your father ——"

"He is quite well," said the girl quickly. "May we go now to your house, grandfather? I am a little tired."

Andrew Morgan found himself going back up the street without his mail. Somebody ran after him, put two letters in his hand. He muttered a vague apology and opened them. The pages blurred in the bright sunlight. No matter. One was from that ignorant crank in Lisbon who knew no mathematics but was infatuated with the fourth dimensions; the other, from the editor of the London Mystic, curt, impersonal, thanking him for a contribution written so long ago that Andrew Morgan had forgotten it.

A woman's hand on his arm. Not real—not real! He saw the washing women stare, incredulous, and mechanically he began another greeting. A voice at his elbow startled him.

"How far is it?"

"Eh?" said Andrew Morgan. "Oh!"

He had forgotten the boy. Confused, he stared up the empty, tumbled valley. Once he had known how far it was; mechanically, with an engineer's exactness, he dragged the figures out of rusty memory.

"Three kilometers, two hundred and sixty meters to the ——"

Wenceslao said firmly, "She cannot walk so far. Look at her shoes!"

"I beg your pardon, Eleanor. I ——"

He didn't know what to do. Once there had been a wheel road to Castillo de Teresa, long ago when Andrew Morgan had been interested in wheels; but rocks had fallen on it, and its fills had crumbled, and there was no road now but the age-old donkey trail up the ravine. One of the washing women comprehending, offered, "Shall I run and tell Tomás to bring a burro for the *señorita*, Don Andrés?"

He nodded dumbly. Decisions were difficult, confusing. It was better to let things happen as they would, since nothing mattered really.

Then they were going on again, the stubby, amiable Tomás whacking a patient donkey on which rode —— Not Eleanor. Eleanor's daughter! Eleanor was dead. And Terry. So far as Terry was concerned, of course, death wasn't real. Behind this empty torment of illusion Terry still lived; not in some distant future, but here, now, always. Queer that he never thought of Eleanor that way. Eleanor had somehow slipped out of reality long ago, slowly, beginning when she married that harsh, handsome, ruthless young De Avila. Andrew Morgan walked in a black dream, remembering.

His daughter—that incredibly lovely child. De Avila, with his charming manners and his education of an English gentleman. He, Andrew Morgan, at the height of his career, his brain alive with engineering problems and his heart full for Terry and her new Castle in Spain. And then the letters. They made Terry cry when she must not cry, robbed Terry of the heart to fight for life. And no help for it. Eleanor loved the fellow. Soft, letting herself be crushed into formality and strangeness. . . . Andrew Morgan turned to plead with her, but he checked himself in time.

This wasn't Eleanor. Yet somehow it was Eleanor—and Terry too. Time didn't really pass. Dimly you felt it, poignant and confusing -the Eternal Now.

VI

DOWN the ravine came a skinny, moth-eaten jenny with huge sacks of charcoal. She had come far; there are no trees for charcoal in Bisagras Valley. Her head drooped and her mouth was open, and she kept edging toward the clear swift stream that babbled by the trail. Her master drove her back with savage blows.

Wenceslao shouted, "Don't be stupid, *hombre!* Let her drink!"

The man turned to curse him, and the old jenny seized the opportunity to plunge her muzzle eagerly into the water. The stick whipped cruelly across her tender ears; the little beast half reared, stumbled and went down under her load.

"Animal!" shrilled Wenceslao, and ran and kicked the man. "Is that how to treat a beast that earns food for thy worthless belly?"

The man cuffed him sprawling. Elena saw his heavy, brutal face as he leaped on the squirming boy; she screamed, "Dare not!" and slipped from her donkey and ran at him. The stick fell; Wenceslao, squirming up, threw a rock whizzing past the girl's ear; then he was caught, held helpless, kicking.

Tomás yelled, "Have care, gypsy! He is the grandson of Don Andrés!"

Wenceslao, sobbing with rage and kicking the gypsy's shins, denied it: "I am Wenceslao José Maria Sánchez y Montalban! Loose me, rascal, or my father ——"

The man loosed him. People who defend themselves with names are apt to appeal to the *guardia civil;* and Pedro Pacheco—Big-Face to his friends—did not desire attention from the *guardia civil.* He had just lately come into these hills to avoid that very thing, following a bit of family trouble in which his uncle had unfortunately died from sixteen knife wounds, mostly in the back. It might be difficult to prove that he, Pedro, had struck in self-defense.

His heavy face put on a grin; he said admiringly to Andrew Morgan, "Your grandson is *muy bravo*, Excellency!"

"Friend," said Andrew Morgan gently, "what is thy name?"

Pedro Pacheco was alarmed. Such quietness must be a mask for nameless threats. He said humbly, "I did not mean to hurt the *señorita*, Excellency! But, but he kicked me!"

"None but a fool," cried Wenceslao, "would break a donkey's ears—and she exhausted! See, she cannot rise!"

"Then we must help her," said Andrew Morgan, and stepped into the water; and his hands were trembling.

Dazed, Wenceslao and his late enemy found themselves heaving side by side. The

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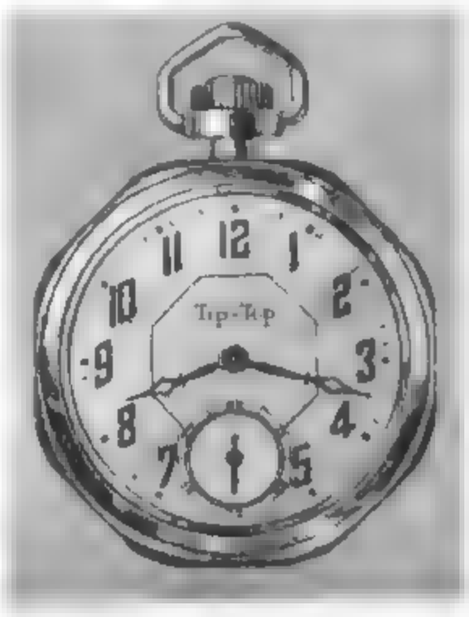

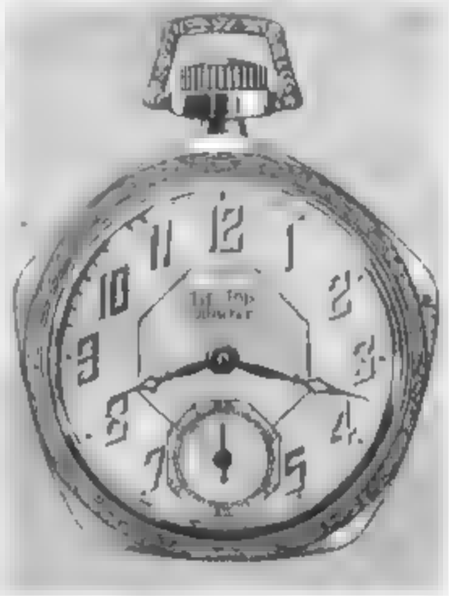

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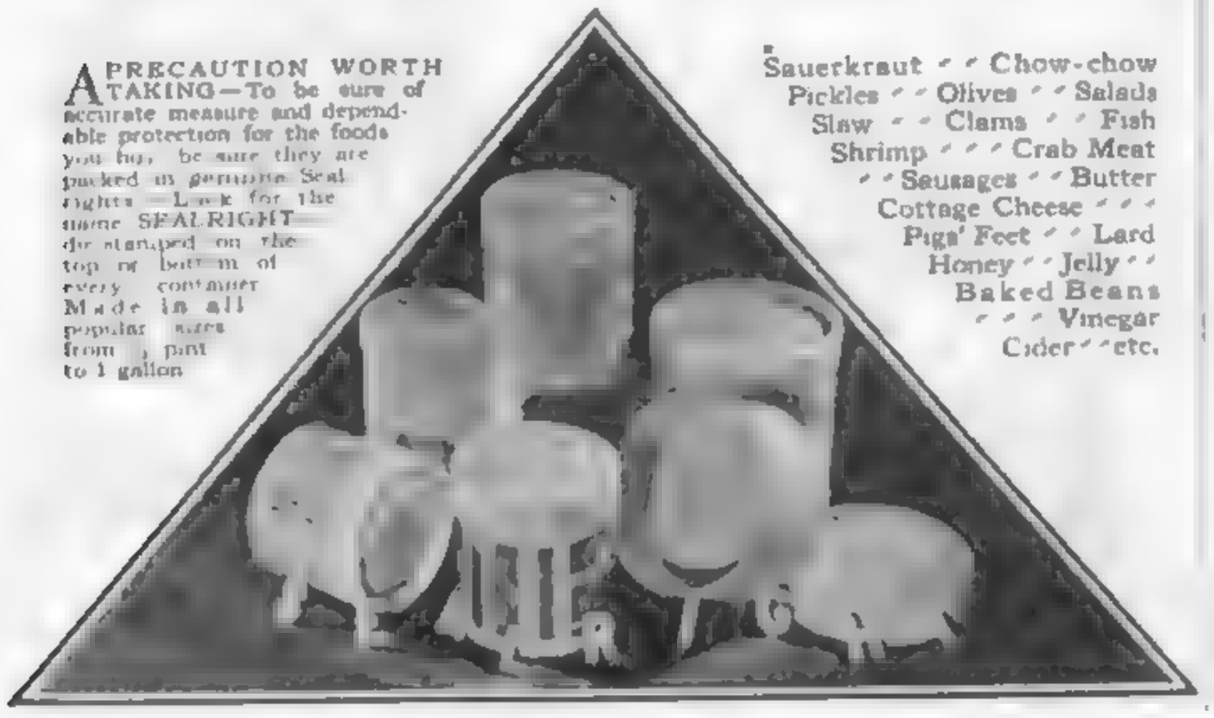
A PRECAUTION WORTH TAKING—To be sure of accurate measure and dependable protection for the foods you buy, be sure they are packed in genuine Sealrights—Look for the name SEALRIGHT—die stamped on the top or bottom of every container Made in all popular sizes from ½ pint to 1 gallon
Sauerkraut • • Chow-chow
Pickles • • Olives • • Salads
Slaw • • Clams • • Fish
Shrimp • • • Crab Meat
• • Sausages • • Butter
Cottage Cheese • • •
Pigs' Feet • • Lard
Honey • • Jelly • •
Baked Beans
• • • Vinegar
Cider • • etc.

jenny struggled up. The old man washed his hands and dried them on a spotless handkerchief

"Friend," he said gravely, "you are a stranger in this valley. Here we love one another. Hate and cruelty are evil, and have no reality. Love is the only good. Will you remember that?" He offered a trembling hand. "Go now with God, my friend."

Then they went on again. The dazed Big-Face, recovering, yelled after them, "*Adiós*, crazy rich ones!"

Wenceslao yelled back, "*Adiós*, lousy, vermin-infested one!"

The old man reproved him gravely, "Never reply to evil."

The girl was silent, her head bent, her heart like lead within her. In the reaction from her rage she was a little sick. Her fair skin burned; a lace mantilla was no protection against the sun that beat on ugly, weather-pitted rock and glaring gravel. She knew the terraced hills behind Valencia, soft with sea airs, where sometimes families drove out to spend a day at some rich country place; but this harsh, barren loneliness was terrifying. And this was her grandfather, to whom she had come for help!

Then the Castillo de Teresa rose like a mirage, the castle of a dream. In the last, highest hollow of the valley, sharp on brown clay and broken rock, white walls rose tier on tier, like fairy battlements; there was the dark and restful green of trees trees!—through which a white cascade of building gleamed. Her heavy heart began to lift. Refuge!

But near at hand the white showed gray, neglected, peeling. The battlements were only walls to hold the earth for terraced gardens; through a broken corner one showed gutted, gullied, overgrown with weeds. She saw the ruin of the wheel road swinging toward the gates, and guessed the truth.

It was the castle of a dream—forgotten.

Those were old hand-wrought gates, wide open, rusted so. Under the trees there was a pattern of tiled ditches, broken, blocked with rotting leaves. On the veranda stood a ghostly row of chairs, gray, rotting, queerly decorous, as if they waited for some gathering of spectral guests. There was a high, echoing hall with a bare marble floor and tall dark furniture in whose beautiful old carving dust lay undisturbed.

There was a little courtyard, neat with cobbled walks, lovely with flowers and bright tinkling water in the sun. From a dim corridor, his rope-soled *alpargatas* soundless, a man materialized, a stocky man who stared with pale, protuberant, queerly hostile eyes, their lids rolled back so that the white showed all around.

Andrew Morgan told him jerkily, "Benito, my granddaughter. Tell Juana."

The man's eyelids returned suddenly to normal; he was all smiles, exclaiming heartily, "I thought so, Don Andrés! She had to come some day. At your feet, *niña!* You had a pleasant trip?"

Andrew Morgan, murmuring a vague apology, disappeared. At once the man's eyes popped again in that affronting stare; the impact of it angered Elena de Avila like a blow in the face. "Your luggage?"

"I bring none."

"Ah!" said Benito, and turned his back and went deliberately away. Wenceslao glared, caught the girl's eye and grinned, puffed his slim chest and popped his eyes in imitation.

"We must warm that cool one, eh?"

Wenceslao was himself again. Last night he had been humbled and subdued, a small boy in the clutches of a woman; now, as her spirit shrank his own expanded. Already, in these wild hills, he had fought one ruffian; already picturesque details were forming in his mind. He would have much to tell his friends back in Valencia.

A fat, surprisingly cheerful woman trotted out.

"*Niña!* Never, never did I expect such happiness! *Dios mío*, but you are pretty! Come, come with Juana. I must put you in the room of the *señora*; there is no other fit for you. You will forgive me if it is a little dusty? I have so much to do, and Don Andrés pays so little attention! You are a woman; you will understand. Is it reason that the room of the *señora* should be dusted every day—and she dead eighteen years? He is a good man, *niña*, but a little ——"

Juana beamed at Elena de Avila and wiggled a fat forefinger at her own forehead.

There was a high, formal bedroom, cheerfully unshuttered, a great four-poster spread as if for use. There was a deep three-paneled dressing table where a woman's toilet things were laid in neat array; the silver was untarnished, the old wood lustrous through a film of dust. Juana attacked the dust with energy.

"You are from Valencia, is it not true? A great city! When I was a child I went there once with my mother. She was the maid of the *señora*, your grandmother-may she rest in peace!—who died in this room. The *señora* was already sick, but she made the journey to be with your mother when you were born. And they would not let her, *niña*. Your father—such a handsome man! So proud, so arrogant, so very Spanish! There was no doubt he was the master in his house. You also seem *muy castiza*, very Spanish, *niña*. No one would dream that your mother was an *Inglesa*. But I remember ——"

"Oh," cried the girl, "be quiet, Juana!"

"Certainly, *niña*. In a moment I will be finished; really it is not so dusty. When my mother was able she kept it always shining. She is quite useless now, deaf and half paralyzed, but Don Andrés still lets her live here. Is he not a good man, *niña?* Too good. He does not defend himself. He gave all his money to the poor, but evil ones got most of it. And he would not let me say that they were evil. Do you believe there is no evil, *niña?*"

"Be quiet, I tell you!"

"Certainly, *niña*. Excuse me. It is that I have so little opportunity to talk. Sometimes I think I shall go crazy too. Once there were many servants in this house, and the fine people used to come—the *señora*, your grandmother, was a laughing lady; all the world loved her; but she——"

"Go! Leave the dust alone!"

"Certainly, *niña*. Will you have your *almuerzo* here, or shall I set the table in the dining room? Don Andrés never uses it; he eats so little. Sometimes I think he is a ghost, the way he ——"

"Get out! Get out! Get out!"

Elena slammed the door and threw herself face down on the great bed, too wild to care that a laughing lady had died there. But Juana, stout believer in solid food, brought some; and the girl's tension lessened. Presently she slept.

She woke to find the high room full of dusk, like the dull fog of helplessness in her mind. The ghostly gleam of silver on the dressing table made her feel like an intruder, gave almost physical reality to that strange Englishwoman, her grandmother. She began to cry. She fought it; for some reason she could never cry like other girls, easily, for emotional relief. It was a thing that overpowered her, racking her body, tearing at her throat.

How could she know that another woman in this room had cried that way? She didn't even know the room had another door till it burst open, startling, terrifying, so that she flung herself back against the wall.

Old Andrew Morgan stood there, hoarsely whispering. Then his hands fell and he said huskily, "I'm sorry. You were crying. You cry like —— I'm sorry. I was thinking of something else, and—just for a moment ——"

He fumbled for a match and lit the lamp beside the bed. The motions of old habit steadied him; he often sat here, evenings; it was easier to feel Terry near him in this room. Mustn't say that, of course. People thought you were crazy if you talked

(Continued on Page 148)

INTERNATIONAL

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS—

—or an afternoon

Bear this in mind when you are looking toward Heavy-Duty Truck purchase and want the facts before you: Any Harvester branch or truck dealer will demonstrate an International for you at any time, right in your everyday work.

Whatever the nature of your hauling and your loads, we will put at your disposal an International of the size you need and let you compare its all-around performance with anything you are doing now or want to do.

Take that as the evidence of an *afternoon*, or a day or two, if longer time may be necessary. And take with it the evidence of the *twenty-five years* that the Harvester Company has been building trucks to do a truck's work as it should be done.

You owe it to your business to know this new International Heavy-Duty line with the new engines, new clutches, new transmissions, increased capacities, double reduction or chain final drive. All models have five speeds forward and two reverse, and 4-wheel brakes. The sizes range from 2½ to 5-ton. Speed dump trucks, also, down to 1-ton capacity.

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Besides Heavy-Duty Trucks, the International line includes the ¼-ton Special Delivery, the 1-ton Six-Speed Special, and Speed Trucks for 1¼, 1½, and 2-ton loads. Backing the trucks is an unequaled service organization—there are now 172 Company-owned branches in the United States and Canada. Write for truck catalog

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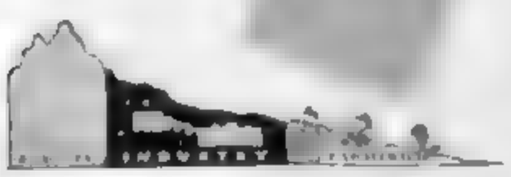


DUKE POWER COMPANY

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

(Continued from Page 146)

with a person they couldn't see. Ignorant ones thought it implied a silly belief in ghosts.

He almost spoke of this while he was fumbling. This was Terry's granddaughter; queerly, before he looked at her, he felt that he might almost speak of things they both remembered.

Then he could see her eyes, wide, dark, uncomprehending; and they frightened him. Nothing of Terry there! A dark, wild, stormy tide of youth and passionate rebellion—against what? He didn't want to know. This girl was more than unfamiliar; she was alien.

He apologized again, "I'm sorry. You were crying."

The lamp flame rose and whitened, steadying. She saw a tired old face with deep-set, gentle eyes that looked prosaically over quaint steel-rimmed glasses—like anybody's grandfather.

"Yes, grandfather. May I tell you now?"

He retreated. "I—not now. If you don't mind, not now. I'm rather busy. Have you everything you need? Tell Juana. I ——"

He reached the door, got through it, closed it. This strange young woman dragging him back toward things he had forgotten, put away, denied—not real, not real!

With trembling hands he found a heavy book and turned to a remembered place. Slowly his mind grew calm and entered the remembered phrases:

> Time is the most formidable and difficult problem which confronts humanity.
>
> Kant regards time as he does space, as a subjective form of our receptivity—that is, he says that we create time ourselves, as a function of our receptive apparatus. . . . Reality is continuous and constant, but . . . we must dissever into separate moments: Imagine it as an infinite series of separate moments out of which there exists for us only one—the present. . . .
>
> But this short moment after all is only a fiction; it has no measurement. We can never catch it. That which we did catch is always the past.
>
> If we are to stop at that we must admit that the world does not exist, or exists only in some phantasmagoria of illusions, flashing and disappearing. . . .

Andrew Morgan did not stop at that. Behind that empty torment of illusion he found refuge in reality that did not pass, where time was not; and it was another day. It was near noon, and he sat in the shade of arches by the little courtyard, reading:

> . . . He has heard celestial harmonies, and the wearisome songs of earth touch him no longer, nor do they move him; or if they touch and move him, it is because they remind him of celestial harmonies, of the inaccessible, of ——

A timid but determined voice broke his oblivion: "Good morning, grandfather. I am sorry to disturb you, but ——"

He got up so nervously that he dropped his book. Vaguely he was aware that she looked different—more confusing somehow. He didn't know that he had seen that dress before—a crisp, blue, queerly old-fashioned thing, almost ridiculously narrow about the ankles. Certainly he had never seen it on this pale, somber-eyed girl.

"I must talk to you. There is no one else."

Nervously he retrieved his book, moved to escape. "Presently, if you don't mind. Presently. I ——"

"Let it be now. If you will not help me, or cannot, I must go back."

"Help ——"

"My father is forcing me to be married. There is a man—his name is Raul Castañeda. And because his family is old and rich and—may I speak Spanish?—*muy castiza*, my father has forced me to consent. I am so tired, grandfather! So tired of being angry, being blamed and punished. I thought Raul could be no worse than my own family, my father's anger. But I can't! I can't! I can't!"

Mechanically the old man found his chair. And time foreshortened, swirled back on itself. Once Eleanor had come home, here in this very courtyard where that very fountain tinkled, crying like that, "I can't! I can't! I can't!" But young De Avila had come for her, stern, angry, the injured husband, weighing the gravity of her rebellion before he offered her another chance. And she had gone back with him.

"My father worships *lo castizo*—what is old and Spanish. He denies me friends—as truly Spanish as himself, grandfather!—who have the modern ways. He says they are loose, wicked. I am condemned to live eternally with sad old women and those young ones who believe a woman should know nothing but the church and her own husband. And oh, their sad and evil minds!"

And Andrew Morgan, living again a moment twenty years ago, forgot to say that evil was illusion. He answered as he had answered Eleanor before her spirit had been crushed to alien, age-old forms.

"Their minds are narrow. How can they be otherwise—trained in the inheritance of the Moor, taught to be merely females, inmates of a harem?"

"Yes!" cried the girl. "And I am not a Moor!"

Andrew Morgan gripped his bony knees, stared at the fountain. Eleanor had said that too.

"I am not even Spanish—not all Spanish! I have had one year of England; my mother made him give me that before she died. I have seen women who are free—freer even than my friends who seem so wicked to him—and I know they cannot all be evil! Look at me, grandfather! Am I evil?"

He looked, and twenty years fled into the past again. He was an old man, trembling and confused, seeing a strange young woman in whose passionate dark eyes there burned the pain and tumult of a forgotten world.

He said shakily, "What—what do you think to do?"

"What can I do? I am not of age. I have no money but a little that I stole from him to run away. Unless you help me— "

He countered heavily, "What can I do?"

"Send me away! Send me to England—anywhere! Surely you have friends—a family ——"

"No," he said heavily. "And no money. You would starve. You are welcome here, but I cannot legally prevent your father if he ——"

The flame went out of the girl's eyes. She got up slowly, stood a moment looking about her. Welcome here! Silence and loneliness and the empty babble of a fountain, day after day and year by year the same; no change was in this place but a slow dissolution.

"No," she admitted. "I must go back. There will be only a few weeks of anger and—a lifetime of Raul. *A lo castizo!* I am too tired to fight my father any more."

"Perhaps I can persuade him not to ——"

"Persuade him? You, an Englishman? You do not know my father, Don Andrés. Only your age will save you from his violence. Thank God there is no man here whom he can suspect me of ——"

"I know," said Andrew Morgan heavily, remembering.

The girl bent her head suddenly and fled out of that place. She found herself stumbling through a vegetable garden; she stumbled on blindly till a low wall stopped her. Below her there were other gardens, gullied, abandoned, overgrown with weeds, and beyond those the dry, harsh, tumbled valley. Welcome here! She felt the harsh burn of the sun on her bare neck. All her life long she had lived sheltered, taught to protect her beauty as her one asset. Let it burn! If she must be a Moor let her look like one!

Wenceslao found her there. The boy was blissfully dirty and full of news; he had been exploring.

"You ought to see the empty houses! This must have been a great *finca* once. Why does not Don Andrés let farmers come and work on shares? He would be rich again. This place has water—you ought to see the pool up yonder! It is the birth of all the water in this valley. Why is that pop-eyed Benito always angry? I only asked him a few questions, and he tried to hit me. Come, let us make him tired of it! Maybe he will swell up and burst while we are looking!"

But his exuberance faded before her listlessness. He sat down sympathetically beside her.

"Do you think your father will catch you, Doña Elena?"

"Yes, Feo. I wrote to tell your father where I was taking you, and he will certainly tell mine."

"Then I shall be to blame!"

"No, Feito. He would be sure to find me very soon; there are not many places I could hide." She dropped her hands. "What does it matter? I could not hide here long. I should go mad."

"Will he whip you?" Wenceslao was not clear as to the punishment of female runaways; he was relieved to see her shake her head. "What will he do?"

"He will talk," said the girl drearily. "He will shut me in the house with my sad aunts, to think and think till he comes home to talk and talk. Day after day, until he makes me feel like a—bad woman. Thank God, there is no man here whom he can accuse!"

Wenceslao nodded gravely. He knew that much.

High noon is not an hour of much stirring in Bisagras Valley. It was perhaps ten minutes afterward that a movement caught his eye. A donkey and a man were toiling up the ravine.

Nothing unusual in that, but there was something unusual about these. The donkey bore no pack, and came erratically, limping on three legs, stopping to gaze bewildered at its driver. That was no donkey driver!

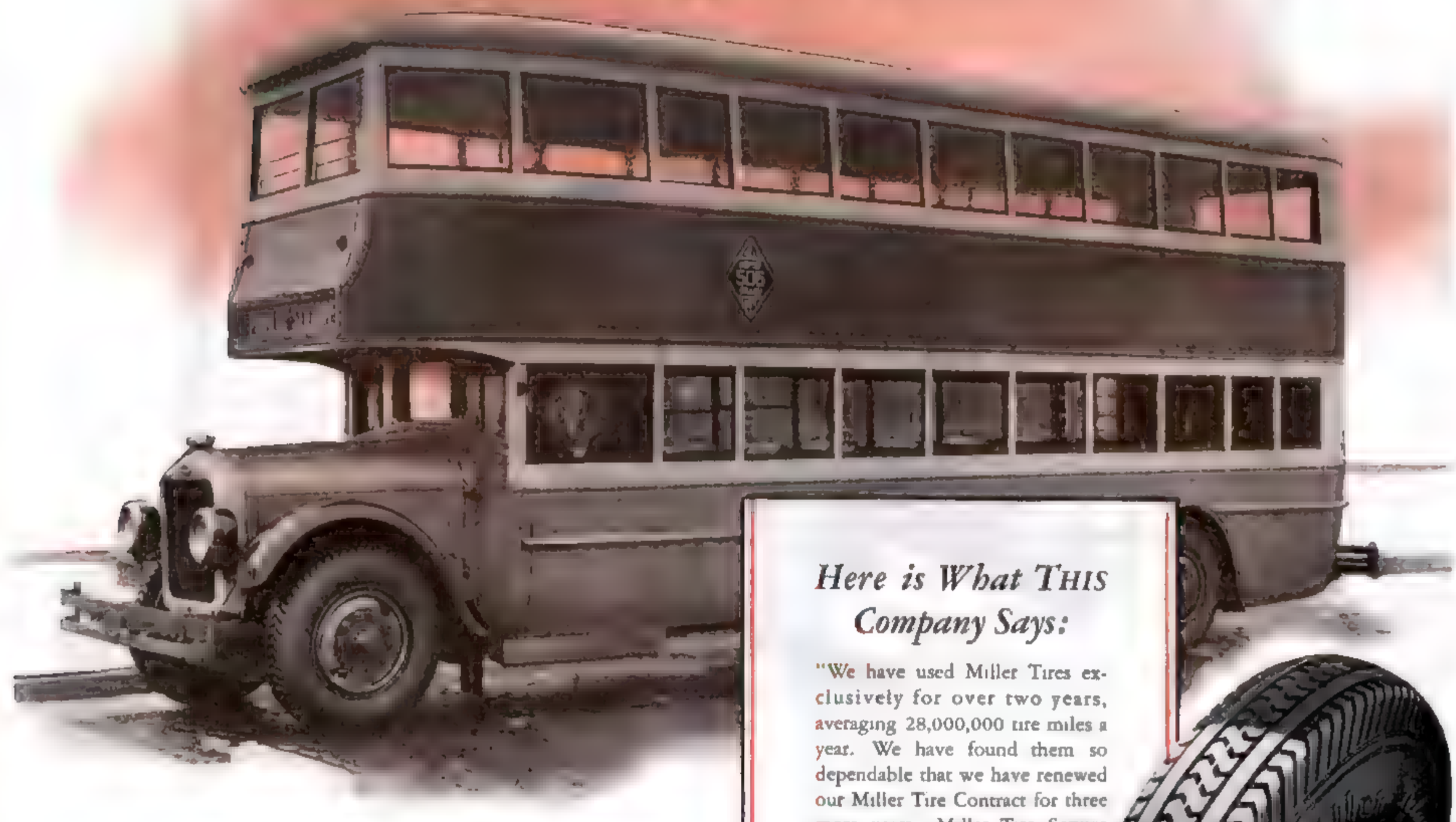
Stumbling, coaxing the stubborn cripple, pushing its head around, slapping its toughened rump with futile hands; stopping to wipe a red-smeared face with a futile handkerchief that gleamed scarlet in the sun.

That was an ordinary, skinny, moth-eaten old jenny; property of Pedro Pacheco, called Big-Face by his friends. But that was not Pacheco. It was John Harvey, somewhat the worse for wear.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

....Cleveland Railway Company Busses average

28 million tire miles a year on Millers



THE Cleveland Railway Busses—about 200 of them—operate under all kinds of weather and traffic conditions—day and night with train-like regularity. Delays must be held to the minimum, hence freedom from tire trouble is imperative.

Miller Tires over a period of two years have met Cleveland Railway requirements satisfactorily. They have made good on this extremely difficult job. They will do the same for you.

ASK FOR MILLERS!

Here is What THIS Company Says:

"We have used Miller Tires exclusively for over two years, averaging 28,000,000 tire miles a year. We have found them so dependable that we have renewed our Miller Tire Contract for three more years. Miller Tire Service and Mileage are indeed excellent."

The new Miller De Luxe 6-ply Balloon pictured here is a new super-type tire for those who demand the utmost freedom from blowouts and punctures. It is built to give extra-long mileage and to withstand the roughest service.

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BATHING WEAR . SHUGLOV FOOT-GEAR . RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS . MOLDED RUBBER GOODS

The Golden Harvest

Months of work—months of waiting—then the reward at harvest time. Once it was a time of trouble and toil—heavy expense, an army of harvest hands to be hired and fed, wastes of time, losses of grain.

Now there's a different story. With a Holt Combined Harvester—and a "Caterpillar" Tractor to pull it—father and the boys handle the whole harvest in one trip over the field—mother has no extra kitchen tasks. In one simple, combined set of operations the grain is cut, threshed, cleaned, and delivered ready for market.

This, indeed, is the better, quicker, cheaper—and easier—way of harvesting.

The Holt Combined Harvester—the pioneer in 1886—is the leader in 1929. Built strong to last long—a thorough grain saver—economical in operating and upkeep costs—in every way a worthy team-mate of the powerful, dependable "Caterpillar" Tractor.

There are five sizes of "Caterpillar" Tractors—three sizes of Holt Combined Harvesters; special equipment to meet various conditions of grain, ground and weather; Holt Windrow Headers and Pick-ups.

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Holt Combined Harvesters - Russell Road Machinery

"Caterpillar" Tractors

℞

(Continued from Page 21)

these last few days. I never heard anyone so surreptitious as he was when I talked to him."

"No, just something dull," I said. I had no intention of giving Gene away.

There was a knock at the door—a knock whose timidity I recognized this time. I opened it to the brown lady.

"Why, hello," I said, and added: "What's your name?" under my breath.

"Miss Injur," she murmured.

I led her over to Kate.

"Mrs. Morton, I want to present Miss Injur. That's Mr. Morton over there and that's Miss Gifford—T. Mary Gifford."

"The T. Mary Gifford who writes for the magazines?"

"Yes, if you want to call it writing," T. Mary said, trying hard to look and sound bitter.

"I certainly do call it writing. I thought that Broken Teacups was perfectly exquisite."

"They seem to like that in England, too," T. Mary said, looking vaguely perplexed as to why that should be. "I've just sold the British rights."

"What a marvelous sensation it must be to have people in another country interested in what you have to say."

"By the way, did you hear the delicious thing that Edna Fernleigh said about Broken Teacups? That it sounded as though Jane Austen had written it on a roller coaster. Fanny Heit thought I should be offended, but I thought it was charming of Edna."

T. Mary's great names, that always sprang to attention like an Imperial Guard the moment a newcomer entered the conversation.

"Who is this pretty person?" Kate asked me.

"Miss Injur? She's taken Mrs. Beech's apartment on the third floor."

"Just for the rest of the month," Miss Injur said. "I saw an advertisement in the paper and thought it would be pleasanter than a hotel."

"I'll tell you a person who didn't think much of Broken Teacups," T. Mary continued. "That's St. John Lewes. 'Ought to be doing better stuff than that, T.,' he yelled at me at a big dinner party the week it came out. That's just his line, of course. Do you know him?"

"I don't know anybody," Miss Injur said.

Codman Morton saw that I was standing close beside Kate and seized the opportunity to annoy her a little.

"Will you please introduce me properly?" he said. "She's the sweetest thing I've seen in years."

"Codman's asking for a real introduction," I obeyed, "and I guess he wants a word or two of advertisement. He did the settings for Refuge."

"Oh, no!" Miss Injur cried. "Oh, no! Not that monastery wall with the weeping willow over it!"

"I'm afraid so."

"I never saw anything so beautiful."

"Strange, the satisfaction Codman gets out of tiny triumphs," Kate remarked to me. "I dare say it's why he never gets any big ones."

She might have saved her breath. Codman didn't hear. He was telling Miss Injur about the set as he had originally planned it.

Gene Linder arrived with Laura Weston. Gene was looking unusually well. The secret of his last few days was that he'd been to a plastic quack and had the pouches under his eyes eliminated.

No one could have been more painfully conscious of the silliness of such a proceeding than Gene, and no one would have wasted time on it less willingly than he, but it was a plain matter of business. He had a chance at a good part as a boy of twenty-four.

Laura was looking as Burmese as was possible to one of her distinctly Yankee type of countenance.

"I'm glad you've forgiven me," I said to her. She'd been in a rage at me the night before for something I said about Buddha.

"I feel I've achieved another spiritual plane," she informed me.

I don't know why we put up with Laura Weston. She's a stupid, rather handsome girl who progressed from carved beads and bitten scarfs to some sort of Swami mysticism. Possibly as a figure of fun she justifies herself. It is even more puzzling to try to determine what we contribute to Laura's pleasure.

"You have a lovely aura," she said to Miss Injur, when I introduced them. "A lovely, pale-gold aura, like a saint in a Christian missal." Laura is always careful to use the word "Christian" as though it were extremely exotic.

"I'm so glad," Miss Injur said. "I was afraid it was cocoa-colored or gray."

"No, pale gold," Laura insisted.

"And this is Mr. Linder," I said.

"Mr. Linder?" Miss Injur gasped. "But I've seen you. I know you played Mercutio in that all-star revival of Romeo and Juliet in Conger, Wisconsin, where I live."

"Had that got to be an all-star revival when it reached there?" I shouted. "It left here as a brave little group of beginners."

"You shut up," Gene told me. "And a very good Mercutio I made, didn't I?"

"Marvelous."

"The tragedy of that is that there are no bad Mercutios," was my contribution.

"But Mr. Linder's was simply superb."

After that Gene did everything but stand on his head for her benefit, and undoubtedly would have stood on his head had he been able to do so gracefully.

T. Mary felt that her demonstration of what a brilliant woman she was had been interrupted long enough, so she began demonstrating it some more straight through his activities, and Codman devoted himself to being engaging and solicitous to Miss Injur, which are two of his best tricks.

In fact, my party, which I had expected to be a gathering of people worn rather flat from too constant contact, turned out to be a pronounced success.

Kate and Laura didn't enjoy it so much as the others, perhaps. They sat on my couch and I felt it my duty as host to try and amuse them. We were a dull trio until Laura, emerging from the mists of nonsense which surround her as a rule, turned to Kate and said: "I saw Agnes McLaughlin on the street yesterday. What do you think she asked me? If Codman had married again yet."

Kate dropped on that remark like a hawk on a chicken, and I slid out from between the ladies and joined the others.

Not only did I get pleasure from being near Miss Injur but it was a treat to see the others transformed, as they were by her credulity, into their own legends of themselves.

I don't know how long we'd have talked if—just as Codman Morton, picking a charred stick out of the fire, was about to show, on the bathroom door, his idea of a setting for Electra—Kate hadn't called out: "Do you realize that we have an appointment with the Wetmores for seven o'clock, Codman, and that it's half-past seven now?"

"Is it really half-past seven?" everybody cried, and began snatching up coats and calling farewells—everyone, that is, except Codman.

"These are the lines Electra demands," he lectured. "Not those Gordon Craig skyscrapers."

Kate went over to him and Miss Injur.

"Roger will have to have that door repainted," she informed him; and turning to his companion, she asked: "What is the number of your telephone, my dear?"

"Mrs. Beech had had her telephone taken out."

"Then won't you come over to my house for scrambled eggs and bacon Sunday night? That's tomorrow. Roger will bring you."

Kate wasn't going to let Codman think he'd disturbed her in the least.

"I'd love to," Miss Injur said.

"I suppose you want me to come along." Codman addressed his wife.

"Oh, well, there's no hurry. The Wetmores will think we thought they asked us for eight now."

That somehow irritated Codman into speed.

Miss Injur and I were left alone.

"Well, are you glad I forced you to come?" I asked her.

She looked at me with shining eyes.

"I had the best time I have ever had in my life," she said. "I've never met such brilliant people before. And they know everybody. It must be the most famous circle in New York."

"There are a good many circles in New York," I said, but I couldn't help thinking it delicious of her.

"Do you do something too?"

"I have poems in the magazines occasionally. Sardonic ones."

"You see, I don't know your name. Except your first name."

"Roger Laing. I'm sure you've never read me. I only occur at the end of long articles. I'm so obscure that literary people are apt to be convinced that I have an important talent."

"But I have read you," she said. "I've read:

"Lovers kiss and find excuse
Till they tire, and then they part;
They repent a little, lose
Some small loveliness of heart."

It does something to one to hear oneself quoted. That is why playwrights are always marrying their leading ladies.

"You're amazing," I breathed.

She didn't let the poem remain unfinished, but went on:

"Think themselves grown wise, dismiss
Every lovely folly, lay
Prudent plans. Then meet, and kiss
Almost the same way."

"Have you read everything in the world?" I asked her.

"One goes through the magazines pretty thoroughly in Conger."

"Is it true that you're only going to be here for the rest of the month?"

"Yes."

"Then there's no time to waste. Come out to dinner with me now."

"I can't. I'm—I'm having dinner with somebody."

I knew she wasn't, but I was too wise to insist.

"Listen," I said: "I don't want to bore you, but I warn you that I'm going to give you invitations constantly. Something has got to be done for a person who's lived in Conger, Wisconsin."

"Really?"

"To begin with, I'll call for you tomorrow at seven."

She smiled her lovely smile.

"I had a perfect time this afternoon," she said. "Good-by."

I opened the door and stood watching her go up the stairs.

"Catching flies, Mr. Laing?" Mrs. Rader queried, emerging from her cubicle.

It wasn't until the next day, when, coming back from Sunday dinner, I read the card which replaced Mrs. Beech's card by one of the doorbells, that I realized I had introduced my brown lady all askew. On the white pasteboard was written, in small letters: "Martha Missinger."

"I hoped you'd see it," she said when I called for her that evening. "I was embarrassed to tell you. What will your friends think?"

"Just that I introduced you by your whole last name. We know lots of women as Jones and Murphy. But you'd never be one of them."

"Wouldn't I?"

"Oh, never."

What I called her eventually was the nickname she'd always borne—Mattie. I liked it. It was like a little girl in a primer, a little girl wearing a round comb.

I suppose I was in love with her after that first tea party, really; certainly at the end of a week there was no doubt in my mind as to my feeling. She was a funny person for me to fall in love with. She was bright and well informed, but there were certainly no pyrotechnics about her intellect, and though she was pretty she was—well, I'm afraid the word is "dowdy." For some strange reason I liked the way she dressed. I got to thinking of other women I knew as cheaply chic.

I wasn't unique in my reaction to her.

"Mattie Missinger is my favorite person on earth," T. Mary went about telling everybody. From the day when he took her to his studio, and she herself climbed a painter's ladder and scrawled the right suggestion of a vergeboard for the farmhouse in a Middle Western tragedy, Codman Morton was her slave. And the afternoon Gene Linder was told he wouldn't do for the twenty-four-year-old part he'd counted on, Gene came to me and said, "Mattie says she'd got a date with you, but will you let her out, please. It's important," and they went for a five-mile walk, and he didn't get drunk that night, as he usually does under disappointment.

"Mattie's popularity just goes to prove how far an eardrum will carry a girl if she doesn't mind the wear and tear on it," Kate Morton once remarked of her in an acid moment. But in so far as that remark implied a conscious effort to please, it wasn't fair. Mattie was just naturally more interested in other people than she was in herself.

It made me think for a time that she might be younger than I'd judged her to be at first. Tactful investigation proved that wasn't true, however.

She must have been thirty three or four. She couldn't remember anything about the Spanish-American War, but knew songs like Waiting at the Church and Belle of the Ball, could remember the earlier types of motor car, the popularity of the bicycle, and had been taken, as an infant, to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo.

I was glad that she wasn't too youthful. I preferred my wife to be about my own vintage. I hadn't much doubt, after the first day that I dropped in at her place for tea, that I could get her to marry me. Not that she seemed so favorably affected by my charms. I just got a little more dope about what her life had been like in Conger.

It happened when she'd stepped into the kitchenette and was fussing over some very special brand of cinnamon toast. I, having nothing to do, wandered about the little room examining such possessions as she'd spread about. Among them was a leather traveling frame lying closed on the desk. In it were three group photographs. They were of a family—a husband, a wife, and two children.

Mattie came in and sat at the tea table.

"I suppose you want me to tell you about them," she said, seeing what I was doing. I could tell from a strained note in her voice that she realized that they weren't awfully attractive compared with the people she'd met at my place.

"Oh, no, I don't," I answered. "I'll tell you about them."

"You'll tell me?"

(Continued on Page 154)

Its Surprising Wins

THE TECH The season offers no smarter style a brilliant expression of the new trend toward the narrower toe, but with roominess and astonishing comfort Finest quality imported calf, black or brown.

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THE
ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
STYLED BY WRIGHT

(Continued from Page 151)

"I feel as though I'd known them for years. It's your sister's family, isn't it?"

"How did you know that?"

"The upper part of your sister's face is very much like yours. Her eyes aren't so pretty, but her hair grows the same way, and your noses are identical. You just happened to get one of the prettiest mouths in the world, and she got a terrible one."

"Poor Sarah," Mattie said.

"I imagine she's a darling, too," I went on. "I imagine she's gentle and unselfish and rather merry, but she has a terrible time."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, she's a member of a typical provincial family, and she's got that unwanted-wife look. I can spot it a mile away. I can't stand your brother-in-law. He's one of those little, square-headed men who take it for granted that they're the lords of creation. He often wonders how he happened to marry your sister, anyway, and he's let her know as much. He expects her to live on a budget, and have meals promptly—when he's on time for them—and you haven't heard him give her a word of praise for five years. He's got the children so that they regard her as a pretty unfashionable kind of doormat and wipe their feet on her with the utmost scorn. They ought to be spanked, great strapping brats so pleased with themselves."

"Oh, no!" Mattie protested.

"Yes, they should. They're the kind who, whenever your sister opens her mouth, say 'Oh, mother!' in a whine of disgusted protest. They may have nice manners when you go to visit them ——"

"But I don't go to visit them," Mattie protested. "I live with them."

"All the time?"

"Yes."

"That must be fun. Of course having as pretty a woman as you around doesn't make life any simpler for your sister. Her husband probably thinks subconsciously that you're the one he should have married, little realizing that you wouldn't look at him."

"You're appalling," Mattie said.

I knew I was being pretty fresh, but it's one way of making oneself interesting.

"Well, I hope you get plenty of trips," I said, putting back the frame where I'd found it.

"Not too many," Mattie said.

"Of course you don't. John, or whatever his name is, doesn't approve of travel. What is there any place, he asks, that you haven't got right there in Conger? Oh, I know the provincial mind."

She laughed.

"Well, am I right?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"His name is Herbert," she said. "And he's a professor. Professors always approve of travel."

"How did you happen to get away this time?"

"I was threatened with a nervous breakdown."

I nodded my head sagely to indicate that that was understandable.

"How much of a reprieve do you get?"

"Until the end of the month, and this toast is no good unless it's eaten while it's hot."

"How right was I?" I asked, looking for applause and taking toast.

"Not in the least."

"Then tell me about them."

"I shall not."

"All right. Remain a woman of mystery if you want to."

"What fun! I've always longed to be a woman of mystery, with a mouth like a poisonous flower."

"It's a completely adorable mouth."

"Please don't say things like that."

"It is, though."

"Really I mean it. If you say things like that I simply will not see you any more."

She was evidently one of those women who have some complex about being made love to in so many words.

"All right," I agreed.

It was awkward, since I had only a month in which to woo and win Mattie Missinger. I might have made an unadorned declaration then and there, I suppose, but those photographs and what I'd deduced of her life, and she'd practically admitted -by denial—had given me an idea. Conger sounded unconscionably dreary. I hadn't much to offer her in the way of money or youth, but I could give one splendid marriage portion—the chance to live in New York and to move in an amusing circle there. After one month of it, Mattie Missinger would think several times before she went back to Conger, Wisconsin.

It was because I felt it important that Mattie's stay should be exhilarating that I was particularly glad that my group liked her; for every member of it did, even Kate, in spite of an occasional acid remark.

"She has sense," Kate said of her. "It has its advantages over brilliance."

That was Kate's tribute to Mattie's attitude toward Codman, which was one of the least sensible things about her.

Mattie simply made it an article of faith that Codman and Kate were perfectly mated, and no amount of sighs and half-murmured confessions from Codman could shake her belief.

"He likes to play he's one of those misunderstood men," Mattie explained to me, "and Kate misunderstands him in just the way he adores—brilliantly."

It was a ridiculously simple explanation of a very complicated relationship, and I should think it would have driven Codman mad, but he was always turning up at Mattie's apartment. Maybe it rested him. He got so much sympathy elsewhere.

I would have been extremely worried by Gene Linder's constant attendance on Mattie during those weeks, if it hadn't been for the fact that Gene was in the midst of divorce proceedings. I knew instinctively that he might just as well have seven Mormon wives constantly with him as far as Mattie Missinger was concerned. There are still women like that, unreasonable as it may sound.

T. Mary was hard at work on the revision of her novel. "Absolutely dehokumized" she described it; "reduced to its gaunt essentials." She was writing five and six hours a day on it, and late afternoons she would drop in at Mattie's to renew herself in the sun of Mattie's admiration.

They were extraordinarily pleasant—those afternoons—when four or five of us gathered in a place so unusually free from tension.

"Mattie's managed to import a little of her small-town quiet," Kate said, "and we're just decadent enough to find it refreshing."

In the evenings, whenever she'd let me, I rushed Mattie to concerts and operas and plays in a variety as balanced as a wise menu, and sometimes in the morning I'd cut work and drag her to an exhibition of paintings or modernist furniture or sculpture. If I say it myself, New York has rarely been presented to a visitor with more taste or care.

I was awfully careful about love-making. Every action certainly connoted devotion, but I didn't indulge in a single sigh or direct declaration; just waited for the city to do its work.

The twenty-eighth came rushing toward us pitilessly. Three days before it, T. Mary announced that she had finished her book and sent it to her publisher, and that on the twenty-seventh she was going to give a dinner in celebration of that event, and as a farewell party to Mattie.

"Not that it's going to sound like a farewell party," T. Mary said. "I'm a great deal too sensitive to say good-by. Mattie is just to come and let us show her how we adore her, and if anyone breathes a hint that we won't see her again—for some time, anyway—I'll never let them inside my door again."

I knew that T. Mary, the Mortons and Gene Linder would want to play bridge after dinner; so I bought tickets for Mattie and me to a musical show which was said to have a good last act. That would give me a final moment alone with her. I intended to propose then, and I saw it, in my mind's eye, like the third-act entrance of the U. S. Marines—I, the rescuer, pounding up, at the eleventh hour, to save Mattie from Conger.

I weakened, however, and didn't wait until quite that last moment. Perhaps it would have been a better thing if I had.

When I went upstairs to collect Mattie for T. Mary's dinner, I saw her through the door, which had been left ajar, sitting under a lamp reading. She was dressed in her best party dress; somehow one would never have called it a dinner dress.

I rapped on the door and called, "Package for Miss Missinger."

She didn't recognize my voice and rose.

"Come in," she said.

I thrust in the box of flowers I had brought, but she peered out and saw who it was

"Roger!" she said. "I was just wondering if I oughtn't to give a tip." Then she opened the box. "Orchids! I never had any before in my life."

"They're the color of your eyes," I told her.

They were that brown-and-yellow sort.

"I simply adore them."

She pinned them at her side.

"What's the book?" I asked awkwardly to change the subject.

"John Brown's Body. I've been being sentimental and reading over that lovely part about, 'This is the last. This is the last.' Do you remember it?"

"Yes."

"You see tonight is the last, for me, of something I've loved."

"No, it isn't," I told her.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not going to let it be. You're going to marry me and stay in New York until we're both so old we have to hobble to a suburb."

"Roger!"

"Don't look so surprised. You must have known I was going to ask you. Now, if you've packed anything that will muss, take it out of your trunk before we start to the party. We'll be married tomorrow morning about ten."

"I'm awfully sorry, Roger."

"Why? Aren't you going to marry me?"

"No."

She said it almost brusquely. I'd never heard her speak like that before.

"Why not?"

"I'm not in love with you."

"I didn't expect you to be. You like me all right, don't you? That ought to be enough when you throw New York into the scales. Or are you in love with somebody else?"

"Yes."

That startled me.

"Gene or Codman?" I asked.

"Oh, no. Somebody back home."

That gave me hope again. "Somebody you haven't seen for a month," I said. "You'll never marry a provincial now. You'll marry me and New York."

"No, I won't," she told me. "Don't say any more about it, please."

"All right."

Naturally, I felt rebuffed and hurt. She saw as much.

"I'm sorry to be so curt," she apologized, "but I'd much rather be, if you don't mind."

"Of course."

"Remember, I'm a woman of mystery," she begged. "Put it down to that."

"We must be starting for T. Mary's."

She went over to turn off the light by which she'd been reading and picked up the book.

She read:

"The last high fiddle singing the reel,
The last of the silk with the Paris label,
The last blood thoroughbred safe in the stable."

"You'll change your mind," I told her, but she shook her head.

My hope now lay in T. Mary, and, in this special instance, I had some faith in T. Mary to work a miracle. Only the Codman Mortons, Gene Linder and we two were to be her guests, and the dinner would be served by a mulatto accommodator who had cooked it; but T. Mary, I knew, would think of her party in terms of chef and kitchen maid and first and second footmen and a marquee from the door to the curb and "one of the brilliant gatherings of the season." I had seen her do so before—do it so hard that some of the glamour slipped from her flighty mind and entered into the guests she had assembled under her ceiling; so that her party became very like what she demanded of life that her parties should be.

Mattie and I had a silent ride downtown.

"You're not angry with me?" she said when we got out.

"Not a bit"

I pressed T. Mary's push button. The latch clicked and we climbed stairs. T. Mary was standing in her doorway.

"It's outrageous of me to rush out to greet you like this," she said, "but I simply couldn't wait inside like a lady. Leave your cloak on the chair, will you, Mattie? Nell will take it to my room. . . . The gentlemen's coats go here, Roger. Isn't it a splendid big closet? Now, won't you come in in front of the fire?"

We were the last to arrive, of course.

Codman had brought cocktails and was swinging them in the green glass shaker I'd given T. Mary. Kate was in the black velvet dress which makes her look pointed and brilliant, and T. Mary in a floating tea-gown sort of thing. Gene, for some reason, had failed to dress, and the chill of reproof could be felt in T. Mary's manner toward him.

"You'll have to pardon this gentleman, Mattie. He was rehearsing until the last moment, I suppose."

"No such luck," Gene contradicted. "I'm out. Didn't you know?"

"Really? That must be very trying when one has set one's heart on a part."

"He'll get a better one," I predicted. As Gene turned to speak to Mattie, T. Mary murmured to me, "I think a man owes a certain courtesy to his hostess, don't you?"

It was very Versailles.

"I certainly do," I agreed. "Particularly at such a swell party as this."

"Nell! Nell! You've forgotten the *canapés* of pâté to go with the cocktails."

"Lordy! Them things!"

"Please all of you wait till they come."

"Laura's furious at not being asked," Kate announced from an easy-chair drawn up by the fire. "She'd have had a spite party if she could have thought of anyone to invite."

"I'm so sorry," T. Mary said, a woman of the world to her finger tips. "I adore Laura, but I do think it's a little provincial of her to expect to be asked always."

"I shouldn't be surprised if she climbed up the fire escape and put a tick tack on the window."

"Oh, Kate! You're priceless."

All grace and kindness, but firm formality, T. Mary herded us out to the little dining room.

The dinner was excellent and elaborate: Mock-turtle soup, duck cooked with oranges, sweet potatoes cooked with sherry, green peas and a salad.

The conversation was gay, and flattering to our hostess.

"T. Mary, I never tasted such soup. If I should die, would you mind omitting flowers and just putting a cup of that soup on my coffin?"

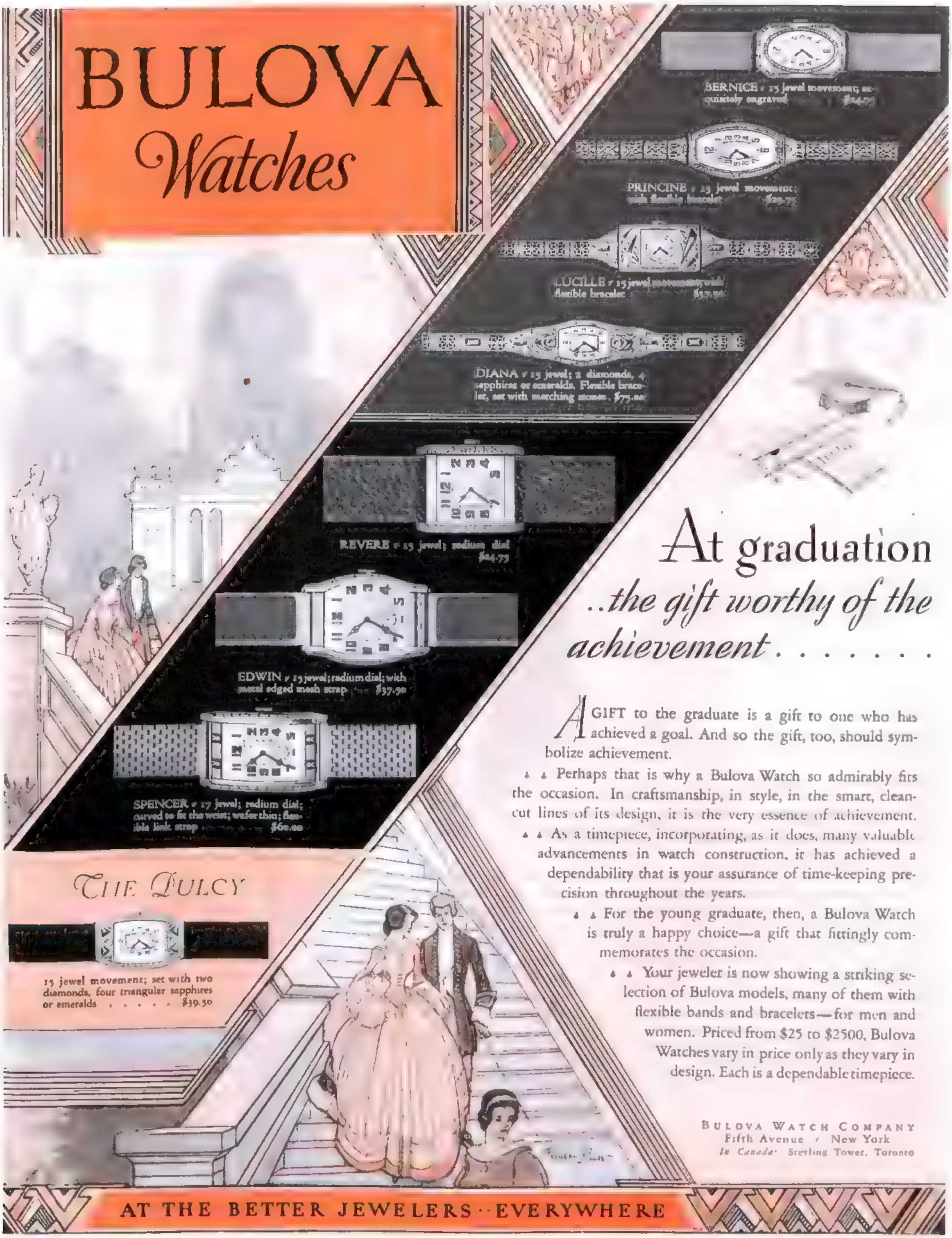
"Kate Morton, you're so much more delicious than any soup could be."

"I don't think I'd choose soup for your epitaph, Kate. If it had to be some kind of food, it would be epigram. Epigram of lamb!"

"I've never felt I should be amused by a lamb's epigrams. Epigrams should be made by creatures with claws."

(Continued on Page 158)

BULOVA *Watches*


BERNICE · 15 jewel movement; exquisitely engraved
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LUCILLE · 15 jewel movement; with flexible bracelet
DIANA · 15 jewel; 2 diamonds, 4 sapphires or emeralds. Flexible bracelet, set with matching stones. $75.00
REVERE · 15 jewel; radium dial $24.75
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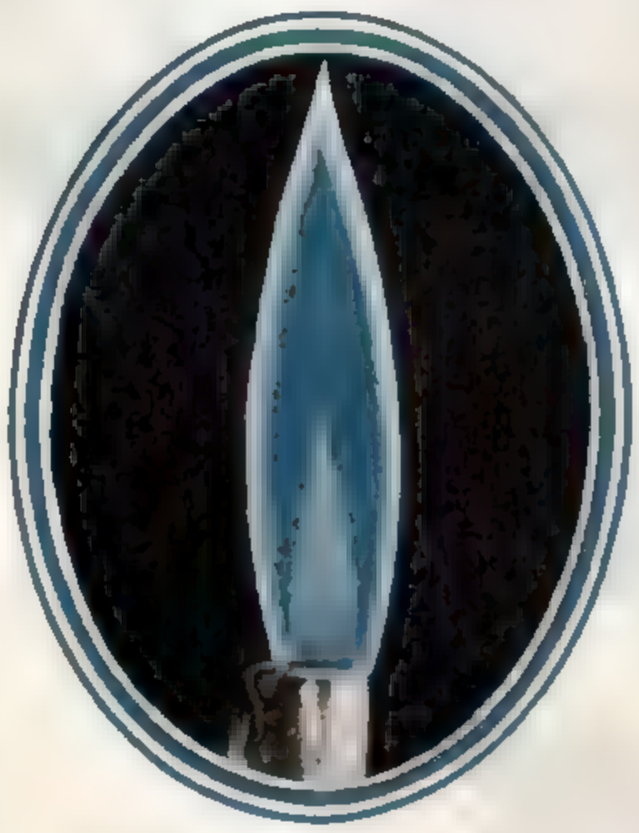
There's not a whisper of sound, not a single moving part, to this amazing refrigerator. There's absolutely no machinery, nothing to oil, to need attention, to wear out. A tiny gas flame does all the work. And the operating cost is ridiculously low.



One tiny gas flame does all the work of making cold.

LIGHT it, and forget it. That about sums up the Electrolux. You'll have an evenly low food temperature and plenty of big pure ice cubes—always. But you won't have a minute's worry or trouble. You won't have the slightest noise or vibration. And as for your monthly bills, you'll laugh when you see them. You'll wonder how anything that works such wonders can cost so little.

You can operate a sensitive radio set near the Electrolux without getting the slightest hum of interference. You can stand a dime on edge atop its solid, immovable surface. You can put your ear down close and you won't hear the slightest sound—not merely when the box is new, but as long as you have it.

For fifty years or more, scientists and engineers sought to perfect an automatic refrigerator that would be non-mechanical. The goal was reached in 1922, at the Royal University of Technology, Stockholm, Sweden. And like most truly great discoveries, the basis of the Electrolux is simple—a fundamental law of physics that almost any schoolboy knows.

For six years the application of this principle was tested and perfected for household operation. Finally the Electrolux was ready. In the short time since its introduction here the Electrolux has taken the country by storm.

Seldom has a new product met with so enthusiastic a reception. Architects, engineers, national and local testing bureaus, women's institutes, leading public utilities—all put the Electrolux through a microscopic examination. And all expressed unqualified, delighted approval.

Today the Electrolux is fast changing old accepted ideas. Already it is in use in tens of thousands of homes. Already it has been specified for the very newest, finest apartment houses—buildings of the New York-Park Avenue type. Experts hail the coming of the Electrolux as the most important refrigeration news since the invention of the first crude ice machine.

And best of all, scientists can see no reason why

ABOVE—The Kitchenette Model. Large capacity in proportion to the room it occupies is the outstanding feature of this refrigerator. This small member of the Electrolux family has a surprising amount of food storage space—4 cubic feet. Yet its compactness makes it ideal for the modern small type of kitchen. Only 24 1-2 in. wide, 24 3-8 in. deep and 47 9-16 in. high (with legs 52 9-16 in. high), the Kitchenette Model fits conveniently into a very limited space. Makes 36 large ice cubes; furnished in white and two beautiful colors like all Electrolux models.

RIGHT—Many steps and precious floor space are saved by this Combination Electrolux Refrigerator and Gas Range. With this one gas-operated unit you can cook and refrigerate, both at the same time. Because the stove is on top and heavily insulated from the lower compartment, the cooking heat does not interfere with the efficiency of the refrigerator, which has 5 cubic feet of food space and makes 40 large ice cubes.

this refrigerator should ever wear out, any more than your kitchen sink. And no wonder, when the Electrolux has no more machinery than a vacuum bottle.

In order to understand the difference between Electrolux and mechanical refrigerators, you have only to appreciate the difference between the action that takes place inside a tea kettle and—say, in a vacuum cleaner or a washing machine. The operation of the Electrolux is automatic but not mechanical. The principle of refrigeration is wholly different.

A tiny gas flame takes the place of a motor and all motor-driven machinery. You might almost call the flame the "whole works."

Once you light the little flame the freezing action starts, and goes on continuously. It needs no further attention from you. The operation requires no adjustment.

What happens is that the flame changes the refrigerating liquid to vapor. The vapor moves away from the heat, is condensed back to a liquid by a trickle of water, and finally strikes the heat once more. This entire cycle of physical change is then repeated over again, endlessly, like perpetual motion, and during the process intense steady cold is produced.

Should the gas ever go out for any reason, no harm is done. The chilling action stops, but the gas automatically shuts off. It cannot flow again until you are ready to light it.

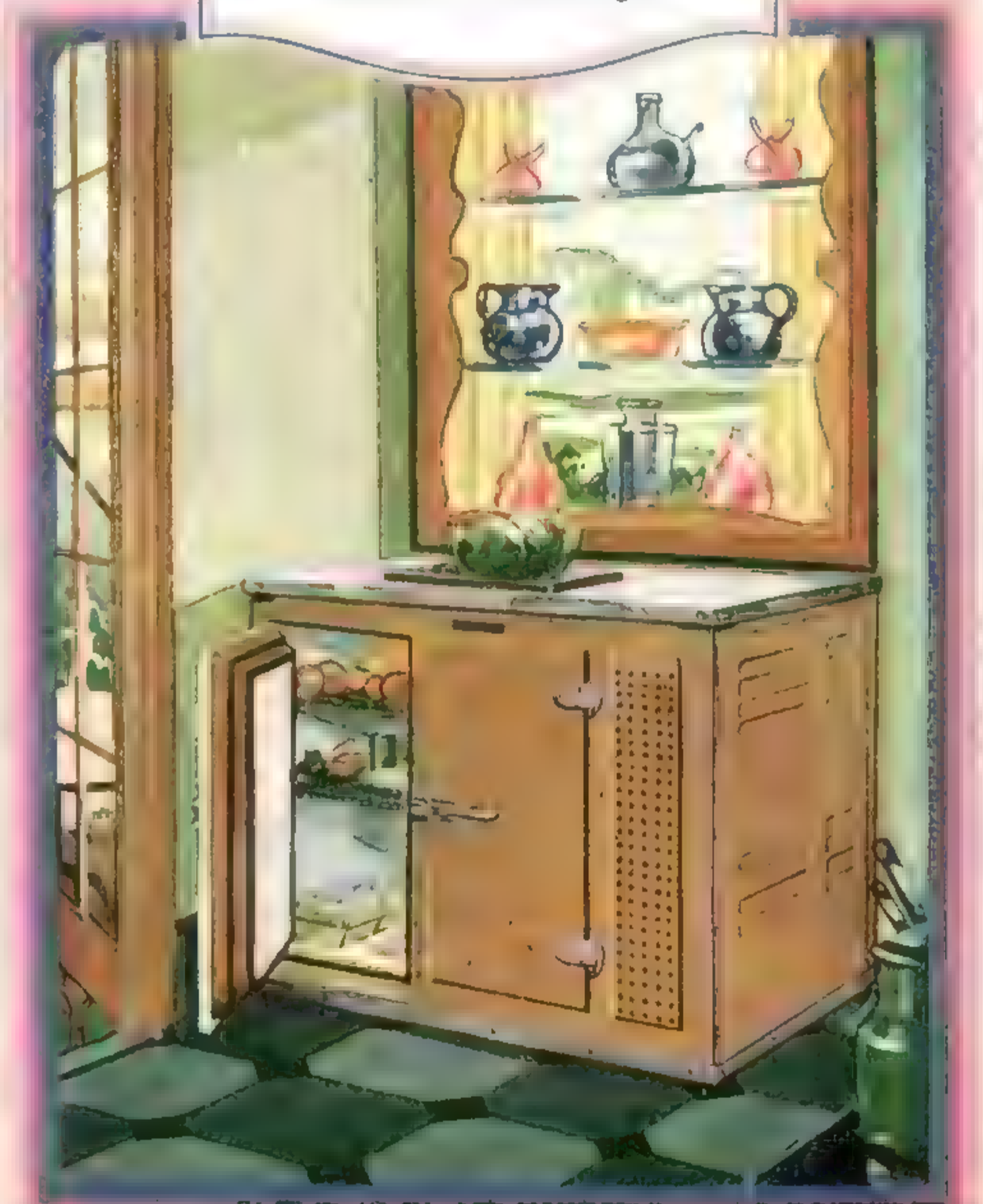
The cost of the gas and water that the Electrolux uses is negligible. It varies slightly according to the local gas and water rates, but in practically every case the total monthly operating cost is less than with any other refrigerating system — usually far less.

There is not a thing to renew or replace anywhere about the Electrolux, unless it be the inexpensive little gas burner, after years of use. The refrigerating liquid is hermetically sealed for the life of the refrigerator. It will not leak or need renewal. There is never any odor.

With such an everlasting unit as this, only the finest cabinet would do. Consequently the Electrolux cabinet is built with the most painstaking attention to details, of the highest-quality materials—a hardwood frame, screwed—not nailed together. An exterior of rigid steel with a lacquer finish; an inner box of genuine fused-on porcelain—smooth, seamless, lustrous—over rust-resisting Armco Ingot Iron. The insulation is pressed cork-board, treated with Hydrolene, and much thicker than is ordinarily used. The hardware is brass—chromium plated.

Costs Less to Operate

Gas and water are not only relatively cheap, but the Electrolux uses just a tiny gas flame, a mere trickle of water. That is why the operating cost is ridiculously low. Ask your gas company or dealer for exact local figure.



An Electrolux model that is unique—The Double Duty. With its white porcelain top and its convenient height, it makes a beautiful and serviceable kitchen table. Food space—5 cubic feet, makes 40 large ice cubes.

If you have not yet seen the Electrolux you don't know what perfect refrigeration can be like. Most owners are so pleased with their Electrolux that they go around talking about this refrigerator as though it were a first-born child. Call today at the nearest display room of your own gas company or other Electrolux distributor, and see for yourself.

You will find an interesting display of sizes and models—the Double Duty that serves as a white enameled kitchen table, the Combination Electrolux and Gas Range, the Kitchenette Model for small apartments, the Mansion Model, and many more. The Mansion Model has two freezing units and is really two refrigerators in one, for the top and bottom compartments can be kept at different temperatures, or one can be shut down entirely while the other operates.

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THE REFRIGERATOR

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(Continued from Page 154)

After Codman's double-strength cocktails, it all sounded very bright even to me. Mattie looked like a music lover following the score of a complicated and delightful opera.

We hadn't even begun to feel that fatigue which comes over people trying to be too clever when, just as Nell put down the last plate of salad, the doorbell rang.

"It's Laura, I'm convinced!" Kate squealed. "Laura is storming the gates!"

"Good," I said. "I was afraid she might be crouching in a corner muttering oom or some other mystic syllable against us."

"The door, Nell," T. Mary murmured in a voice which implied: "Don't you remember that the second footman is off tonight?"

"What can we do to pique Laura's curiosity?" Kate said. "I know. When she enters, let's pretend that we're in the midst of some luscious piece of gossip, and stop suddenly when we see her, as though we were embarrassed."

"Grand," we all agreed.

"It will drive her mad."

We all did something as near a huddle as one can manage at a dinner table, and buzzed and buzzed.

Nell was quite alone when she came from the door, however.

"It's a redishered package for you, Miss Gifford," she said. "I signed for it."

She held the thing up. It was unmistakably a book manuscript: T. Mary's manuscript returned.

In one of those dreadful hold-overs from hilarity, Kate Morton said, "Oh! A communication from royalty!"

"Put it in my room, Nell," T. Mary directed quietly.

T. Mary the complainer wasn't going to speak about this blow. It hurt too much.

But everyone had grasped the significance of that package after a second. The evening fell like an omelet. Because T. Mary's failure was revealed, there was suddenly no illusion left about any of us. Mattie survived because there had never been any illusion about her. She was just a kind, beautiful person who'd been asked in to listen, and heard something it wasn't meant for her to hear. The rest of us sat face to face with our own failures.

Kate, who has a real social sense, might have done something to pull conversation out of the morass into which it sank, if it hadn't been for her remark about, "A communication from royalty." Chagrin for that gaucherie had practically eliminated Kate.

I wanted to say something far from the subject, and entirely casual, and I wanted to say it immediately.

"Isn't it about time to be thinking of summer plans?" I heard coming from my own lips. "What are you planning to do, T. Mary?"

It couldn't have been worse.

"I think," T. Mary said, looking very old, "that I'll try and get back my place at the library."

"Oh, no! No!" most of us cried with dreadful earnestness, because we didn't want to admit how wise we thought such a course would be.

It wasn't that telltale precipitancy that T. Mary noticed, however, but that Mattie hadn't spoken.

"Mattie thinks it's the only thing left for me to do," she said resentfully.

"Of course I don't," Mattie told her, "but I wonder if it wouldn't rest you. You've created so much in these last few years. I think you're entitled to stop and catch your breath if you like."

She leaned over and touched T. Mary's hand. Somehow the little speech which I should have said would be fatal had a good effect.

"You're quite right," T. Mary said. "I'm tired—terribly tired."

"And you're important enough," Mattie began, "to—to ——"

"To be conserved like a national resource," I finished for her.

T. Mary seemed not to have heard.

"We're all tired," she went on. "It seems to me New York is just a lot of tired people trying to be what they're not. Look at us around this table. There's Gene trying to play parts for which he's already too old. And Roger trying to write poetry with what energy he has left from his advertising job. And Codman a house painter pretending to be an artist, and Kate a saloniste without a salon. Let's call the party over."

She pushed back her chair.

We were all a little offended, I suppose, but we were also sorry for T. Mary.

"Well, if I haven't a salon," Kate Morton said, "I have my telephone and it does very nicely. You'll feel better after some bridge."

I thanked my stars for the excuse of our theater tickets and got Mattie away as quickly as possible. When we'd gone down one flight of stairs she could contain her worry no longer.

"But what's T. Mary going to do, Roger?" she demanded. "She told me she'd staked everything on that book. It's all very well to talk about going back to the library, but will she have enough to pay her rent, and for the dinner, and that maid?"

"The next time you hear of T. Mary," I said, "she may have the royal suite on the Berengaria and be going over to visit Queen Marie."

"I suppose that's quite true," Mattie agreed, "and of course it's romantic in a way, and glittering. Heavens, I should hate it, though. We've never been rich at all, but so safe."

"It's better to live dangerously," I proclaimed, but the words had a hollow ring after that ghoulish party.

We'd reached the street. I looked up and down it for a cab.

"Do you mind if we don't go to the theater?" Mattie asked. "Somehow I don't feel like watching a lot of artificial gayety. Oh, poor T. Mary! And the poor Mortons! And poor Laura who wasn't asked to that sad little gathering and probably feels ever so cross about it!"

"Taxi!" I yelled at that moment, and the driver heard me and drew up at the curb. We got in and I gave the address.

"Do you know"—I then resumed the subject—"that I'd counted on T. Mary's party as the last, irresistible argument against your leaving? It turned out to be a help, didn't it?"

"Did you honestly think I could be dazzled to that extent?" Mattie asked. "Look here, Roger; I was dazzled a little at first. Since then I don't think you've realized it, but quite often I've been irritated. You people think that we're such fools in the provinces, as you call them. You take it for granted that everybody wants to know people like you and be like you. I imagine the animals in the zoo have a good deal the same impression of the people who come to look at them."

"And have you just been tossing peanuts all the time?" I asked.

"Oh, that did sound horrid. What I mean is that none of you seemed quite human until tonight. You were a superior race moving through life with a very special lightness. I thought of you as—well, maybe as a corps of charming ballet dancers. But one doesn't want to spend one's life in a ballet."

"Is this paragon you're in love with so very different?" I inquired.

"He's pretty different."

We'd arrived at our house and we got out.

"I wasn't going to explain to you about him and me and everything," Mattie said, after I'd paid the driver. "I was just going to slip out of the ballet. From my point of view that would have been the nicest way to keep this experience apart and delightful. But after this evening I think I will tell you. Will you come up to my apartment?" We climbed the stairs together. She lit the lights, and after I'd taken off my coat, she said, "Now sit down here. I want you to look at his picture first."

She took up the folding leather frame.

"Your sister's husband!" I said, as she handed it to me.

"She's not my sister," Mattie said. "She's I. He's my husband and they're my children."

"But this can't be you," I protested, studying the photograph of the lady.

"Have you ever seen anything as awful as my mouth was? My teeth were so crooked that it actually did something to the expression of my eyes. Don't I look as though I squinted?"

"Do you mean to tell me that those are false teeth you've got now?" I cried.

"They are not," Mattie replied indignantly. "My explanation is unromantic enough, but it's not so bad as that. Now look at Herbert. Can you, and honestly not like him?"

"I certainly can," I informed her. "He looks to me as though he must once have been the sort of boy who's called Bub."

"Well, he's a seraph," Mattie said, with an edge on her voice. "I can't imagine how he could ever have fallen in love with me and married me, when I looked like that. Moreover, I was painfully shy. Nobody else ever took the trouble to find out what I was like. Not only did he marry me but he's always treated me as though I were Helen of Troy."

"You couldn't have been very plain, with your coloring," I hazarded, for my dislike of Herbert hadn't evaporated.

"Just look at the picture," Mattie said. "Well, when our children were born they were perfectly beautiful, and they stayed that way until they began to get their second teeth. Then I saw that they were going to have the sort of mouth I had, and I was wild. I took them to the best orthodontist in Chicago and he began straightening them right away, and in the course of conversation with him he told me that if I wanted to give enough time and pay enough money he could straighten mine too.

"I had no idea of doing any such thing, but I happened to mention it to Herbert, and Herbert seized on it. 'I like you just as you are now,' he said, 'but it's a chance of getting rid of your inferiority complex, and you know you'd have a better time without your inferiority complex.' I protested and protested, but it's awful to be perfectly hideous. Finally Herbert sold some bonds and brought me the money in cash and said, 'Now, either you're going to use this for your inferior complectomy or I'm going to burn it.' So I had my teeth straightened. It took over two years, and everyone in Conger said that it was a great success. The only trouble was that they talked so much about it that I got to thinking that they were making fun of me, and it was perfect misery for me to go any place. It looked as though I were going to have a real nervous breakdown, and that would mean more expense, and the thought drove me wild. Well, do you know what Herbert did? He said, 'Mattie, the trouble with you is that you're a beauty now, and you haven't had a beauty's experiences. I can't get away, but I want you to go to New York and stay there for a month and have yourself a time, and get used to the new person they've turned you into.' Have you ever heard of anything so darling?"

"I must say it isn't Herbert as I pictured him," I admitted.

"That's the reason why, when you made the mistake and thought I wasn't married, I didn't tell you. I knew it was just what Herbert wanted for me. I wrote him right away, of course, and he was delighted."

"And how about me?" I inquired icily.

"Oh, I knew it didn't make any real difference to you."

"I proposed." I called the fact to her attention. "That seems to me to indicate a more than superficial interest."

"But in such a lah-de-dah way," she said. "People don't propose like that when they're in love. You don't care about anything really, Roger. Except maybe New York."

"Of course not," I said. "All the human feelings are restricted to people who live in the provinces. Everyone knows that. I find it perfectly charming to learn that I was merely prescribed by your husband."

There must have been a certain amount of emotion in my voice, for Mattie looked absolutely appalled.

"Don't tell me I've hurt you," she begged. "I wouldn't have for worlds. I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself," I told her. "If you think over your husband's directions you'll probably remember that they ended, 'Shake well after using.'"

Then I left. On my way downstairs it came to me in a wave of relief that I'd almost got myself married, and hadn't.

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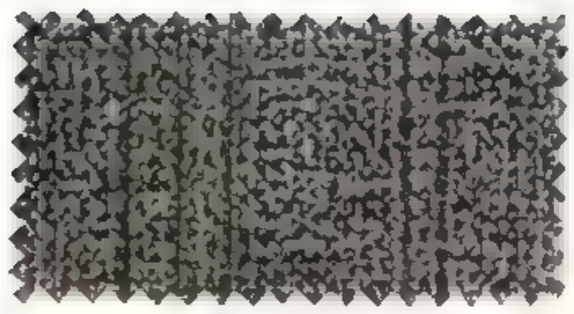

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MR. GOOF

(Continued from Page 11)

get their point of view. Who knows? It may be useful to me in after life."

One could not but admire Beverley's capacity for ideals. Indeed, one went to the extent of applauding and giving Beverley loud encouragement to continue. It was inspiring to see the light of human kindliness, a genuine flicker of humanity, on Beverley's face, different from that which suffused Chiswick's pale countenance.

"Don't be ridiculous," said Chiswick. "Don't call me a snob when you're one yourself. I'll bet if someone knocked on your door right now ——"

"No," said Beverley, "you're mistaken, Chiswick. There are certain definite rules of conduct. Thank heaven, there's such a thing as hospitality. I should be kind to him—according to my lights."

There was no wonder we applauded these sentiments in Beverley; we even slapped him on the back and begged him to continue, but just then an extraordinary coincidence occurred, which is perhaps why one remembers the affair at all. For before Chiswick could say anything or Beverley could continue, there actually was a knock upon our door. Naturally, it was startling; not only the coincidence but the knock as well. A knock at that time in our careers nearly always boded an unpleasant situation, for friends always entered without knocking. Only bearers of ill tidings knocked, and such a sound was like a call to conscience, putting one instantly on the defensive, steeled to meet an unpleasant emergency.

One recalls that after the first silence of surprise, someone began to giggle, until finally the whole room was filled with an undignified mirth.

"There you are," said Chiswick.

Beverley leaned back deeper in his chair and passed his hand across his brow. "The usual thing," sighed Beverley. "Another of those bill collectors, I suppose."

But, obviously, the apparition which appeared upon our threshold was not a bill collector. There was a horrible uncouthness about him which any adequate bill collector would have scorned. Obviously, he came from regions with which we were not even remotely acquainted. Our visitor's face was red; he was perspiring freely; lumps of strawlike hair were wet upon his forehead. He was clad in a suit of clothes so rustic that one could not blame Chiswick for shuddering. There were knobs upon the toes of his shoes like bites inflicted by some malignant insect; his trousers were of a variety known in those days as "peg-topped," bulging at the hips and tapering gradually toward the ankles. His coat was gathered at the waist so tightly that his shoulders assumed a colossal proportion. He was fingering a purple necktie with red and trembling hands. Beverley himself was obviously amazed.

"Look here," said Beverley. "Is this a joke or anything?" And again there was a slight noise of snickering, but, as one remembers, Beverley was seldom at a loss for long. "Look here," said Beverley. "You must have the wrong door, haven't you?"

"No," said our visitor, and swallowed so violently that his necktie trembled. "No, I haven't got the wrong door, fellers."

As one recollects, the ensuing moment was painful, for one could not help wondering what Chiswick must have thought of us. There was a possibility that Chiswick might have believed that this uncouth stranger was actually a friend of ours. Yet, if such a thought passed through Beverley's mind, he did not show it. He thrust his hands in his pockets and lay farther back in his chair.

"Then come in," said Beverley, "and close the door. Do you want to see us about something?"

If it were possible, our visitor's face grew redder. He must have realized that he was hardly one of us and that he was actually out of place, because one recalls there was a tremor in his voice and he drew a deep, harsh breath.

"Fellers," he said, "my name is Goof—Oswald Goof. I've got the room across the hall."

One can readily imagine that the effect was startling, not only the name but the discovery that such a neighbor could subsist so near us. It shook one's confidence in order and justice. Even Beverley himself seemed shaken.

"What?" said Beverley. "Your name is—what?"

"Goof." There was no doubting the authenticity of the reply. "Kid me if you want to, fellers, but my name is Goof. I come from Piping Ridge, Wyoming."

At the mention of this distant spot, there seemed nothing to reply, and yet in some measure Mr. Goof had obviously explained himself. In our somewhat rare experience at lectures in the more difficult variety of courses, we had encountered furtive denizens of outlying districts and had invariably shied away. These persons were no part of our world; one felt no interest in them, yet now we became aware of a sense of fate and providence and retribution; for there was Mr. Goof. From his pocket he pulled a red silk handkerchief with a white H upon it and mopped his brow. It seemed almost too bizarre to be real—this last display of collegiate spirit.

"You say"— It was marvelous, the calm which still rested upon Beverley; you might have thought there was nothing strange about Mr. Goof—"you live across the hall?"

Again Mr. Goof swallowed, making a choking sound. "Fellers," he said, "I know it isn't right, horning in here. Since I've been to this place, everybody has given me the frozen mitt, and I guess that's how you're made. There haven't been initiations into frats or nothing, like there are back home."

Again there was a subdued sound of tittering, as might be expected in a society of cultivation and tradition.

"Shut up!" said Beverley. "This isn't funny." And once again one was aware of the keenness of Beverley's perceptions, for now that he mentioned it, one could perceive that the situation was not altogether humorous. There was something disturbingly naïve, almost basic, in the comedy of Oswald Goof—so blatant that you could not laugh. Mr. Goof was laboring under some deep emotion.

"You bet it isn't funny, fellers," said Mr. Goof. "I'm in trouble. Will you help a feller out?"

Mr. Goof's voice had a rising note of direct and ingenuous appeal.

"Has someone picked your pocket?" inquired Chiswick Ellicott. "Or sold you a set of Balzac uncensored, with six bathing girls in colors on the side?"

"Be quiet, Chiswick," said Beverley. "Mr. Goof, we all have troubles here. This is a place of trouble. Tell us what's the matter. Everyone can bear it."

"Fellers"—Mr. Goof mopped his brow again—"it's this way. I sort of hate to tell you, but, honest, fellers, I'm desperate. My pa's in my room across the hall, and my pa's as rich as hell."

"Look here," said Chiswick Ellicott. Naturally this crass reference to money was disturbing. "Don't you think you'd better go back to your papa?"

"Don't mind him, Mr. Goof," said Beverley. "He's only joking."

"Well, fellers, it's this way," said Mr. Goof. "I know the way you feel. You're swells. I'm not a swell, and my pa isn't a swell, either, but he's made a million dollars in oil. He's the one who made me come here. I didn't want to, honest, fellers. I was at the Hi-Paw University for Boys and Girls, and it was a sight better than this. There weren't a lot of frozen mitts in Hi-Paw, like there are out here."

"Oh," said Beverley, "weren't there?"

"No," said Mr. Goof, "there weren't." And curiously enough, the eyes of Mr. Goof filled with large bucolic tears, and we sat almost spellbound at the sight. "No," said Mr. Goof, "fellers and girls used to speak to everybody else in Hi-Paw."

"Oh?" said Chiswick. "Do they have a college cheer?"

"Yes," said Mr. Goof, "they did. It went like this"—and actually, though one could scarce believe it, Mr. Goof's voice trembled—"it went like this: 'Hi-Paw, Hi-Paw, Haw-Haw-Haw! I'd die for Hi-Paw. Raw! Raw! Raw!'"

"Do you mind," said Chiswick, "if I write that down?"

"Don't worry, Chiswick," said Beverley. "I can remember it."

"That's right," said Mr. Goof. "Kidding me, aren't you, fellers? Well, I'm used to it hereabouts. I can't help it; it's this way: The old man made me come. He'd read in the papers that Harvard was a swell place, and he gave me ten thousand dollars a year. He wanted me to get to know swell fellers, and now he's here to look me over—and what the old man wants, he wants. He just blew in this afternoon and asked me where my swell friends were and was he getting his money's worth. And I haven't got any friends. That's all. I don't know how it is. Nobody's asked me to join a frat. Back at Hi-Paw, fellers used to stick their heads out of the window and say 'Heigh, Ozzy!' Nobody's said a word to me since I've been here."

"Well," said Chiswick, "why should they?"

"Of course," said Mr. Goof, "there's no reason why they should, if they don't want to—but fellers are friendly back home."

"Well," said Chiswick, "would you mind telling us why you don't go back and tell your father that, instead of us?"

Mr. Goof mopped his brow again. "I might as well get it out, fellers," he explained. "I've been telling the old man—I never thought he'd come here—been writing to him, telling him I knew everybody, and now he's come and called my bluff. He's in there now; he's waiting for me to bring in some friends to shake hands, and I haven't any—honest. I know the way it is here, fellers. I hate to ask it, but couldn't you just be my friends for the afternoon—just to please the old man, fellers? You needn't speak to me after that. I know the way it is here. I won't bother you again, but couldn't you just walk over and meet the old man? Just say, 'Heigh, Ozzy! How's it going, Ozzy?'"

There was a silence when Mr. Goof had finished. As one remembers the speech of Mr. Goof across the years, it was exactly as bizarre, exactly as fantastic as that even then, at a time when impossible things frequently occurred. The request of Mr. Goof seemed so preposterous that it left one embarrassed and tongue-tied; one, naturally, could understand the loneliness of Mr. Goof. One could even suppose there were others like him. Yet to be obliged to lower oneself to be a party to Mr. Goof's deception of his parent seemed going much too far.

It required someone of Beverley's genius to cope with the situation, and we had to admire the depth of Beverley's generosity. Beverley rose from his chair just as though Mr. Goof was one of us.

"You go back to your room," said Beverley. "We'll be over."

And then, a moment later, Mr. Goof was gone and you might have imagined that Mr. Goof had been nothing but a vision.

Chiswick Ellicott was the first to speak, but even while he spoke his eyes had a wild, glazed look, like the eyes of a psychopathic patient.

"Is this a jest?" inquired Chiswick frigidly. The very sound of his words seemed to convince him it was not a jest. "You can go and see this Goof person if you want to, but not with me. That's all."

One could understand Chiswick's feelings so well that one could almost feel a sympathy for the predicament in which Chiswick found himself.

"Do you know what occurs to me?" said Beverley.

"No," said Chiswick, rising, "and I don't care what occurs to you. I'm going. Don't count me in on any such comedy."

Now one remembers that there were unpleasant consequences in those days in braving the wrath of Chiswick Ellicott, but Beverley had the capacity of doing the most startling things.

"No," said Beverley, "no, you're not going, Chiswick. Hold him, fellows. It occurs to me, Chiswick, that ever since we were boys together at St. Swithin's School ——"

"Let go of me!" shouted Chiswick, and actually he forgot his dignity sufficiently to struggle. "We weren't boys long at St. Swithin's School. You got fired before the second term, just the way you'll be fired here before next term."

"Perhaps," said Beverley. "Nobody appreciates sterling worth; but ever since we were boys together at St. Swithin's, Chiswick, I have noticed that you possessed a certain lack of charity. It will hurt you some day, Chiswick, and now"—Beverley paused and straightened his necktie—"now we're all going in to do a kind deed, whether you like it or not. All right? Help Chiswick across the hall."

"You confounded clown!" cried Chiswick. "Have you lost your mind? Do you intend to force me to go in and shake hands with Mr. Goof? Let me go. This isn't funny. Won't you let me go?"

Yet once again we were forced to acknowledge the manifold capacity of Beverley Witherspoon. At last we perceived the delightful essence of Beverley's conceit—namely, compelling an individual of Chiswick's rare caliber to enter the society of the elder Mr. Goof. We even went to the extent of persuading Chiswick in a boisterous, boyish way.

We slapped him on the back and rumpled his hair and tried in guileless manner to derange his striped necktie. We began pointing out to Chiswick how much good it was going to do him; and in thinking of Chiswick, we possibly forgot how much good it might do ourselves. In our enthusiasm we actually forgot to be self-conscious and forgot the possibilities of dangerous complications in so complex an incident.

Beverley had walked to the drawer of one of our desks, used presumably for study, and had pulled two bottles from it which he thrust into either pocket.

"Are you ready?" said Beverley. "Then come ahead and see if we can show Mr. Goof that there's some cordiality at Harvard."

There was one thing about us in those days. It seemed easier to get into the spirit of things than it does at present, and once we had got into the spirit of it, we became surprisingly gay and even dropped that reserve and dignity which we strove to assume on usual occasions. We pressed through the door of Mr. Goof's room with something approaching a cheer upon our lips, and even the sight which met our eyes, shocking as it was to our sensibilities, did not entirely dim our ardor.

For Mr. Goof's room, as one recalls, was really a terrible place. It was actually a horrid parody of a student's room, such as one might see in the motion pictures or on the stage, but never in real life. Upon the threshold, as one walked in, was a large doormat, made to represent a Yale banner. Upon the walls were other banners. It almost seemed that there were banners from all the institutions of learning from Maine to California, and also, actually framed, were the pictures of twelve bathing beauties, suitable for framing, customarily given

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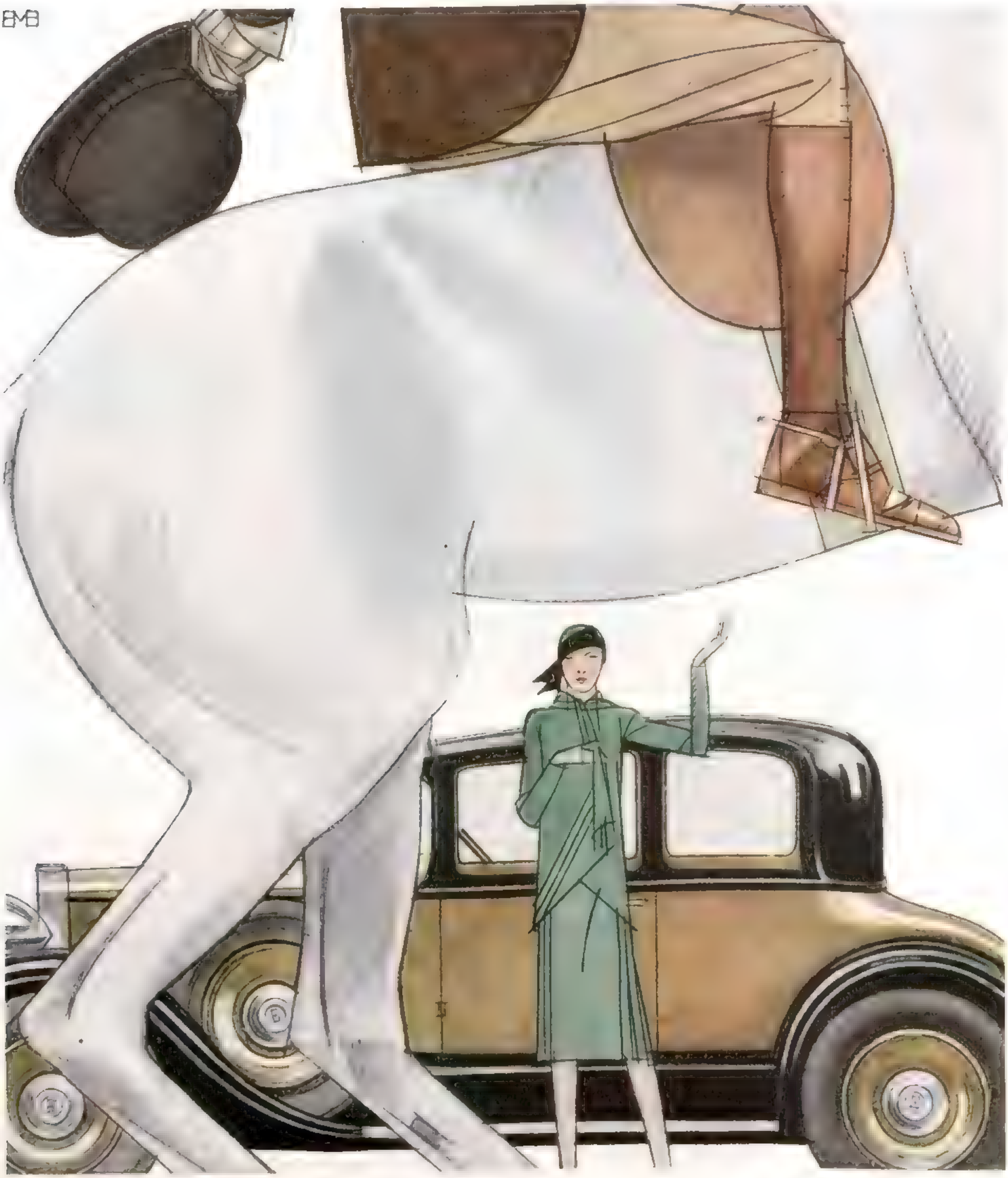
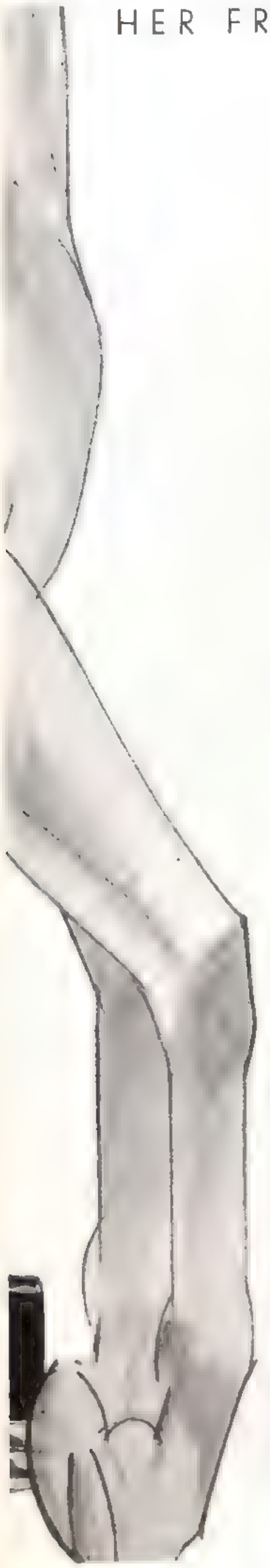
CREATORS



OF THE MODE

HER FROCK BY WORTH . . . HER CAR BY HUPMOBILE

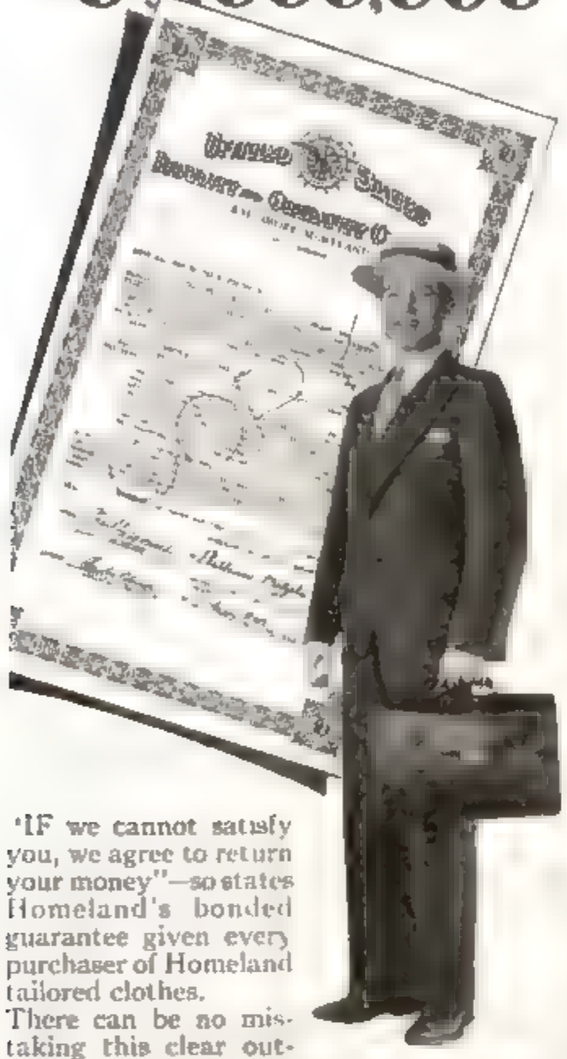


When H. R. H., the Prince of Wales canters through Hyde Park in new style riding clothes, the world hears about it almost overnight. In a few weeks, tailors and drapers in all the marts of fashion are patterning the same style. Not because Royalty wears it, but because it is smart and right and there's authority back of it. . . . It was that way with the HUPMOBILE Century cars. Smart and right with twenty years of HUPMOBILE engineering authority back of them.

Other cars complimented the new Century style by fashioning after it, but HUPMOBILE remains a step ahead and an idea ahead. Surface details may be duplicated, but not the distinguished ensemble created by twenty years of forward-looking and forward-working in the automotive field. That remains wholly HUPMOBILE'S . . . and at this very tick of your watch, it is still dated twenty months ahead!

The CENTURY SIX . . . $1345 to $1645. The CENTURY EIGHT . . . $1825 to $2625.
Custom and standard . . . all prices, f. o. b. factory . . . Equipment, other than standard, extra.

THE NEW HUPMOBILE
CENTURY SIX AND EIGHT

His PROMISE is backed by a GUARANTEE with resources of $69,000,000

"IF we cannot satisfy you, we agree to return your money"—so states Homeland's bonded guarantee given every purchaser of Homeland tailored clothes.

There can be no mistaking this clear outspoken statement signed jointly by the officials of two big concerns—the Homeland Tailoring Company and the U.S. Fidelity and Guaranty Company—with capital and resources of $69,000,000. Over 350,000 satisfied Homeland customers—men from every walk of life—know that Homeland's promise of complete satisfaction is always fulfilled. That they are certain of obtaining a precise and exact fit in Homeland's custom-tailored clothes. You, too, can buy your clothes the Homeland way—obtain real personalized custom-tailoring on the unique "tailor-shops-to-you-plan"—that saves you a lot of money.

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There's a Homeland man near you ready to bring you hundreds of samples of fine all-wool fabrics, priced at $25. At $35 he will show you de luxe fabrics, many containing pure Australian wool. Cool, high-grade summer fabrics at even less. Right in your own home, shop or office, he will take your measurements for a suit or topcoat. And six days after your order is received, your clothes will be on their way to you.

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Send me your booklet "The Man from Fifth Avenue", some samples of Homeland fabrics, and address of the nearest Homeland representative.

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HOMELAND REPRESENTATIVES EARN BIG MONEY. Now is the time to apply for Fall representation. New Fall Line ready July 1st. ACT NOW.

(Continued from Page 163)

away free with a de luxe set of Balzac. In a bookcase, close to these works of art, the top of which was surmounted with decorative steins and meerschaum pipes, were the works of Balzac themselves, in a curious binding of pink silk, and beside them were all the other sets of books which enterprising agents have striven to sell for generations to unsuspecting boys. In fact, there were all those articles of virtu which local merchants persisted in believing were suitable decorations for the room of a college student. In the midst of this shocking display of bad taste and lack of worldly knowledge stood Oswald himself, wearing a look of wonder and gratitude which one still sometimes remembers. And beside Oswald Goof, in unpressed trousers, was standing a plebeian, bald-headed individual, with a round red face bearing a strong resemblance to Oswald Goof's.

Now, one might imagine that anyone of background and educational sensibility might have paused tongue-tied and horror-stricken in such an environment. Chiswick's eyes were rolling, but for a moment even his struggles had grown feebler as his glance wandered about that room.

Only Beverley seemed unchanged by it and able to cope with the situation. Indeed, Beverley seemed hardly the man of the world whose dictums we had admired and followed. You might have thought that Beverley had never been to St. Swithin's School, for he rushed forward with oafish clumsiness and slapped the back of Oswald Goof, so that a cloud of dust rose in the air.

"Hi, Ozzy!" said Beverley. "How's every little thing?" It hardly seemed like the Beverley we knew.

"He's gone crazy," said Chiswick beneath his breath. "He must be crazy, that's all."

"Hi, Ozzy!" said Beverley again. "Here's all the bunch, Ozzy!" And again that smile of gratitude softened the face of Oswald Goof. It was something to remember through many a cold, lean day.

"Fellers," said Oswald, "it's awfully good of you to come. Step up and meet my pa."

"So you're Oswald's friends, are you?" said the corpulent party, and at this juncture one could understand how Mr. Goof, Senior, had made his millions; for there was a look of doubt, nay suspicion, in Mr. Goof's narrow eyes as he glanced at all of us.

"Are they kidding you, Ozzy?" he inquired. "Are these your friends?"

"Look here ——" began Chiswick Ellicott, and endeavored to struggle from our grasp, but Beverley was master of the situation still.

"There," said Beverley, "I know what you're thinking, Mr. Goof. We may be a little noisy for Ozzy. We may interrupt his studies, but we are his friends, all right. . . . Did you hear what Mr. Goof asked, boys? Are we Ozzy's friends?"

And of course we said we were—all except Chiswick, whose voice was drowned out in our enthusiastic assent—and next we were shaking Mr. Goof, Senior, by the hand, as though we had known him always; and somehow, in the most surprising way, one became aware of an air of cordiality in the room of Oswald Goof, and one forgot the bathing girls upon the wall. Beverley had produced a bottle and was handing it to Mr. Goof, and the look of suspicion on Mr. Goof's weather-beaten countenance had changed to one of wonder and surprise; particularly when he had finished a glass of refreshment which we hastened to press upon him.

"Oswald," said Mr. Goof at length, "I always knew you'd make good if you spent your money right. Don't mind the old man, gentlemen. I don't know about education, but I am a tough old bird. Act just like I wasn't here. I have always wondered what a college was like. Let's have a college afternoon like what you read about in books. Say, boys, will you give us the college cheer?"

And curiously enough, one was made aware of that great truth in Ecclesiastes—that there's a time and place for everything under the sun. Outrageous and impossible as such an affair would have been at any other time, we actually found ourselves entering into the spirit and conducting ourselves with a loutish humor. It seemed almost incredible, but we actually found ourselves, graduates of St. Swithin's though we were, giving a college cheer for the battered Mr. Goof—everyone except Chiswick, but for the moment Chiswick did not matter.

"Ozzy," said Mr. Goof, "fill up the glasses. I'm getting old, Ozzy, but I can stay out with the boys, when they're real boys, yet."

And somehow, as one remembers, we really did not need to fill up the glasses. We were stimulated already by a kind and peculiar elixir of life. We even began throwing Harvard and Princeton sofa pillows at Ozzy, and in a moment of exuberance we were hardly surprised to see Beverley and the elder Mr. Goof dancing in the middle of the room.

"And now," said Beverley, "we have a custom here—Harvard is an old university. We have traditions, Mr. Goof. When we visit the room of a former student of another institution we always give that cheer, don't we, boys? Now then, all together, give a yell for Hi-Paw." And all at once—such was the urge of the moment—we all found ourselves shouting in easy cadence:

"Hi-Paw, Hi-Paw! Haw-Haw-Haw! I'd die for Hi-Paw! Raw! Raw! Raw!"

After this one forgets exactly what occurred, save that Mr. Goof, and Oswald, too, were very happy, and curiously enough, we, too, shared that happiness. It was one of those rare times when one was fired by the enthusiasm of doing a charitable deed, both great and kind, of making a sacrifice to dignity in favor of kindliness; and somehow, although it was funny, it didn't seem so funny when Chiswick broke it up. You might have known he would. All the while Chiswick's face was growing redder; he was growing harder and harder to control, and somehow we finally forgot that Chiswick was even with us, until we heard his voice.

It happened this way—that crisis which sent the fair edifices of charity we had erected roaring about our ears. Though it sometimes seems possible that our judgment in those days was less mature than at present, nevertheless, we could see that there was something potent and not entirely gullible about the elder Mr. Goof. Even in the midst of our merriment one encountered now and then a suspicion of disbelief in Mr. Goof, as though he were examining a gold brick with an appraising eye.

Mr. Goof kept looking, first at us, and then at Oswald, and it was plain to see that Mr. Goof was aware of a difference, not too subtle, between Oswald and ourselves. At first no one noticed that Mr. Goof began looking at Chiswick Ellicott. Chiswick kept edging toward the door, forcing us frequently to push him back into the center of the room. Mr. Goof kept looking at Chiswick, and after all, Chiswick was something to look at. At another time Chiswick's disdain would have been beautiful to see; he seemed to be mentally withdrawing himself into a spiritual fastness, detaching himself almost physically from the boyish horseplay about him.

"Hey!" said Mr. Goof. "You, over there! What's the matter, boy? Have you got a bellyache or something?"

Even now one is almost shocked to remember that Chiswick Ellicott was ever addressed in coarse tones like those. There was no doubt that Chiswick was shocked. Chiswick's fingers quivered as the branches of a tree might when shaken by a winter blast.

"Do you mean me?" said Chiswick.

"Who do you think I mean?" said Mr. Goof. "What's the matter with you, boy? Have you eaten pork and onions?" After all, Chiswick had no sense of humor—that was Chiswick's besetting trouble. You might have thought Chiswick would have laughed, but he did not laugh.

"Look here," said Chiswick. "I have had enough of this. That's all." He spoke so loudly that our own voices were stilled.

"Oh, dry up, Chiswick!" said Beverley, moving toward him.

"I won't dry up," said Chiswick. "I've had enough of this. Look here, Mr. Goof, or whatever your name is, don't you know a joke when you see one? Don't you see that this is all a joke? If you believe I ever knew your son, Oswald—or whatever his name is—before, you're mistaken. We just came in here to be funny, Mr. Goof, and it's gone far enough for me. That's all."

Now, one could hardly blame Chiswick. He was there, in the last analysis, through no volition of his own, and yet what he said in some way shocked us, and for a moment there didn't seem much else to say. For a moment we all felt ashamed of ourselves, but ashamed most of all of Chiswick. The frank, open countenance of Oswald Goof reached a painful state of redness; in fact, we all were blushing and the face of Mr. Goof was also red.

"So that's the game, is it?" said Mr. Goof. "You didn't know Oswald, eh? And you came to kid us, did you? Well, all I can say for the lot of you is you're a pretty cold bunch of poor, cheap sports, and I guess Oswald doesn't need any friends like you."

One would not have believed a minute before that we could accept reproof from the hands of anyone like Mr. Goof—that we, gentlemen of the world, could stand before him, red and ill at ease, and yet that was how we stood. All at once our worldly wisdom seemed to have vanished into a blackness of shame. Then Beverley Witherspoon spoke. One seldom recalls seeing Beverley lose his self-control or the evenness of his temper, but Beverley was angry then. He turned on Chiswick Ellicott and his eyes were very bright. In spite of Beverley's languid life and dislike of physical exertion, he made an astonishingly rapid pass at Chiswick Ellicott's collar and with the other hand actually seized Chiswick by the seat of the breeches in the most undignified manner. It was a curious sight to see—Beverley holding Chiswick Ellicott, that arbiter of fashion and manners—holding him in midair while Chiswick clawed and kicked. One could only hold one's breath as one saw it, for it meant the beginning of a feud in the very rarest circles.

"You nasty, little snob!" said Beverley Witherspoon. "Do you know what I am going to do? . . . Open the door, somebody! . . . I'm going to throw you out of here! And I hope I never have to speak to you again!"

And that is exactly what he did. Beverley Witherspoon tossed Chiswick Ellicott adroitly out the door. As Beverley turned again to Mr. Goof, Beverley's face was still red and he was breathing rather rapidly from his unaccustomed exertion. And yet we always felt that we could not have said the thing better ourselves, if we had spoken instead of Beverley.

"I'm awfully sorry, sir," said Beverley. "It was a joke in a way. I don't suppose any of us thought much—I don't suppose any of us do think. But we're not like that, Mr. Goof. We may be snobs, but we're harmless snobs. We never mean to hurt anyone's feelings. We're awfully glad to meet Oswald, Mr. Goof, and I hope you understand, sir. We wouldn't have done what he did for the world. We're awfully sorry."

Curious as it was to remember, there was something nice about Mr. Goof. One almost thought that one's father might have liked him at that moment. We had a further glimpse of the intricacies of the world beyond our comprehension, for Mr. Goof put his hand on Beverley's shoulder as courteously as any old gentleman could.

"That's all right, kid," said Mr. Goof. "You acted like a white man, no matter who you are, and that's what I like—white men. And you've got to get acquainted

(Continued on Page 168)

FOR FLAVOR FOR EFFECTIVENESS

. . . the favorite of all bran cereals in the world

Taste Post's Bran Flakes—and instantly you will know one reason why Post's Bran Flakes is eaten by more men, women and children than any other bran cereal in the world. So tempting, so delicate in flavor, you will find its crisp, delicious flakes, that you would want to eat it every day for the sheer enjoyment of it—even if you knew nothing of the other reason for its universal popularity.

But there's another reason. To the millions who eat it regularly every day, Post's Bran Flakes has proved that it provides a most delightful way of avoiding the dangers of constipation—naturally—normally—pleasantly. Try it yourself—and see if you, too, don't feel better, brighter and happier, and *look* better, brighter and happier, when your body receives the daily benefit of this efficient regulator. Serve crisp from the package with milk or with cream, with berries or fruit, or in muffins or bread. Tomorrow is not too soon to start enjoying the most popular bran cereal in the world!

Cases of recurrent constipation, associated with too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"

POST'S BRAN MUFFINS

1 cup sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg, well beaten
¾ cup milk
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup Post's Bran Flakes
2 tablespoons sugar
3 tablespoons butter, melted

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Add Post's Bran Flakes. Combine egg, sugar, and milk. Add flour gradually, beating after each addition until smooth. Add butter and beat thoroughly. Pour batter into greased muffin pans, filling them ⅔ full. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 25 minutes. Makes 12 medium-sized muffins.

All measurements are level.

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

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WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

STROP *before you shave*

Stropping takes the Pull Out of Blades . . .

Many shavers keep trying a *new* blade every few days, hoping to find smooth shave comfort. That's "new blade fallacy." New blades often pull and drag. They must be stropped before they are used.

Under the microscope, the edge of every blade shows an uneven row of tiny, sensitive teeth. It is impossible to keep these teeth in perfect alignment for any great length of time. They should be stropped smooth before each shave.

A few quick, easy turns, and your blade is stropped thoroughly with a Twinplex Stropper. A good blade, Twinplex stropped, will give you a quicker, cleaner and smoother shave. Then, five seconds a day will keep a *new* blade marvelously keen for weeks of the most delightful shaves you've ever known.

Your favorite dealer will be glad to show you how easy it is to strop your blades on a Twinplex. The money you save on blades will soon pay for your Twinplex Stropper. There's a variety to select from — the De Luxe at $5.00—the new Aristocrat at $4.00—others as low as $2.75.

BLADE GOES IN ROUGH

5 SECONDS STROPPING

BLADE COMES OUT SMOOTH

SAVES FIVE MINUTES SHAVING

Prove it this Easy Way

The next time you buy blades, ask your dealer to strop one with a Twinplex Stropper. Mark the envelope with an "X" so that you can identify it. Use it for your next shave. Then you'll realize what stropping can do to improve a NEW blade. *Any dealer will be glad to do this for you. It costs you nothing.*

Hand Finished Blades

If you want to experience the utmost in smooth shave comfort, buy a package of Twinplex hand finished blades from your dealer and have him strop one of these for you with a Twinplex Stropper. The edges put on these blades by Swiss craftsmen are super keen. Without stropping they shave far better than ordinary blades. *With* stropping they are superb! They're $1.00 for 10—50¢ for 5—and worth far more. If your dealer can't supply you, write us. *If you'd like to test one,* use coupon below.

Twinplex Stropper

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1719 Locust Street, Saint Louis 1231 St. Catherine Street, Montreal

I enclose 10¢ for which please send me a Twinplex hand finished blade that has been stropped on a Twinplex Stropper. *Also send me FREE the clever little Doll House to solve my problem of disposing of old blades safely*

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Address _____

City _____

Send for the Doll House FREE

(Continued from Page 166

with everyone for the first time, don't you? Well now, you're acquainted with us, kid, and don't feel bad. Oswald, call up a couple of taxicabs and we'll go in town to dinner and a show."

Beverley drew a handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his brow; he had regained his poise again. It was marvelous how rapidly we regained our poise in those days.

"Thank you, sir," said Beverley. "You'll see we're not as bad as that. And might I suggest before we go we give another cheer for Hi-Paw?"

Possibly, it was true; we were not as bad as that. We may have been fools, for somehow folly was cheap and pleasant. We may have been thoughtless, for it was a thoughtless age. Possibly, when one considers it now, there were reasons why hardly anyone liked us, but we were not so bad as that. Only too soon we had to learn that peg-topped trousers and buildog pipes did not make or unmake men.

Only too soon we were to learn that all those distinctions that differentiated the human kind were vanities and fallible as will power. It seemed a long while ago, as we sat there thinking, that we had marched along the road of disillusion and that we had left them all behind. Beverley was reclining in his chair in that ancient way of his, heedless of the laws of posture or of the hygiene of the spine.

"Ah!" said Beverley. "So you do remember Mr. Goof? I see you do, and that's why I say that there are two kinds of snobs—the virulent and the harmless kinds. It's a useful thing to remember. It helped me this morning at the office." Beverley sighed and tinkled the ice in his glass.

"So you've had trouble at the office again?" I remarked.

"Again!" sighed Beverley. "Why say again? I have trouble there all the time. It may hurt you when I say it, old fellow, but they're just like you at the office They do not understand my inherent worth. They do not understand that a fire of genius burns inside me—here."

"It seems to me," I remarked acidly, "that you said all that before. What was the trouble at the office?"

Beverley sighed again, as though reluctant to think of mundane matters.

"One of those bond issues," said Beverley. "That's all it was. You can't imagine how in earnest people get about those bond issues. They called all the salesmen into the big office and old Mr. Whatever-his-name-is—what is his name?"

"Never mind his name," I said.

"Well, anyway," said Beverley, "he has the most awfully bitter way with him. He was giving what they call the sales points of this new issue—the Power and Light, or something or other, convertible sixes, when, as and how issued, and I went to sleep. That's all."

"You went to sleep?" I echoed.

"Yes," said Beverley. "I'm not ashamed to admit it; I often go to sleep if things aren't amusing, and when I woke up, old Mr. What-you-may-call-it—what is his name?"

"Never mind his name," I said.

"Well," said Beverley, "he was irritated, at any rate, and he actually said to me—he actually said that he'd sever my connection with the office if I didn't sell some of those very bonds. That's the way they all are in these offices. They don't understand true worth."

"Honestly," I said, and, though I had known it for many years, that flippancy of Beverley's pained me—"honestly, haven't you said all that before? So you're fired again, I suppose. You might at least keep awake in the morning."

"No," said Beverley, "no, I wasn't fired. That's the trouble with all of you. You don't understand that I can rise to the occasion in an emergency."

It was true in a way; there was something about Beverley, much as one hated to admit it—there was luck or skill or something which did permit him to be a figure in a crisis.

"Yes," said Beverley. "I simply said to old Mr. What-you-may-call-him, 'You want me to sell some of those bonds, do you?' and he said, yes, he did. And I walked to the telephone. That was all."

"Look here," I interrupted, for something was dawning on me. "You don't mean to say you called up old Mr. Goof?"

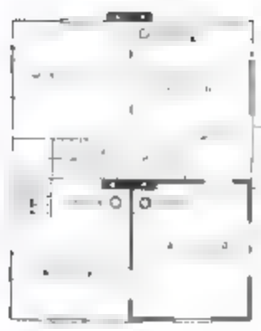
"No," said Beverley, "no. Why should I call up Mr. Goof? I hate to ask favors of anyone. I called up Chiswick Ellicott. That was how ——"

"Chiswick?" I exclaimed. "You called up Chiswick—but you haven't spoken to Chiswick ever since ——"

"Don't you see?" said Beverley. "That's exactly it. I simply took up the telephone and called up Chiswick, and I said, 'Good morning, Chiswick. I have decided to speak to you again.' And do you know, he was really awfully pleased. He remembered the whole thing. It's remarkable; he remembered it still. And do you know, he even started to apologize. He said he always wanted to apologize, and I simply said, 'That's all right, Chiswick. I'm man enough to let bygones be bygones. We're getting out an issue of convertible Power and Light. I don't know much about it, but it's awfully nice.' And do you know, Chiswick said it didn't matter, and I put him down for a good big block of them."

Trying to Make the Baby Say "Ga-ga" for a Talkie

What Modern Beauty lies Hidden in Your House?



These small rooms were planned for "stove-a-room" heating. Cramped, uncomfortable, so difficult to furnish attractively

See how this old-fashioned interior was modernized by removing the partition between the "front" and "back" parlors

See what the removal of only *one* useless partition and the addition of a brick mantel did for *this* old-fashioned interior

The rather grotesque stove robs the modern furnishings of this room of their charm and beauty.

Truly a "livable" living-room—large and cheerful. What a difference—with just a new table and a lamp and the other furniture rearranged!

LIKE many homes built just a few years ago, this home had been planned with many small rooms so that they might be kept comfortably warm with stoves and fire-places.

But the people living in it were people of *today*. They felt cramped in tiny chambers. They wanted, among other things, a large, cheerful living-room that the whole family could share, with lots of room left over for friends and visitors

Easier housekeeping, too

Besides, the feminine head of the family found small rooms so difficult to furnish attractively, so hard to keep clean—*such nuisances!*

So they investigated, and discovered that—thanks to modern house-heating methods—many of the old, heat-retaining partitions were no longer necessary. In came the carpenter, and out came the partition between the "front" and "back" parlors. What a change!

Out came the inefficient old stoves, too, and in went the beautiful, modern Estate Heatrola, that *circulates* balmy, breathable warmth to every room in the house . . . upstairs and down.

Look at the pictures

See for yourself what a difference the Heatrola made in this house. How cheerful the new room is, how inviting, how charmingly modern with the handsome, mahogany-finished Heatrola harmoniously at home, in place of the rather grotesque, old stoves.

Of course, even without remodeling, you can enjoy the cozy comfort of Heatrola warmth. For Heatrola is the ideal heating method for almost every type of house—old or new—remodeled or not.

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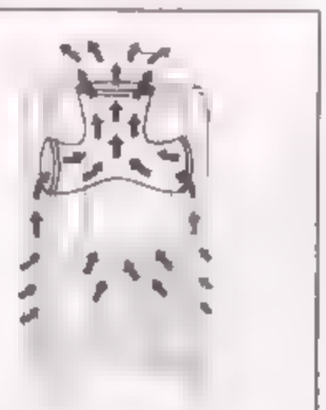

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HEINZ OVEN-BAKED BEANS

UNTIL THAT DAY

(Continued from Page 23)

He had ten minutes before knocked on her door and haled her forth with the news that luncheon was imminent; nevertheless she replied to his question about breakfast in honest detail.

"Grapefruit," she said, looking at him out of clear hazel eyes, and grinning with a nice mouth brightly crimsoned, "coffee and toast, bacon and eggs, a dash of sausage, a bit of potato. Seems to me that was all."

"You'll be putting on weight, kid," said young Jimmy seriously. "No foolin', do you eat all that for breakfast every day?"

"Our house," said Fran with unruffled calm, "isn't run as well as yours. Your mother's a swell housekeeper, isn't she?"

Young Jimmy was pleased. He sat down in his father's chair and pulled Fran down upon his knee. He put a hand on her smooth brown head and tugged at her hair caressingly. "You and Miss Medora had a long talk this morning, didn't you? What about?"

"She came in while I was having my breakfast in bed ——"

"I sent her in," said young Jimmy. "She was scared to death of you. She thinks the modern girl sleeps in pants and a sweat shirt."

"I brought my best English pajamas," said Fran. "At that, I think I gave her a jolt. She was all ivory crêpe and écru Alençon herself. Gosh, James, your mother must have been a beauty when she was young!"

"Yeah?" said young Jimmy thoughtfully. "What do you mean, when she was young?" He reached for his cigarette case; he spilled Fran unceremoniously but with entire friendliness off his knee. "Get up, kid. . . . How old do you think Miss Medora is, anyhow?" he inquired.

"You're twenty-four, aren't you?"

"I'm twenty-three," said young Jimmy, "and she was married young."

"Must be over forty," said Fran. She stretched like a healthy cat. Beneath her short tan skirt and brown-and-orange sweater she showed as yet no signs of the overweight young Jimmy had predicted. Slender and supple, muscled like a boy. "I feel like a million," she said, flopping into a chair. "Y'know, James, this is a sweet old place you've got, but if it were mine ——"

"You'd have a swimming pool."

"Absolutely, but also I'd redecorate, and this room'd be the first thing I'd do over. Modernistic, black-and-white draperies, black-and-silver walls, some of those snappy triangular wall lights ——"

"I can just see it!" said young Jimmy. He looked about the room for several moments, back to Fran with a laugh on his handsome mouth. "Don't kid me, lady!"

"I'm not kidding," she assured him. "I tell you this room has possibilities."

"Didn't know you liked that Krazy-Kat furniture," said young Jimmy warily.

"I like anything new," said Fran. "Got to keep moving, haven't we? Here we are with airplanes and radio and television and what have you, but we go right along living in a swell new world, with the same old mahogany desks, the same old Colonial four-posters George Washington went to bed in—when he wasn't on the Delaware. Does that make sense? It does not. Does a horse-hair sofa express my personality? It does not. What I want is a chair and a bed and a table designed to fit me!"

"Have you seen father yet?" asked young Jimmy suddenly.

"No. Your mother said he'd driven over to the farm and wouldn't be back till tonight."

"Wait till you see him. You'll know what awful rot you're talking. He's the product of his ancestors; the desks and the beds they left him do fit him."

"I don't have to see your father to tell you one thing," said Fran coolly, "and that is that your mother is not a happy woman."

"You're cuckoo!" said young Jimmy dazedly.

"I know my stuff, James," said his betrothed. "And if ever I saw frustration ——"

She got up and stood with her back to the fireplace, in which at the moment no fire burned, folded her arms and looked at him earnestly.

"Mind you, I think she's terribly sweet. I think she's one of the most attractive women I ever met, but there's a complex somewhere ——"

"In your eye!" said young Jimmy roughly, but he let Fran talk.

"Her eyes are pretty sad. Ever notice that?" asked Fran.

And Medora's eyes were sad. Her son could not deny it. He had until that moment merely accepted it as a physiological, not a psychological fact.

"You think she's got something on her mind?" he asked uneasily.

"I think she's got a psychosis," said Fran darkly.

"I'll bet she never heard of one," said young Jimmy. "She wouldn't know what it was all about."

"O.K.," said Fran. "All the more reason it's up to you to dope it out. You're crazy about her, aren't you?"

"Miss Medora!" said young Jimmy, with a horribly unexpected husk in his voice. He coughed and glared at the sturdy figure beside the mantelshelf.

"It looks to me," said Fran thoughtfully—"of course," she admitted with scrupulous accuracy, "I've only talked to her about an hour this morning, but I'm pretty good at sizing people up. I'm apt to be right in my first reactions—and it looks to me as if she had walled herself in with inhibitions, not just the regular inhibitions all women over thirty have but a lot of her own personal ones—a regular system of defense mechanism, if you see what I mean."

"Gosh," said young Jimmy, "have you gone off your head, Fran?"

"I have not," said Fran coolly, "and I'm terribly glad you asked me here, because I like your mother—I like her a lot—and if I could get at what it is that's wrong, why, we might be able to straighten it out for her."

She had really a very nice smile, Fran had. Young Jimmy got up and came nearer to it. He put his hands on her shoulders and rocked her gently.

"You crazy kid!" he said.

"All right," said Fran, "all right"—in a carefully lowered voice, because there was Medora coming down the stairs and luncheon seemed really about to occur—"but you can't fool one woman about another. Do you know enough to know that, fella?"

Unhappily, young Jimmy did. Just enough.

Luncheon was not a good time for young Jimmy.

"Darling, you aren't eating anything!" said Medora.

"He doesn't want to put on weight," said Fran.

"He doesn't weigh a pound too much," said Medora jealously.

Then she smiled, her most delightful wistful smile, because she did want young Jimmy's future wife to like her.

"I'm so anxious for Jacques to meet you, Fran," said Medora. "He's a quiet person—I've heard him called difficult to know—but I'm sure you'll get on wonderfully."

"He's a happy enough sort of person—father is—don't you think?" asked young Jimmy of his mother a trifle anxiously.

"Why, of course—I suppose so," said Medora uncertainly.

She wished he were home to bear the brunt of this disconcerting conversation. After her outburst of the evening before she had not slept very well and she felt somehow defenseless before Fran's bright, interested eyes.

Across lamb chops and green peas, across potato croquettes and new asparagus, Fran's bright eyes met young Jimmy's, plunged and averted themselves, politely smiling.

"Not many people are really happy," said Fran encouragingly.

"Oh, my dear," said Medora, "Jimmy mustn't let you be so cynical. Isn't love still blind?"

"It's got the belladonna out of its eyes nowadays," said Fran, speaking more subtly than she intended or perhaps realized.

In the afternoon Fran and Jimmy played golf; Medora wrote letters and read a book, and at six Jacques returned from his drive to the farm, tired and muddy, but amiable.

Knocking at Medora's door, just before going down to dinner, he inquired pleasantly, "Everything going well?"

"She's very sweet," said Medora, adding reluctantly: "She frightens me a little. Young girls are so ruthless."

"As long as Jimmy beats her at it," said Jacques.

When he met Fran, in the room with the books and the lilacs and the fire, later on—the rose having fallen yet farther and been removed—he smiled his inscrutable smile and kissed her hand with the air of his own great grandfather. "Jimmy," he said, "has met his Waterloo! Unquestionably."

Young Jimmy grinned, but without his usual lightheartedness. Fran, on the links, had gone even deeper into the matter of Medora's maladjustment.

"She's got a frightful crush on you," Fran had said. "Which simply means that she isn't in love with her husband."

They had very nearly quarreled over that. Young Jimmy insisting furiously: "If you could have seen them as I have all my life. It's an absolutely perfect marriage. He's like a knight in armor with her," young Jimmy had said in what was for him a high poetic flight.

"Oh, yeah? In armor—no personal contact—well, does that prove my point or not?" said Fran. "Gosh, James, you're almost a case of arrested development. Don't you know the only intelligent marriage is the honest marriage? Do you think two people living together when the thing's all shot is a holy sacrifice? It's an unholy mess—that's what it is! Anybody'd think you'd been born in Turkey."

After dinner it was even worse, because young Jimmy took Fran for a run in his roadster and she capped the whole thing with her first word: "I'm sorry, James—if I could shut my eyes to it I would—but I've got to tell you how it looks to me. Maybe they married for—you know—young love and all the rest of it; but whatever they had then, they haven't got it now. They're as unhappy as the devil—the two of them."

The two of them! Young Jimmy set his teeth, stepped on the gas, and sent his car down the road like a bat from Gehenna. In the innermost heart of his heart something kept him from replying, kept him listening, said over and over: "Maybe she's right, you blind, dumb, sickening fool; maybe she's right. At dinner they never looked at each other once."

"Thing that gets me is," said Fran, while the wind whistled coldly past her cheek and young Jimmy's, and a watery young moon hung from a bleary star in a darkling sky, "you ought to be thrilled to death to find out about it in time. While they're still young enough to get some pleasure out of life you're the one that's got to help 'em. They'll never do it without you. If you ask me, you're the only reason they didn't do it long ago."

"What are you talking about?" asked young Jimmy hoarsely. "Do you know yourself?"

"Sure, I do," said Fran, "and if you're going to be a selfish fool and keep 'em in jail

(Continued on Page 173)

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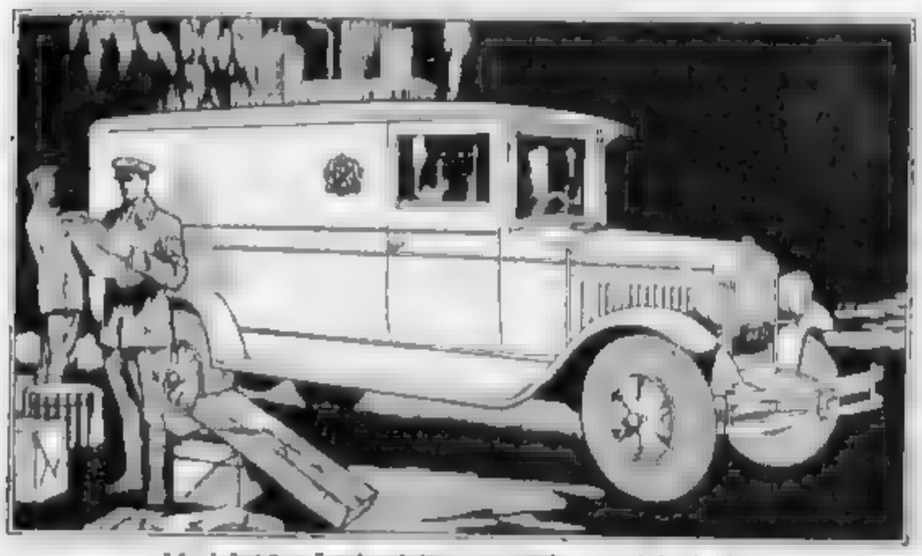

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WHITE

FOUR AND SIX CYLINDER TRUCKS AND BUSSES

(Continued from Page 171)

for the rest of their lives, just to make a pretty domestic picture for you to look at, all right. But I'll tell you what's the only fair thing for both of them."

"And that is?" said young Jimmy grimly. Still, she was speaking his language. He knew she was, in the code of his outfit, making sense; if it had been anyone but Miss Medora and his father he'd have been the first one to agree with what Fran was saying. He swung round a curve at vicious speed, blew the four-noted horn savagely.

"The only fair thing for both of 'em?" he said.

"Divorce. And you know it," said Fran.

She could stand up to any situation and look a hole through it. He had said so himself. He gulped and brought the car to a standstill at the side of the road where a tree made a pool of shadow.

"You honestly think so?" he asked.

The croak in his voice would have broken Medora's heart. Fran put an arm up about his neck, pulled his face down to hers and kissed him long and frankly.

"You poor sap!" she said. "You don't want 'em making martyrs of themselves for you, do you? You want the truth, don't you?"

"Sure, when I know what it is," said young Jimmy. He made love to Fran for a time, but without his usual thoroughness. A parked car, an empty road—love-making was indicated. But his heart wasn't in it.

"Let's go back!" he said at last. "You're cuckoo, that's all; and I want to see for myself. They'll be sitting by the fire—Miss Medora with her lace, my father with a book—same as I've seen 'em sit ten thousand other evenings. Absolutely congenial, absolutely satisfied with each other."

"Yeah?" said Fran. "What'll you bet your mother'll be sitting there by herself? By the way, she's probably sewed an awful lot of suppressed desires into that lace. And your father and his book'll be somewhere else. I'll bet it's been like that from the minute we got out of the house."

How long it had been like that was, of course, not simple to guess without too pointed inquiry, but when Fran and young Jimmy walked into the room with the books and the fire, Medora sat alone, with her lacework in her hand.

"Where's father?" inquired young Jimmy uneasily.

Medora lifted eyes unquestionably not too happy, but replied lightly.

"He's in his room, writing to a man he used to know at Princeton who wants him to go to Manchuria after dinosaur eggs."

Young Jimmy cried incredulously: "You don't mean Seaford and his third expedition? Gosh!"

"You know who the man is?" asked Medora vaguely.

"Sure," said young Jimmy; "everybody knows who Seaford is."

Fran explained proudly to young Jimmy's mother that her son was a fool about that fossil stuff. "He's a fair-haired boy shark at geology," said Fran.

"Oh, shut up, Fran," said young Jimmy, pushing her down into a chair—not unkindly, however—and himself riding the arm of his father's old leather one.

Medora looked at him rather wistfully. "Are you really," she said, "interested in digging up bones, Jimmy?"

"Father's not going, of course," said young Jimmy, both persistent and evasive.

"Why, he's thinking of it," said Medora.

Thinking of Manchuria—Jacques!

Young Jimmy insisted with mounting apprehension: "But you could never stand a trip like that, Miss Medora."

"I shouldn't dream of trying," said Medora. She went on, rather hurriedly, because she saw question deepening in young Jimmy's eyes and because she felt that in even mentioning Seaford and the letter she had perhaps betrayed the inner turmoil which was almost destroying her. "You children can't have driven very far, to be back so soon. . . . Fran, after you're married, Jimmy must give you a little car of your own. I do so hope, my dear, you will be happy in this house."

At which, with the thrust of a knife and the directness of a bullet, young Jimmy crashed through the mists of disquietude enveloping him.

"Fran," he said, "thinks this isn't a happy house. How about it, Miss Medora?"

"James!" gulped Fran. Not unforgivably, scarlet and furious, she presently added: "You poor fool, you!"

An extraordinary moment. Medora came through it first, emerged at the other side of shock, resentment and fear with the right-hand corner of her mouth even more questioningly uptipped than usual. No other evidence of chaos.

She said, "Why not, Fran?"—quietly.

Fran stammered, "I am so sorry, Mrs. Bretherton. Of course, I didn't mean James to repeat ——"

Young Jimmy waved that aside arbitrarily. "If you're coming into the family, Fran, what's the good of stalling? We've always been absolutely frank with one another—Miss Medora and father and I—haven't we, Miss Medora?"

The ash-blond head above the lacework drooped a trifle lower. Medora answered without looking up: "Why not, Jimmy?"

"Well, then," said young Jimmy doggedly, "Fran thinks if it weren't for me, you two—you two'd have been divorced before this." He enlarged on that with painful accuracy: "She thinks you're as unhappy as the devil—both of you. . . . What was it you said about frustration, Fran?"

Medora looked up then while her chilly fingers shook, unobserved. "How interesting!" she said. "What was it about frustration, Fran?"

"And sewing suppressed desires into lace—blah!" said young Jimmy viciously and unhappily.

Medora said, "Sewing suppressed desires into lace. My dear child, what have you been reading?"

Whatever Fran had been reading, a dull and frightened pounding in Medora's breast attested the point of such research. She took a small careful stitch; another and another. How much of her brain and her heart and her life had gone with that shining small needle, in and out, in and out, for how many years! Beginning with the year when Jimmy was thirteen, when Rosamond Lindsay came to stay in the house that Jacques built—lovely, laughing, treacherous Rosamond; Jacques, the god who had fallen.

Young Jimmy stumbled on grimly: "When a woman's too fond of her son it means she's not in love with his father, isn't that it, Fran?"

"Can a woman be too fond of her son?" asked Medora, sweetly pathetic, fighting for her life.

"No!" said young Jimmy vehemently.

"Sure she can," said Fran.

A step came down the hall, preceded by vague suggestion of pipe smoke.

Medora said to Jacques pausing in the doorway to regard the pleasant picture of his wife, his son and his son's future wife at amicable small talk: "Come in. I've been telling Fran that after they're married Jimmy must get her a car of her own."

Young Jimmy, so muzzled, heaved himself out of his father's chair with a look half rebellion, half relief. Jacques dropped down in the place vacated for him, knocked out his pipe on the low fender and dropped it in the pocket of his dinner jacket.

"You drive of course?" he said to Fran.

"Of course," said Fran.

"Miss Medora, why don't you learn?" asked young Jimmy suddenly.

"I'm not clever enough," said Medora.

"Your mother," said Jacques to his son, "belongs by right in a sedan chair. You" he nodded amiably toward Fran "will undoubtedly, sooner or later, take up flying."

Fran said, "I've had six hours in the air already. Haven't flown solo yet."

"Isn't your mother afraid?" asked Medora, a trifle sharply perhaps.

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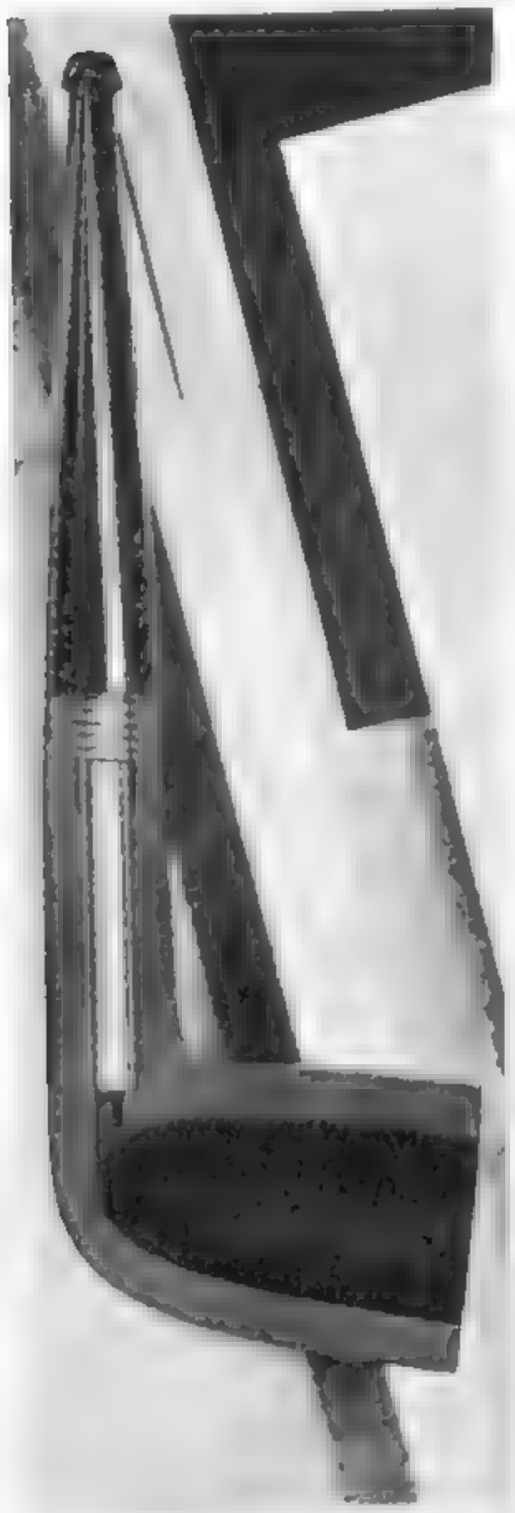

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"She's not the one that's flying," said Fran coolly. "If I let all mother's phobias gum up my life "

"Her what?" asked Jacques with polite amusement—amusement, nevertheless. Medora had not seen him watch a woman in years as he was watching this girl now. Dark eyes narrowed and gleaming with indulgent laughter, fine mouth twitching beneath the short dark mustache.

"Your mother's what?" asked Jacques a second time.

Fran answered sturdily, defiant chin in air: "Phobias. She's got a flock of 'em. She was raised to be a neurasthenic; five children was all that saved her."

"Medora," said Jacques solemnly, "we are the slaves of yesterday. We don't even speak the same language as these youngsters."

"Oh, Fran's a hot sketch," said young Jimmy proudly.

Fran replied to Jacques only. She was looking back at him with a coolly measuring eye. Barbs of Medora's planting yet rankled.

Fran perceived the moment for a challenge, to be cast where it would do the most good. She said to Jacques: "We're frank, that's all; you're not. The difference between you and us is: We're not afraid of the truth!"

Before Jacques could admit or deny, Medora took it up, trembling.

"Is it so easy to know truth when you see it?" asked Medora smoothly.

"If you want the truth," said Fran, "it can be seen."

"Not forgetting," Jacques suggested blandly, "first to remove the usual collection of motes and beams from the eye of the beholder, eh?"

Young Jimmy said eagerly, "It's a fact, though; Fran's right. We do stand up to things more; there's not so much whitewash now. Isn't that a help?"

"Depending on who needs the whitewash," said Jacques. He chuckled to himself.

Medora said, as one walking a rotten plank above a rushing stream: "Is there any dignity in washing your soiled linen in public?"

"Is there any in wearing it in private?" said Fran.

Jacques threw back his head and laughed. "She's got you there, Medora! Go on, Fran. What's to be done about it? What do you suggest for the remodeling of this best of all possible worlds?"

Thus encouraged, Fran gave out her credo.

"We know all there is to know about one another," she said; "that's something, isn't it? We don't kid one another, and we don't kid ourselves. You can tell from the clothes we wear how we're built."

"Is it so important?" murmured Medora.

"You're darned right it is!" said young Jimmy.

Said Jacques, "Was it ever a matter of indifference?"

"Clothes," said Fran, "are the plainest way a woman expresses herself. At fourteen, my mother was strapped into a corset. I'll bet you were too, Mrs. Bretherton."

Medora's charming one-sided smile froze on her lips. Her needle went in and out, in and out, while she sat there in silence. Young Jimmy, grinning, watched Fran. With quizzical appreciation, so did Jacques. No one at all watched Medora, making lace.

"Corsets," said Fran calmly, "were bad for the female body, and a lot of false hair, whole cargoes of puffs and curls, were not so good for the female head."

Medora inquired innocently, "Inside or out?"

"Inside matches out," said Fran. "You can't get away from it."

"Hear, hear!" said Jacques. "Daniella come to judgment!"

Young Jimmy applauded in dramatic pantomime: "Go on, kid; you're getting hot!"

"A woman with yards of stuff around her feet had to go easy," said Fran, cheeks burning. Medora's cheeks were smooth and pale. "She couldn't even walk like a human being. Well, there was just as much junk around her mind. Which naturally kept her from thinking straight. I'm darned glad," announced Fran, with a final flinging of her colors to the air, "that I'm living today!"

"Aren't we all?" asked Medora. She smiled at Fran's smooth brown head in a meditative way; not too steady a smile, however. Fran wore a little bun at the back of her neck, in the fashion of the moment. Her frock was quite short enough to allow her knees whatever freedom they might desire.

"Of course," said Fran, stubborn in the complete elucidation of her thesis for what she now felt to be, at least two-thirds, a receptive audience, "the way we feel about love and life and all that is the result of the way we look at everything else—straight in the face. Love," said Fran dispassionately, "isn't like money you put in the bank. It won't just stay there till you're ready to use it. Love is a chemical combination of two personalities that's liable to blow up at any moment, and we might as well admit it."

"You're pretty bright, aren't you, kid?" said young Jimmy, not laughing now.

Jacques said, "There's something in what she says, old boy."

Medora got up quietly and said she thought, if they didn't mind, she'd go to bed; she said she had a slight headache, but they mustn't let her break up their fascinating discussion.

"Can I get you anything for your head, Medora?" asked Jacques kindly.

Medora said not. She thought if it had been something for her heart his inquiry would have been just as impersonal.

Young Jimmy hugged her and kissed her. "I'll bet it's that darned lace," he said, then looked slightly embarrassed.

Just outside the door, with the curtain dropping to behind her, Medora stood still deliberately and listened.

"Say, father," said young Jimmy—she heard the scrape of his chair drawn nearer to the fire, closing in a circle, complete without Medora—"what's all this about Seaford and his expedition? Gosh, I didn't know you knew him."

Jacques' pleasant, clipped voice said, "Won't Fran be bored?"

"Fine chance!" said Fran eagerly.

Young Jimmy said, "Sure she won't. She's got a good head."

No one had ever said Medora had a good head—no man in love with her.

She went away to bed with a real headache, due to suppressed tears. And the next day, which was Sunday, Medora did not go down to breakfast. Neither did she appear at luncheon. She sent word that she thought she should just stay in bed and rest, and that she'd see them all at dinner. Until which time they were to amuse themselves well, please, and not bother about Medora.

She wouldn't see young Jimmy, although he knocked at her door—finding it, for the first time in his twenty-three years, closed and locked against him—and bullied and pleaded and argued with her.

"Run along, darling," said Medora's faint sweet voice, coming to him through the panels as if she had been in a glass case and he outside it. "I'm not ill. I just don't want anything, that's all." Anything or anyone? Young Jimmy couldn't be sure which she had said, and she wouldn't say more. He felt a trifle uneasy; of course, so did Fran. After all, feeding someone else the truth forcibly is a delicate process.

"D'you think we may have said too much last night?" said young Jimmy to Fran.

"Yes, you big stiff, I do!" said Fran to young Jimmy.

Finding Medora's lacework in a puddle just under Medora's window at noon was no balm for those two guilty hearts, innocently engaged as they were at the moment in picking lilies for the invalid. They looked

(Continued on Page 177)

Here's the Smartest Summer Underwear

. . . *and the Coolest, too*

SHIRTS *and* SHORTS

in plain or fancy patterns

by Allen-A

NO underwear has ever been taken up so quickly by smartly dressed men as Allen-A Shirts and Shorts. If you haven't tried this new combination, a treat is in store for you.

First place, this underwear has more style than any suit you have ever worn. Has a "tailored" feeling the way the shirts mold to your body, and the shorts swing free and easy.

Second place, it is marvelously cool. The shirts absorb all body moisture and keep the skin dry and cool. The free hanging shorts prevent bunching or binding.

Third place, this combination fits and feels vastly more comfortable. Sitting, walking or exercising you're hardly conscious of having underwear on.

You can get Allen-A Shirts and Shorts in plain or fancy patterns . . . as low as $1.00 the suit. Shirts are of fine cotton, mercerized lisle or rayon—of feathery weight. Shorts are of nainsook, jean, or fine sheer broadcloth.

If your dealer doesn't carry this underwear, simply send us your name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

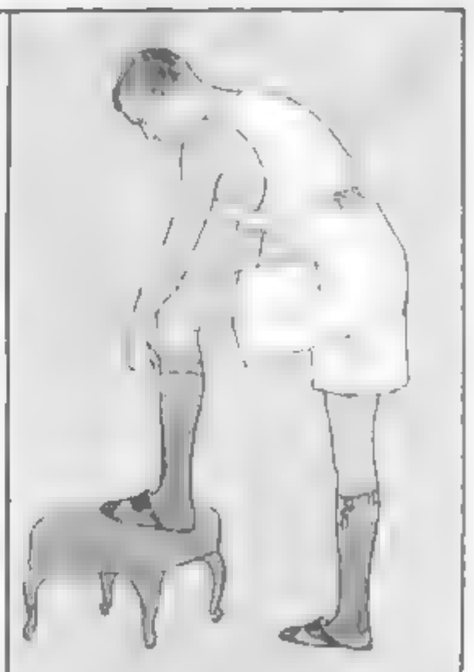
THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, *Kenosha, Wisconsin*

NEW HOSIERY STYLES FOR SUMMER

New Allen-A Hosiery styles for Men are now being shown in smart Men's Shops everywhere. In solid and fancy patterns. Priced, 50c to $1 the pair.

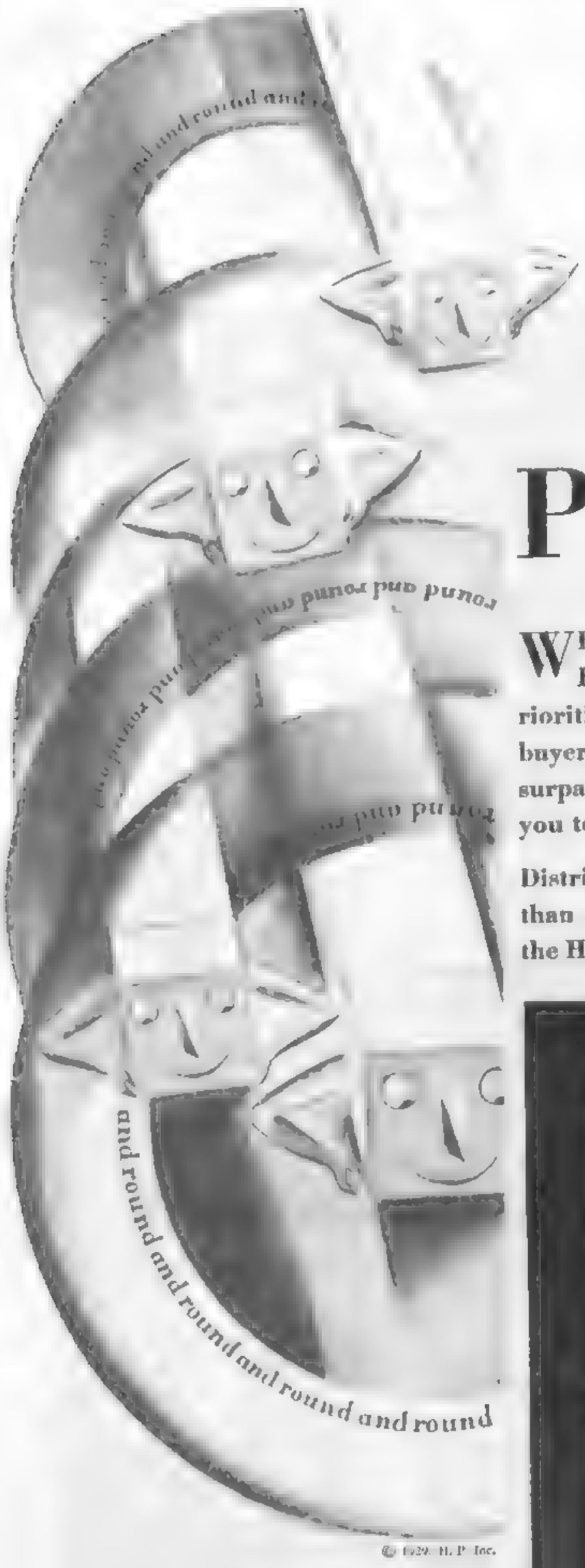
A *new-type* Athletic that has extra leg room and extra stretch

If you still prefer the Athletic style of underwear, here is a new suit, improved in two important ways. We widened the leg an inch to prevent bunching and binding. Then we put an extra elastic inset in the back. This gives extra stretch—comfort you've never before known—and also prevents ripping. The price of this new-type Allen-A Athletic suit is only $1 the garment. Ask for it by style number—140.



Allen-A *Underwear*

SHIRTS AND SHORTS, ATHLETICS AND FINE KNITS FOR MEN AND BOYS



Please be patient!

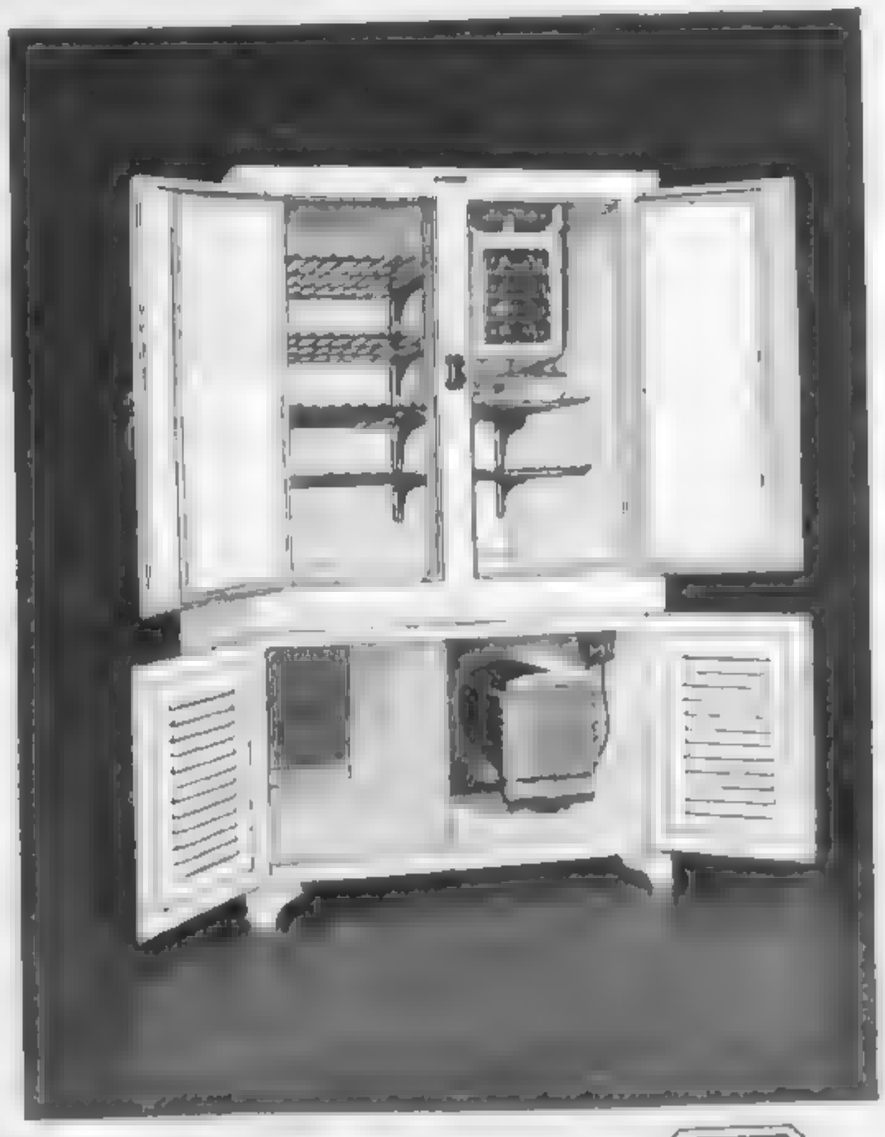
WHEN we announced the Holmes Electric Refrigerator we expected that its superiorities would gain prompt recognition from buyers. But what has happened has so far surpassed our expectations that we must ask you to be patient.

Distributors' orders have been far greater than anticipated. The stream of requests for the Holmes dealer franchise has swollen to the proportions of a flood. An insistent demand for the Holmes has welled up, almost overnight, in all sections of the country.

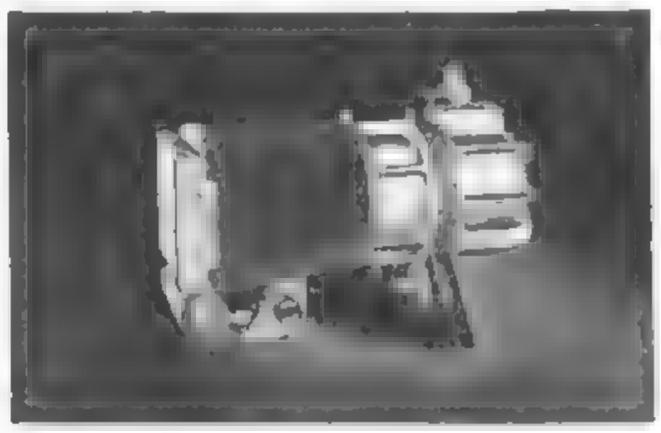
We are doing everything possible to meet this mounting demand. The installation of new machinery in our plant is being rushed. Distributors are being appointed in vacant territories as rapidly as production and sound business policy will permit. But please remember this:

No Holmes Electric Refrigerator shall leave the factory until it has passed the most rigid tests and has been found perfect in every detail.

Please be patient. If you cannot find the Holmes locally and will write us, we will gladly give you the name of your nearest distributor. Holmes Products, Inc., 205 East 42nd St., New York City; Works, Bridgeport, Conn.



Note the astonishing compactness and simplicity of the efficient Holmes hermetically sealed rotary operating unit.



HOLMES
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

(Continued from Page 174)

at each other, paling. Fran groaned "I wish to heaven I hadn't said that! Prob'ly the poor darling never dreamed ——"

Even Jacques didn't see Medora all day. He, too, knocked, but she only sent him word by the maid that she was feeling much better, thanks, and didn't he think it would be nice to have a bottle of his valuable prewar champagne for dinner. "Shall we have a little party—just ourselves?" was Medora's message. "Tell Fran to put on her prettiest frock."

"Your mother's quite all right," said Jacques to young Jimmy consolingly; of course Jacques didn't know what young Jimmy and Fran knew of Medora's reasons for *malaise;* but then neither did young Jimmy and Fran know what Jacques knew. Life is like that—doubtless to make things more amusing for the Olympian audience.

In any case, at half after seven, when Fran, in the straight, brief, vividly crimson moire frock which she considered at the moment her prettiest, and which indeed gave her somewhat the look of a slim-legged, smooth-headed ultra-modern mannikin—when Fran walked into the room Medora had not yet come down. Young Jimmy slouched on the fender, smoking moodily. Smoking abstractedly, Jacques slouched in his chair.

Both got to their feet for Fran.

"You look immense, kid," said young Jimmy.

"My dear," said Jacques, "you are one of the very few women who should always wear red. Not," he added pleasantly, "that you need it."

"I'm going up after Miss Medora," said young Jimmy suddenly and desperately.

"I think I heard her door just then," said Jacques.

So it happened that they were all three turned toward the stairway in the hall, waiting and watching, when Medora made her entrance. Merely to say that Medora came down the stairs would not do the moment justice. Young Jimmy—of all people on earth—doubted wildly in the first moment if this were Medora at all. Jacques didn't. Jacques remembered.

All in ivory satin—that was Medora—from her smooth, bared shoulders to the tip of her little pearl-buckled slipper. Waist so small you wondered how she drew her breath, hips graciously curving, ankles submerged in a smother of chiffon and lace. Her lovely pale hair was piled on her proud head royally. Deep in the waves of it, a pale rose, full-blown. She came down slowly, finger-tips just touching the shining hand rail, smiling a little, a little shy, more than a little appealing—all woman and proudly woman-conscious.

Young Jimmy met her at the foot of the stairs. He got there in a lunging rush, and the look on his face was comically compounded of wonder and delight.

"Mother!" he said—he who had called her Miss Medora from the day he could choose a name for her.

Jacques followed his son more slowly. He said nothing at all, but when, with a delicate drooping of lashes, Medora put out her hand to him, Jacques bent his dark head, just dusted at the temples with silver, and lifted that hand to his lips.

"Fran dear," said Medora, "don't let these two silly men of mine keep you here starving. Shan't we go in to dinner now?"

And in to dinner they went.

There were candles—tall pale ones in tall silver sticks; there were roses in a great silver bowl in the middle of the table. There was delicious food, subtly chosen and served, there was eventually champagne whispering at the rim of frail gold-etched glasses. But first and last of all, a burning bush needing no wine—there was Medora.

Young Jimmy couldn't take his gaze off her. Jacques, barely eating or drinking, watched her, eyes narrowed, mouth unsmiling. Only Fran made a hearty dinner, and that between looking and marveling.

Not at all the Medora who had gone upstairs to bed the night before! This one had come down another creature. As if a spell had been lifted, as if mists had left her, she blossomed and glowed.

In her hands, the little party, just for themselves, became a magic hour with Medora at the heart of the magic. She made them laugh, she made them think, she made them talk, like people out of some witty and delightful book. Just a delicate touch of formality—an epigram turned with a bit of an air. Amazing Medora. Blood kin to all the dear dead women of boudoir and salon—that was how she seemed that night, smiling over the rim of her glass, wooing her little company with every tender inflection, every mocking look, every shamelessly feminine wile that lip and eye could offer.

Just at the end of that dinner, rising, she gave them a toast. "To Tomorrow," said Medora, "the only cure for Today!"

Then, with a swirl and a whisper of ivory satin and deeper ivory laces, she went out of the door, smiling—a strangely glamorous figure.

Young Jimmy followed her, striding, to the fire in the room with the portrait. Jacques and Fran followed, too, but young Jimmy caught Medora's two hands and held her off and turned her about, whistling softly.

"Simply swell!" he said. "If they all looked like this, Fran, maybe we're missing something in you string-bean women."

"They didn't all look like that," said Jacques quietly.

"Thank you, sir," said Medora demurely to Jacques. "You take the words from my lips." She flickered her lashes at him; she twisted her soft mouth provocatively.

"Do it again!" cried young Jimmy, and roared with delighted laughter. "Get her technic, Fran!"

"It's a perfectly beautiful gown," said Fran eagerly. "May I look at the skirt, Mrs. Bretherton?" She dropped on her knees beside Medora, fingering the fragile flounces. "Look, James; imagine being able to walk that way in all this!"

"Do you recognize it?" asked Medora of Jacques sweetly. She laid five slender white fingers on his sleeve.

"Your wedding gown, I think," said Jacques, darkly immobile.

"Gosh!" said young Jimmy reverently. "Think of that, Fran!"

Jacques said, "It had a lace thing over the shoulders—you took that out so that you could wear it to parties after you were married. It had sleeves, too—of lace—that came down over your hand"

"How well you remember!" said Medora. She laid two fingers delicately against his cheek and felt a muscle twitch there; took the fingers away and smiled at him sweetly.

"You don't know," she said, "what I've been doing today, besides turning out old trunks and boxes and finding this aged garment among other relics. I've been looking over sailing lists. I think, darlings," said Medora, "that while Jacques is in Manchuria I shall try and find a little apartment in Paris, go down to Deauville for part of the summer perhaps. Jimmy and Fran, do you think you could be married very soon and let me run away for a Roman holiday?"

"Jimmy and Fran," said Jacques grimly and with a startling suddenness, "do you think you could amuse yourselves elsewhere for the moment? There is something I wish to say to Medora."

"Wasn't that rather abrupt?" asked Medora plaintively when the door had closed upon Fran and Jimmy, fleeing like Paul and Virginia before the storm.

Jacques said, "Don't play with me! I'm not going to Manchuria, and you know it."

"I thought ——" murmured Medora.

"Well, you were wrong," said Jacques. He added, darkly flushed, mouth set, eyes smoldering, "Neither are you going to Paris."

"Reno?" inquired Medora. She shrugged a creamy shoulder, sighed with charming resignation.

Powder "Cleans Teeth Best"

Just ask your dentist

When you go to your dentist to have your teeth cleaned . . . what does he use?—POWDER!

If, like your dentist, you are interested in really clean teeth—and safety use what your dentist uses . . . for he knows best.

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly, and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Powder—is the one thing that all forms of dentifrice must depend upon for cleaning.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice; a dentifrice that is . . . ALL POWDER . . . just naturally cleans best.

For over SIXTY YEARS, since 1866, dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used. It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that gives them perfect whiteness.

It cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel . . . as SIXTY YEARS of constant use has shown. Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can preserve teeth for life.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN, and clean teeth mean firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with it regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing the very utmost to protect your teeth.

Once you use tooth powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. Tooth Powder leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only more efficient, but it costs . . . much less . . . to use. A package lasts over three months.

In use over 60 years

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Reach Out for Profitable Business

PACKAGE Truck delivery has brought new residential districts, business centers, and suburbs within the *profitable trade area* of many merchants.

This swift, trim carrier handles a full quarter-ton load at a running cost barely one-third (1/3) that of the lightest car or truck. Thus it makes distant deliveries profitable, and cuts the loss out of specials and rush orders. It is faster and safer through traffic, and is quickly parked by nosing it into one of the "half car" spaces easy to find on even the busiest streets.

In advertising value alone the Package Truck is a good investment. People notice it, and like the snappy service it offers.

Your local Harley-Davidson Dealer will gladly demonstrate the Package Truck in your own work. Phone him today.

Mail the Coupon to us for literature on our full line of stock and special bodies.

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[¼ Ton Capacity] Package Truck

Growing demand for the Package Truck has created big sales opportunities for additional Harley-Davidson Dealers. If interested write us—address Desk A-1

Mail This Coupon!

Interested in Package Truck for the ____ business. Send literature

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO., Dept. S. P., Milwaukee, Wis.

Name

Address

"Don't do that!" said Jacques violently. "Don't look at me, don't speak to me like that! Don't stand there in your wedding gown and taunt me! When you came down those stairs an hour ago," he told her, his voice shaking horribly, "I saw you coming down the stairs in your father's house on our wedding night."

Medora put her hand to her breast, her old uncontrollable gesture of quieting the creature there, and an agonized laugh fluttered in her throat.

"That was what I meant you to see," she said—"you that have lived ten years with a stranger!"

They stood and looked into each other's eyes like lost souls fighting their way through the dark. Their hands reached out to find each other.

"Medora," said Jacques—a husky and bitter cry—"where have you been all this time? I thought you were dead."

She said, "I found I didn't know you. And that was death to me." She went to him, homing. She sobbed against his cheek, her arms about his neck. "My heart, did you think I hadn't missed you?"

He comforted her with a look, in a tone no one else had ever had from him, tender beyond speech, wrenched from the bottommost depths of his soul.

He said: "You are the only human being that has ever known me. I thought if you couldn't understand and forgive, you didn't love. I deliberately allowed silence to lie and rot between us. You wouldn't ask."

She murmured brokenly, "You wouldn't have told."

"We were two proud fools," he said, "and that's the whole of it! Medora"—he held her a little away from him, looking into her face with a strange, grim smile—"do you want to know the truth?"

"About you," said Medora, "and Rosamond?"

She scarcely breathed, waiting for his nod, but when it came, suddenly she put her fingers against his lips, a delicious and shamefaced smile on her own.

"Darling," said Medora, "don't tell me! Because if nothing ever happened really, then you would have to forgive me now, and I'm not interested in forgiveness," said Medora. "I want to be made love to. I am a frustrated woman."

"You are what?" asked Jacques amazedly. He caught Medora and her wedding gown closer.

"My lace," said Medora solemnly, "was full of suppressed desires, so I threw it out of the window."

"Thank God for that. I always loathed the sight of it," said Jacques. "But, my sweet, what are you talk——" He broke off with an unsteady laugh; he stooped to her lips, and at that most inappropriate moment a knock fell upon the door—diffident but definite.

Jacques, saying curtly "Come in!" yet kept an arm about Medora's waist. He told her: "I expect it's your son come to rescue you. Not a minute too soon."

Young Jimmy entered, with Fran at his heels, a yellow envelope in one hand. "Wire just came for you, sir. I thought it might be important."

"You thought your Miss Medora might need you," said Jacques. He smiled at young Jimmy pleasantly. Deliberately, before opening the envelope, he kissed Medora a little to one side of her tipped-up smile.

Young Jimmy beamed with unabashed relief, cocking a significant eye at Fran.

"H'm!" said Jacques, scowling nearsightedly at his telegram. "Seaford's speeding up his get-away. Sails in ten days."

"You'll wire him you can't go?" begged Medora tenderly

"Of course," said Jacques.

Fran startled the room with an excited cry: "Mr. Bretherton, if you're not going—why wouldn't Seaford take James?"

A bomb worthy of the hand that hurled it.

"Fran dear, that's too absurd," said Medora out of a shocked and vibrating silence.

"Wait, Medora," said Jacques. He looked at Fran. He looked at young Jimmy. "I didn't dream, till last night, old boy, that you were interested in Seaford's sort of thing."

Fran returned vehemently to the charge. "He'd give his eyeteeth! He's never talked about it because he thought—being an only child and all that—he thought it'd break you all up to have him going off on expeditions the way he'd like to. He's such a poor soft-hearted sap."

"Hey, kid," said young Jimmy, "go easy on the sob stuff!" He patted Fran's shoulder. To his father he said with a delightful young dignity: "Yes, sir, I'd like a lot to go if it could be arranged. I've always wanted to get in on something like that, but I sort of felt it wouldn't be fair to you and Miss Medora."

Medora dropped her face against Jacques' shoulder; when she lifted it there were tears in her eyes. "Jacques," she said, "life's too witty, isn't it?" She shook her head at young Jimmy. "Darling, I didn't know you knew a dinosaur could lay an egg!" She turned a strange, wistful look on Fran. "My dear, do you realize what you're doing? He'd be gone a year. It's a long, long time; things can happen. You've got each other now; you could be married this summer. If he goes—who can tell? You might lose him!" said Medora as one woman to another, imploringly.

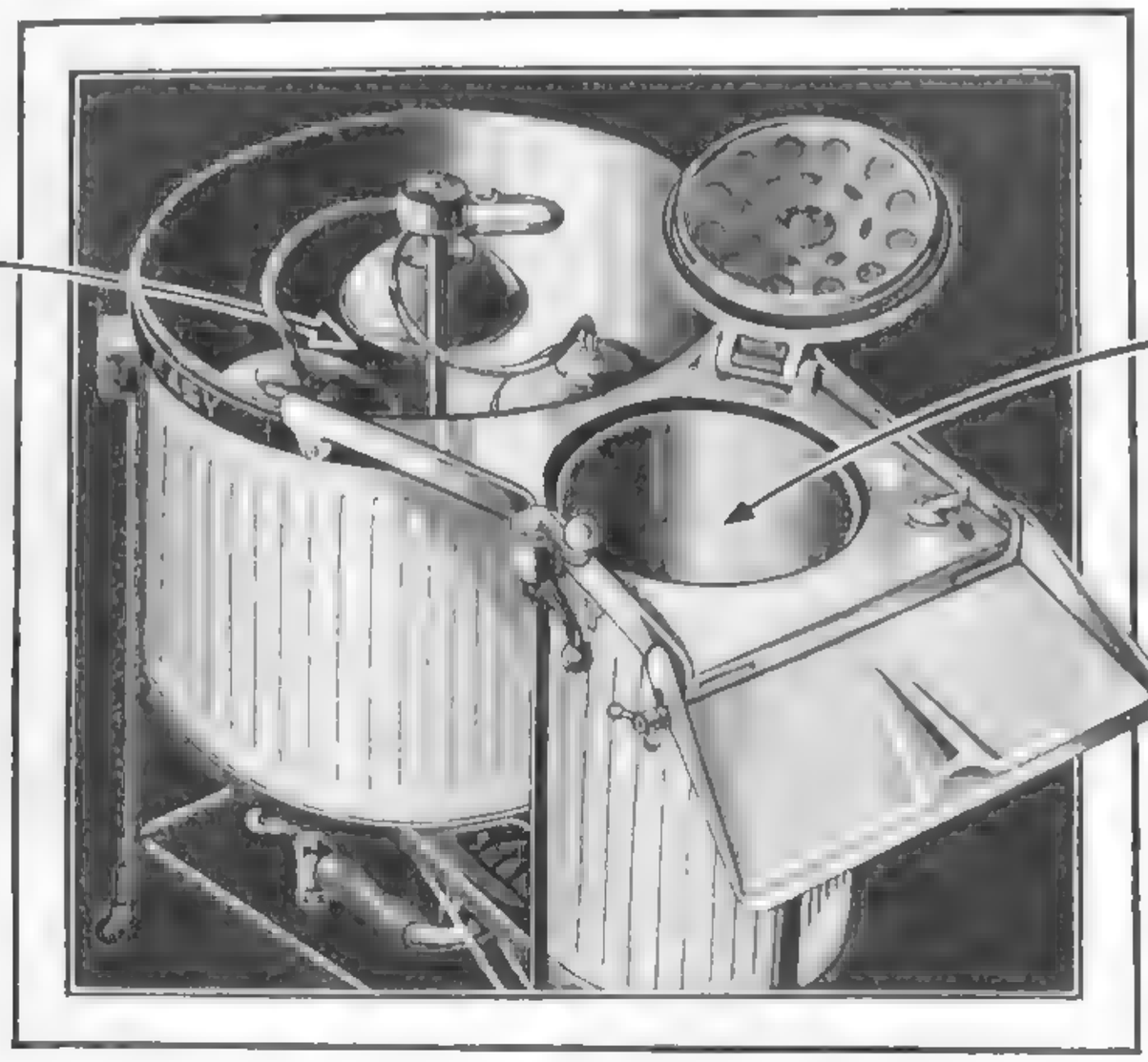
Fran and young Jimmy looked at each other, somewhat embarrassed, indulgently respectful of elder idiosyncrasies, but in no wise moved by them from the vantage ground of later discoveries.

She slid her fist inside his arm. He closed his fingers over hers with a crushing grip.

"If James can't be true to me for a year," said Fran, grinning, "that's his hard luck!"

A Road in Wernersville, Pennsylvania

Why the EASY Damp-Dryer is replacing the wringer!



Women everywhere are instantly impressed by the safety and labor-saving features of the EASY Damp-Dryer. It damp-dries one batch of clothes at the same time another batch is being washed in the washing compartment.

Thousands are turning to this modern method of washing—to the no-wringer EASY, which is safer—faster—easier and gentler than the old-fashioned wringer-type machine. The EASY Damp-Dryer is an enclosed metal container which, instead of *crushing* the water out, *whirls* it out by centrifugal action.

No more broken buttons

Merely transfer the clothes from the washing compartment to the Damp-Dryer, drop the top into place and push a lever.

The clothes are damp-dried ready for sun-drying in less than two minutes. The whole tubful! And so thoroughly and evenly damp-dried, that in bad weather they can be line-dried indoors and ironed the same day.

Nor need they be handled further for rinsing. Leave them in the Damp-Dryer, pour in the rinse water, push the lever. The Damp-Dryer does the rest.

No broken buttons or fasteners. No torn, worn fabrics. No deep, hard-to-iron-out creases. This better process injures nothing yet damp-dries everything, even to blankets, pillows, sweaters, overalls and other bulky pieces which will not go through a wringer.

EASY washes 10 pounds of clothes at a time as compared with the 6-pound average capacity of other type washers.

The gas heater under the tub is an extra convenience that keeps the water hot. When through, the EASY pumps itself dry into the drain or sink.

No more torn clothes

There are still EASY Washers with wringers. EASY wringers have every known safeguard. But no wringer-type washer—even our own—can compare with the no-wringer EASY. A demonstration will prove it.

Have a washing done free

Phone the nearest EASY dealer. He will bring an EASY to your home and show you a miracle in washing—any day you say. You can buy on EASY terms and with a small down payment.

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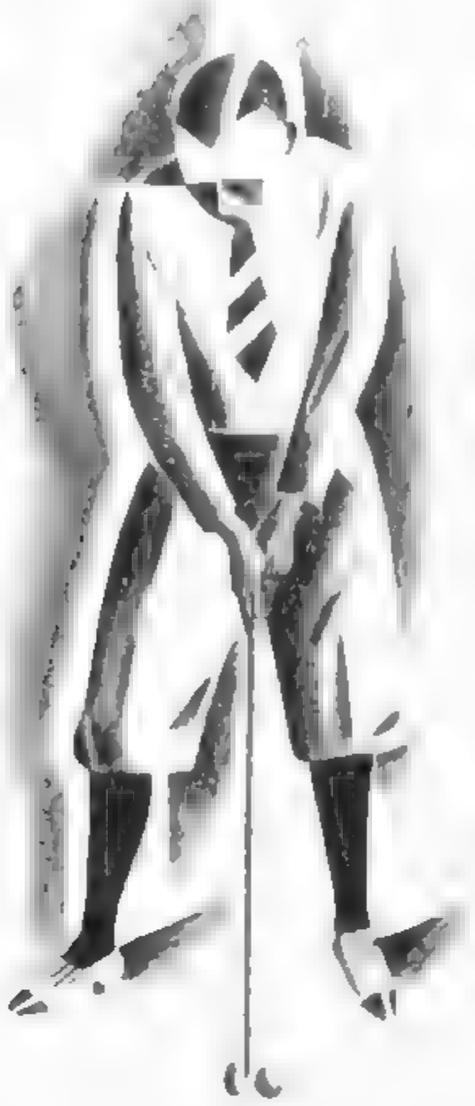
Unusual business-building opportunity for Dealers

EASY is the largest manufacturer of wringerless washers in the country. EASY developed the centrifugal Damp-Dryer which is revolutionizing the washing machine business. Let our representative tell you about the opportunity in your locality. Write us today.

EASY THE SAFE WASHER

Also supplied with 4-cycle gasoline motor for homes without electricity

Hands, *you've got to hand it to* Spalding



for removing vibration from the steel shaft

for giving you steel shafted irons with the sweet feel of the finest hickory

Thousands of golfing hands can look forward to the biggest thrill they ever got out of a steel-shafted club. For now, for the first time, they are going to get steel-shafted irons with the vibration removed

steel-shafted irons that have all the sweet feel of the finest hickory

They are the new Kro-Flite Irons. And they are free from all vibration because they are made with the new Spalding "Cushion-Neck"—Spalding's latest contribution to golf , another Spalding "first" . . . another feature to be found only in Spalding clubs.

If, up to now, you have ever used steel-shafted *woods*, you know what a sweet feel they give you

and perhaps straighter shots, too! But if, in seeking straighter iron shots, you have ever tried steel-shafted *irons*, you know that all sweet feel is missing destroyed by vibration.

And here's why. The metal contact of steel head against steel shaft forms a perfect conductor that carries the shock and vibration of each shot right up into your hands. Metal-to-metal contact and sweet feel just don't go together.

But in the "Cushion-Neck," *there is no metal-to-metal contact*. At no place in the club does the steel shaft touch the steel head. Even the steel rivet that has always been used to join the two is done away with.

For before the shaft is fitted into the hosel of the head, it is enclosed in a cushioning sleeve of lively rubber. Vibrations can no more pass through this rubber sleeve than can electric current pass through the rubber insulation on a wire

And Spalding has worked it out so that this rubber cushioning never loses its liveliness For the rim of the hosel is crimped around the rubber, sealing it forever from the air—retaining the liveliness of the rubber for the life of the club.

Decide right now to make the "Cushion-Neck" your next golfing adventure. The very first chance you get, lay into a ball with a "Cushion-Neck" iron. Only then can you appreciate what a sweet feel Spalding has given to the steel-shafted club.

The "Cushion-Neck," in the world's most perfectly matched clubs

The new "Cushion-Neck" construction comes in Kro-Flite Registered Irons and Kro-Flite Related Irons the world's most perfectly matched golf clubs. These Kro-Flite Irons are so perfectly related that you can use the same swing and timing for every club. With your eyes closed, you cannot tell which club you are swinging. From driving iron to mashie-niblick they all feel exactly alike. Instead

of mastering six or nine different swings, you master one. And that one is the right swing for every iron in your bag.

Spalding
KRO-FLITE
GOLF CLUBS

Registered Sets—Sold in sets only. *Related Clubs—Sold one at a time.*

BUY A MATCHED SET IN EITHER OF THESE TWO WAYS

You can buy a set of Spalding matched irons complete, or build it up by buying one or two clubs at a time. Kro-Flite Registered Irons are sold only in sets—never separately. The specifications of each club, in each set, are registered at various stages in its manufacture Thus Spalding has a complete record of every club in your set and can replace it if it is ever lost or broken

Kro-Flite Registered Irons come in sets of six or nine. The set of six perfectly matched irons, with "Cushion-Neck" steel shafts, is $60 With hickory shafts, $50. The set of nine, with "Cushion-Neck" steel shafts, is $90. With hickory shafts, $75 The six-club set can be increased to nine at any time after purchase

Kro-Flite Related Irons come in two swinging weights, indexed by one and two crows. You can buy them in sets or you can build up a perfectly related set by buying one or two clubs at a time

Kro-Flite Related Irons with "Cushion-Neck" steel shafts are $8 each. With hickory shaft, $6 50 each

The Registered Wood Set, consisting of twin Driver and Brassie, is $30, hickory or steel shafted. Spoon to match is $15. Let your professional outfit you Spalding dealers also carry these clubs, as do all Spalding Stores.

© 1929, A. G. S. & B.

NEW YORK GOING—GOING—GONE!

(Continued from Page 25)

"Why valuable? Because they adjoin the property of the most popular man in town. Who wouldn't like to be a neighbor to Tavish MacTavish, pass him on the street in the morning with the greeting, 'Morning's morning, Tavish MacTavish'?" I continued to work the little story up—"your bairns and Tavish MacTavish's playing together, your car parked alongside of his; Mrs. MacTavish sending over a sample of the morning's baking to your wife"—all the homely, homy touches that appeal to a quiet, home-loving, clannish people. And it worked. MacTavish himself became so intrigued with the picture that he bought the first lot himself.

"Now Tavish can greet himself every morning," I said. The crowd laughed and for the first time was with me instead of against me. They started buying lots, those Scotchmen, as if there were no bottoms to their pockets; and when we swung around to the rear of Tavish's house and I said, "From your rear window you can look across to Tavish at his window and greet him, 'Evening's evening, Tavish MacTavish,'" it wasn't ten minutes before all the rear lots were sold.

A simple device, but just this one little touch of human interest sold more lots in half an hour than all my hard work during the four hours of Saturday's sale.

As I have already said, the ethics of auctioneering in the early days were none too high. It was the actual intent of many of the old-time auctioneers to do the purchaser. He didn't believe in what he was selling himself and he was sure he was "putting over a swift one." Ethical standards and business methods have changed since those days. The auctioneer of today knows the value of what he is selling, and its probable rate of increase in value in the next five, ten or twenty years. He is an expert in real-estate valuation. He does what he can to keep the transaction within the bounds of investment, but sometimes the gambling frenzy of the crowd breaks all bounds, and then it becomes his job to run values down rather than up. Strange, but true! And the sight of an auctioneer in reverse, running at top speed from a frenzied mob of bidders, is not as unusual as one might think.

There was, for instance, the case of the sale of the old Sheepshead Bay race track near Coney Island, when the race course had to be abandoned, due to the antibetting laws, and this large tract of land was thrown open to development. It looked like a hard bit of land to sell—ten miles from Manhattan, surrounded by marshy land, totally undeveloped. Yet the value was there if only the people could be made to see it—could sense the trend of population, the inevitable annexation by the metropolis of all such outlying sections, and their consequent enormous increase in value.

Four Steps to Signed Contracts

We started operations in the usual way by a carefully planned advertising campaign. In the old days the whole job of selling—every phase of it—was left to the auctioneer on the stand. It's an axiom of salesmanship today that every sale has four consecutive steps—attention, interest, desire, action. All four steps, standing before a completely cold and possibly hostile audience, that old-time auctioneer was supposed to take. No wonder he often turned mountebank, no wonder he performed tricks and told jokes! He had a job on his hands that no sane auctioneer today would think of attempting.

Two, at least, of these four steps the auctioneer now makes sure have been accomplished before he mounts the platform. A substantial, organized plan of advertising and sales promotion precedes every large auction; so that when the crowd assembles, the auctioneer is reasonably assured that he has at least their attention and interest. A proportion of them definitely intend to buy—how much they may not know. Many of the others are open to conviction. It is his part, therefore, to fan the flame of desire through competitive bidding and to induce action by getting bids and, finally, the signature to the contract.

In initiating any campaign of advertising, the first essential is, of course, a good slogan. In seeking a slogan for this Sheepshead Bay property we hit upon the idea of linking it up, by suggestion, with that well-known, populous and prosperous suburb of New York, Flatbush, which had made fortunes for its many investors. We called our property—which was only five miles from Flatbush—The New Flatbush. With that as a start, we proceeded, by signboards and newspaper advertising, to sell the public the idea of investing in a home and a future in this newly opened section.

A Healthy Infant

When even property in the heart of New York, the most valuable real estate on this planet, must be advertised to the public before a sale, it is not remarkable that outlying properties need advertising. One of the most effective ads ever used in a presale campaign was this for the Commodore Gould estate:

> It is safe and wise to buy property in New York City—the fastest-growing city in the world
>
> ROME—over 2500 years old; population 700,000. 223,570 increase in 20 years
>
> PARIS—over 2000 years old; population 3,000,000. 171,307 increase in 13 years.
>
> LONDON—over 2000 years old; population 7,476,168. 223,205 increase in 10 years.
>
> BERLIN—over 700 years old; population 4,100,000. 411,038 increase in 11 years.
>
> NEW YORK only 300 years old; population, 1925, 6,103,384. 1,336,501 increase in 10 years.
>
> Greater increase than above four large world cities combined.

This is as elementary a truth as one could devise; merely a statement in black and white of what everyone already knows; yet it was more effective than if it had contained a brilliant, original and astounding new thought. It is the familiar tunes in opera that people love. They believe what they have heard before far more readily than they do a totally new idea.

Although the Sheepshead Bay tract was thoroughly advertised, no such crowd as gathered the first afternoon of the sale had been anticipated. The one thing that is left of the old-time auctioneering paraphernalia is the tent. As a protection against the weather it is his office, the auction block his desk

The tent on this occasion had been planned to accommodate 2500 people; 5000 arrived. But that wasn't the only surprise that day. The size of the crowd was as nothing compared to its enthusiasm, and of this we soon were left in no doubt.

A little device frequently used to introduce a touch of human interest into a sale is the giving out of the names of well-known purchasers. This likewise gives the crowd leaders to follow. If, for example, the name is that of a prominent builder, contractor or corporation official, the auctioneer announces it to the crowd. When they see that development and building corporations, plumbing and painting contractors, reputable market and trades people are buying property, they become confident and enthusiastic and ready to follow the judgment of these representative citizens.

But this day I had scarcely announced the first few sales: "Mr. So-and-So, president of such-and-such a chain-store company. . . . Mr. X, the well-known builder of Flatbush. . . . Mr. Y, a prominent New York building contractor," when the bidding was practically snatched from my hands, and before I could announce the latest bid, a new one was called. The lots were sold almost before they were put up. I found myself with nothing to do but knock down the lots. The presales campaign had accomplished all four steps of salesmanship.

It would seem as though this were the auctioneer's paradise. But I sensed disaster. Before me was a crowd of frantic humans—really frantic, for not only were men and women standing on their seats, yelling and screaming their bids till they were purple in the face, clawing at the ushers, quarreling, contesting the sales, but fist fights were taking place and women had their waists torn off their backs as the bidders climbed over the seats in their mad scramble to reach the auctioneer to have their bids registered. Even this state of affairs I might have contended with, but I saw the possibility of a greater catastrophe.

I stopped the sale. I waited until the seething frenzy of excitement had subsided. Then I announced to the crowd that they were going crazy, that the frenzy of the moment was carrying them beyond all bounds and that they were wildly overbidding the property. The lots had a definite value, I said; that value was at present about $1000 a lot, not $1400 and $1500, as they were bidding, and that every one of the lots in this section was going to be knocked down at its fair valuation—$1000 a lot and no more.

If I had expected that announcement to quiet them, I was doomed to disappointment. Men were now standing on one another's shoulders, women were fainting, the contracts were torn from the ushers' hands. But the lots were knocked down for $1000 apiece.

Giving Everybody a Break

This was not entirely an altruistic move on my part. Although it is one of the very foundation stones of the auction business today that every purchaser should get a square deal, and although it is one of my own firmest convictions that if you can do a little better than the square deal for your buyers—if you can actually give them a break—you will do a far greater volume of business in the long run than if you squeeze the last cent of value out of every bid. Still, for all that, it is the auctioneer's duty to get as high a price for the owner of the property as is consistent with fair dealing.

In this case there was a chance to give both buyers and sellers a break. Knocking the lots down for $1000 instead of $1500 would not only give the buyers exceptional values but would, in the end, bring in more money for the owners. The frenzy of buying lots at $1500 would not have continued unabated over the three weeks of the sale. The bidding would soon have begun to lag, would have dropped to less than $1000 a lot, and, at the end of the sale, a large number of the lots would still have remained unsold.

Moreover, the element of speed is one of the most potent factors in an auction sale. Speed counts more than a few hundred dollars extra on each bid—speed that whips up excitement, creates confidence, stimulates desire and performs all sorts of magical psychological feats. In fifteen minutes of selling those lots at $1000 apiece we sold more lots and took in more money than we would have in several hours of selling them at $1500. We did in one afternoon what it would have taken three afternoons to do at the higher figure, and, what is more important, we created a ravenous appetite for property and started a boom that carried us through two weeks of active selling. Those who got the lots at $1000 spread the news, and those who didn't, spread the news, and all came back for more, and brought their friends, and wider and wider spread a boom. Where there was at the time of the sale 600 acres of vacant land, there are now thousands of homes, apartment houses, public schools—a whole new city.

THIS YEAR—

HAVE A REAL VACATION

In Ontario, splendid roads lead you through modern cities and quaint villages where you will revel in new sights and sounds, and meet hospitable people with whom you will love to mingle.

Here you will find tent and cottage camps and modern hostelries; the grandeur of woods, redolent with pleasant forest-fragrance, along the shores of waters where many varieties of fish await your lure.

Plan this year to have, perhaps for the first time, the kind of vacation you have always wanted . . . . . in Ontario, Canada.

Write to:

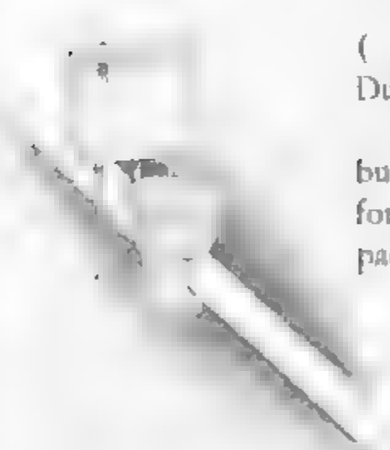
ONTARIO PUBLICITY BUREAU
Dept. F, Parliament Buildings,
Queen's Park, Toronto,
Canada.

YOU CAN HAVE THIS REMARKABLE BOOK FREE

ONTARIO CANADA

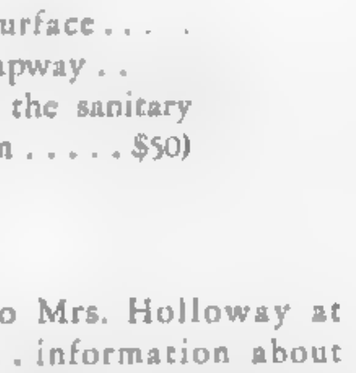
(. . . . . dispose of sanitary pads truly as easily as tissue . . . . wonderful new toilet . Improved Madera . . . . . designed for needs so different today . . sanitary pads won't stop it up . . . . . specially large trapway . . . . very powerful siphon-jet flushing quiet . . . . never hear it beyond the bathroom door . . . . made of the most beautiful china called Durock . . . . . just wiping with a cloth keeps it spotless . . . . . long bowl and long, comfortable seat . . . . . stays amazingly clean . . water covers every bit of surface under the seat opening . . . . . very latest thing . . . . . any good plumber . . . . . only $85)

(Madbrook . . . . . also of Durock . . . . . long bowl and seat large water surface . . . . but normal sized trapway . . for homes in which the sanitary pad is not a problem . . . . . $50)



(. . . . . coupon to Mrs. Holloway at Maddock's . . . . . information about sanitary pad disposal and improved Madera . . . . . or Madbrook . . . . . and if you enclose 10 cents she will send the irresistible little Durock Duck with a pencil in his head for your desk or bridge table . . . . . shows exquisite material all Maddock toilets, washstands and bidets are made of, in white or Blentone colors)

MADDOCK



Mrs. Marion Holloway, THOMAS MADDOCK'S SONS CO.,
Ewing and Ogden Sts., Trenton, N. J.

Please send me the things I have checked below

- ☐ Information about the Improved Madera and sanitary pad disposal.
- ☐ Information about the Madbrook toilet.
- ☐ The Durock Duck (I enclose 10 cents).

Name

Address

Speed, as said already, is a prime requisite in every auction speed before all else. It accomplishes so many things. Take the opening of a sale: A mass of strange faces, not a single friendly individual in that whole crowd, all cold, all indifferent, all unknown to you and to one another. This heterogeneous mass of individuals must be quickened to life, made to take an interest in you, in one another, in the property. They must be welded into a single homogeneous mass that will respond to suggestion. And the auctioneer has no footlights, no scenery, no elegant costume, no brilliant dialogue, no appealing rôle with which to win them. There he stands in the crude daylight in a plain business suit, certainly not a glamorous or romantic figure.

First of all, you, the auctioneer, must establish a friendly feeling with these people. You must like them and they must like you, and that's not difficult because you like almost everybody—and the few you don't like are probably not here today—and therefore they are pretty apt to think well of you too. That's the first step—cordial relations between you and your audience.

This is business, of course, but after all, it is not the most serious business in the world. It's rather jolly out here in this big, shady tent—not like a stuffy office. Quite an air of jollification about it all. And these people are not going to put their last cent into wildcat speculation, but they're going to take an extra thousand or so of honest dollars and invest them wisely. That's the note on which we start off.

Then, like a kind of warming-up exercise, you put up some of the less valuable lots—knock them down quickly, not to the highest bidder but before the last bid comes in—quickly—to attain immediately a sense of speed. Warm the crowd up mentally.

"Going at $900! Going at $950! Gone at $1000! Sold! And there's a bid for $1200 and another for $1300. Mr. Buyer, you bought this lot for $1000 and you can sell it for $1300—$300 profit in half a minute. Not bad."

A Quick Profit

"Going at $800! Going at $850. Gone at $900! I'm bid an extra fifty dollars here! An extra hundred there. Too late. You can sell that lot now for $100 more than you paid.

Not to the highest bidder, not to the last bid, but at the psychological moment, while the figures are still mounting, so that people begin to hurry—hurry for fear of being left. Those who get the lots at such a figure are happy. They have something that another man was willing to pay more for. And those that have lost are doubly eager for the next chance.

So the bids come tumbling in, thicker and faster. Hurry, hurry, hurry, or the lot will be knocked down before you have a chance.

It's true, you are giving them something for nothing. You could get higher prices, but in the end you would be the loser. A thousand lots to a thousand people at a thousand dollars apiece is a better day's work for you and for them, than 500 lots at $1500 a piece. And besides you've gained the inestimable advantages of speed, excitement, enthusiasm and good will.

Thus the sale is got under way. Of course you don't expect to keep that up indefinitely. You've stirred the spirit of competition, and the prices, without any seeming effort on your part, gradually mount.

Naturally it is more frequently the part of the auctioneer to work prices up than to hold them down, but never should there appear any feeling of strain or undue pressure. By fanning the flame of competition, seeming to let the crowd fix its own prices, more is accomplished than by excessive effort.

Just Passing the Time

Since speed is one of the prime requisites of a sale, mental agility becomes one of the necessary qualifications of the auctioneer. He must be an opportunist, prepared at a second's notice to turn to account any significant little happening in the audience. He must catch every move, every facial expression, every sign of restlessness, boredom, interest or disappointment.

One day at a sale of lots at Pelham Parkway, I suddenly saw Mr. Henry Clews, the banker, and his grandson appear among the fringe of people at the entrance to the tent. Nothing could have surprised me more, as Mr. Clews was never a real-estate operator. I would have liked to sell him some of the lots for the impetus it would have given the sale. I halted the sale a moment to recapitulate briefly the investment value of the property and suggested that he buy some of the lots and put them away for "the future generation," indicating his grandson.

The brief sales talk had its effect; Mr. Clews bought a complete block of lots and, just as he was signing the contract, having been in the tent less than fifteen minutes, his chauffeur appeared and whispered to him. Smiling, Mr. Clews advanced to the auction block.

"Nothing could have been further from my mind than to invest in real estate today," he said. "We had a blow-out passing the property and I wandered in here to kill time. Thank you, and—yes, use my name if you like."

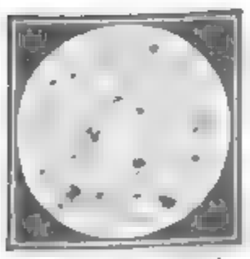
It didn't take much persuasion after that to make the crowd see the value of investing in that property.

DRAWN BY DONALD MOKEE

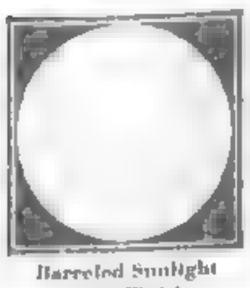
Feelings of a Person With a New Set of Teeth

SO SMOOTH - - SO FLAWLESS - -

CAN'T HOLD DIRT EMBEDDED!



Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint



Barreled Sunlight Gloss Finish

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. The astonishing contrast clearly shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Smooth, unbroken and non-porous, it resists dirt and washes like tile.

YOU can't afford the time—or the effort—required to scrub smudges off ordinary paint. And your high-priced domestic help probably feels the same way about it!

The vacuum cleaner for rugs and upholstery—the polishing machine for floors—but what about painted surfaces?

Painted with Barreled Sunlight, walls and woodwork can be kept immaculate by occasionally wiping with a damp cloth. The fine dust and dirt that sift indoors everywhere today can't permanently soil this paint enamel. It has no pores to hold dirt embedded. (See the photomicrographs at the left.)

◆

Barreled Sunlight has a distinctive, rich depth all its own, and is guaranteed to remain white longest.

Remarkably easy to apply, too. Flows freely from the brush and spreads evenly without leaving "laps" or brush marks.

Has such opacity, or "hiding power," that fewer coats are required.

Gloss, Semi-Gloss and Flat Finishes. All-sized cans and drums. Readily tinted any shade. Where more than one coat is required use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat as the first coat. See coupon.

Also ask your dealer or painter about the new exterior paint, Outside Barreled Sunlight. Brilliantly, intensely white; velvet-smooth; richly lustrous. Lending new distinction to white-painted homes everywhere.

U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co., 25-Q Dudley Street, Providence, R. I. Branches: New York—Chicago—Philadelphia—San Francisco. Distributors in all principal cities. More than 7,500 retail dealers.

You can easily tint Barreled Sunlight any shade. An "all-oil" product, it blends readily with oil colors, producing beautifully clear, lasting tints. Dealers carry handy tubes of Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors. Quantities of five gallons or more are tinted to order at the factory, without extra charge.

BARRELED SUNLIGHT

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
25-Q Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.
Information desired on the use of Interior Barreled Sunlight in
Check
Homes Large Buildings Factories
(Enclosed find 10c for sample can.)
New booklet on Outside Barreled Sunlight—"The Whitest White House in Town."

Name

Street

City State

BALLADS FROM BRADSHAW

Being a Lyrical Outburst Inspired by Some Monikers of Fair Albion

By BERTON BRALEY

INTRODUCTION

I HAVE twittered many ditties
Of some justly famous cities
Situated in the Well-Known U. S. A.
Now I'm doing ballads skittish
On some towns extremely British
And whose monikers appeal to me as gay.

If you doubt them when you see them
None the less I guarantee them,
Every single name is true and not a snide,
Every moniker I mention
I can call to your attention
In the black and white of Bradshaw's Railroad Guide;
Which, for your elucidation,
Is a bulky compilation
Of each town and railroad station
In the crowded English nation.

1

To start with, I'll tootle of Bootle
As loud as my flute'll allow,
I'll say nothing brutal of Bootle,
For I might get into a row;
But I can't be mute till of Bootle
My lute'll be twanging with vim,
If Gilbert could tootle of Bootle,
Why shouldn't I emulate him?

CHORUS:

O Bootle, fair Bootle,
Mere language is footil,
And though I praise you till
I'm gasping and dry,
It's bootless, fair Bootle,
You won't get your due till
Some tootler can tootle
Much better than I!

2

We'll now be after singing of the lovely Emerald Isle,
So here's a little ballad in the genial Irish style:

Ochone! Machree! in Erin,
If ever there ye're farin',
You'll find the bally counthres fresh an' green.
For faith! the bogs are boggy,
Th' bally fogs are foggy
And there's no Russian ballet to be seen.
So I'm thinkin' I will go
To a bally place I know:

CHORUS:

Shure I'm dreamin' in me slumber av the town av Ballycumber
An' I'm longin' for the sight av Ballybrack,
There's a colleen swate as honey that I know in Ballymoney, who is toney.**
She'll be bally well surprised to see me back.
There's a lass that loves me truly at a bar in Ballyhooley,
And there's one in Ballymare an' Ballybay,
An' a girl in Ballyboley who believes I love her solely;
So I think I'll bally well remain away!

3

THE HOMESICK TRAVELER

In the middle of the desert of Sahara
Where the Bedouin is wont to make his bed,
In the hottest of the tropic heat and glare, a
Man was sitting, and his eyes were very red.

Said an Arab sheik to him, "You are weeping with such vim
That I think your tears are forming an oasis."
Then the stranger did reply, as he wiped his streaming eye,
"For my weeping there is really lots of basis!"

CHORUS:

I am weeping for my dear old home in Goitre,
*Where, when young, about the square I used to loiter,**
But one-half the tears I sprinkle
Are my homesick tears for Grinkle,
Where I lived when I grew older and adroiter.
Though I've been a great explorer and exploiter,
All I think of is how much I would enjoy-ter
Leave these desert stars that twinkle
And go back again to Grinkle
And my other childhood home that was in Goitre.

4

There's a village, I affirm it,
With a most intriguing name;
Though a rose, howe'er you term it,
Has its perfume just the same;
Still I think the town of Wormit
Should be heralded to fame.

True, one might be quite a hermit
In that village, I agree.
Such a life might make me squirm, it
Might be dull as dull can be;
But, if so, you'll never Wormit
Out of me!

5

It would not do any harm
If I sang a song of Yarm,
And a little lilt of Oundle might be topping.
I can warble, if you will,
Of both Giggleswick and Pill,
Or of Monikie or Spinkhill or of Wapping.
But the town I choose to sing
Has a much more lyric ring,
So at caroling its charms I'll take a shot-o;
If you're not a perfect sap
You can find it on the map,
Up in Yorkshire is the little town of Potto;

CHORUS:

Oh, what do I not owe to Potto,
It makes such a lovely refrain.
The sweet name of Potto has got me near blotto,
It fills such a lot o'
My brain;
Boost boldly for Potto's my motto
With zest that nobody can cork,
Not Capri's Blue Grotto is fairer than Potto,
It ought to be painted by Greuze or by Watteau,
A spot 'o delight is each lot and each plot o'
The village of Potto
In York!

6

There's a city in Wales spelled C-w-m,
A populous place, as one counts it.
I'd sing of its glories, except that—ahem!
I do not know how to pronounce it.
So C-w-m, though it's doubtless a gem
To those who familiarly know it,
Is—I say it with phlegm—just C-w-m,
And nothing but that, to this poet!

7

If I ever went to Wath-in-Nidderdale,
I am sure I'd find it fun to get my mail
With a picturesque address
To resemble
more
or
less
Say, a terrace
on a
hill
above
a
vale.
And each envelope that came
Would reveal, below my name,
These directions to the postman on his trail:
"Nidder Cottage,
Nidderhill,
Nidder Lane,
Near Nidder Mill,
Nidderwater,
Nidder,
Wath-in-Nidderdale."
You may think that I'm a kidder,
But I frequently consider
Having letters sent to Wath-in-Nidderdale!

8

If one had to pick, like a pig in a poke,
Some sort of a village to live in,
And go to the place like a blindfolded bloke,
Without any choice being given,
He'd land, I am sure—Here's the point of the joke—
At a village in York, I opine,
Whose name is the same as a pig in a poke—
A town whose cognomen is
Swine!

9

I might sing some ballads, I ween,
Of Piddington, Scrooby and Speen;
Collooney and Hassop and Hale
I also would like to extol,
But though I would gleefully tout them
I simply know nothing about them,
And so I will sing, at a pinch,
A beautiful ballad of Inch.
Concerning which village it's true,
I'm awfully ignorant too.

THE BALLAD OF INCH

A beggar was begging—for beggars will beg—
And since he seemed husky of arm and of leg,
I said to him, "Beggar, you look very strong.
Why don't you try working, for begging is wrong?"
He answered, "I know, sir, I've worked like a slave.
They paid me so little I just couldn't save,
And so I'm a beggar as onward I roam.
I'm begging to get myself home."

CHORUS:

"League after league I am begging;
Each league brings me nearer to Inch;
Mile after mile I am legging,
With all I can beg or can pinch;
Rod after rod I am pegging.
I'll tell you it isn't a cinch;
For yard after yard I am begging
And footing it homeward to Inch—
Yes, inch by inch inching to Inch!"

10

If I were a Welshman—it happens I'm not—
A Welshman, we'll say, who had wandered a lot,
Away from his home to the ends of the earth,
And wanted to sing of the town of his birth,
I'd pick out a name with a lyrical swing
And this is the way I would sing:

CHORUS:

Take me back again to dear old Pantyfflynon;
For, no matter how the world keeps on a-spinnin',
That's the place of which you'll always hear me chinnin'.
All the Pantyfflynon girls are very winnin',
And although the hair upon my head is thinnin',
Still I'll launder up my linen
And look up my kith and kin in
That old town of my beginnin'—
Pantyfflynon!

*If Goitre and Loiter don't rime, the author is out of luck.

*AUTHOR'S NOTE—Take your choice of the two rimes, according to the way you'd pronounce the town.

Watches of the Night

35,000 times a day their Toledo Scales

say

"That's the correct postage"

The 90,000,000 "postage due" stamps issued in 1928 were not for such companies as National Bellas Hess, using Toledo Scales equipment! Here, understamping and costly waste from overstamping are prevented by unfailing scale accuracy.

From this New York plant of National Bellas Hess Co 17,000 packages are mailed every day! Toledo Scales indicate the postage and "Check," says the Post Office.

National Bellas Hess Company never wastes postage by overstamping—never annoys customers by understamping

FIRST MAIL order house to "pay all postage" . . . National Bellas Hess now spends $2,000,000 a year on stamps!

More than 6,000,000 customers . . . 125,000 items ordered every day . . . 35,000 separate parcel post packages shipped out every 24 hours from the New York and Kansas City plants!

With such tremendous volume, handled at such speed, picture the chances for error by ordinary stamping methods . . . the danger of annoying customers with "postage due" . . . the equal danger of waste through overstamping . . .

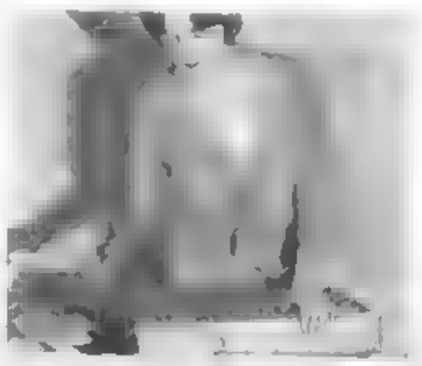
But National Bellas Hess know that every dollar they put into postage is buying them customer good will . . . bringing increased business . . . while not a cent is wasted by inaccurate weighing.

Toledo Scales make this possible.

Three ounces or twenty pounds, every package gets exactly the right postage—indicated by these accurate balances.

Proof of this accuracy is the Government's method of handling National Bellas Hess outgoing mail. Stationed at the New York plant alone are 19 post office clerks on the Government payroll. Packages stamped according to Toledo weighing are locked in bags and sent, not to the nearest post office, but direct to railroad terminals. In a word—Toledo shows the correct postage and the Government says "Check!"

Millions of women order direct by mail from the National Bellas Hess catalogue with its 4,000 items. Shipment guaranteed within 24 hours—and all postage prepaid.



Customers of National Bellas Hess are surprised at the speed with which packages reach them—neatly, securely wrapped—and never any postage due!

. . .

You don't have to be in the mail order business . . . you don't have to spend $2,000,000 a year . . . to appreciate what correct postage means.

"Two cents due" can be just as troublesome on a letter or a prospectus as on a package of merchandise. On the other hand, adding superfluous stamps "just to make sure" often develops into a very expensive habit!

Toledo Springless Automatic Mailing Scales and Toledo Parcel Post Scales eliminate guesswork. Operating as rapidly as mail can be handled, they compute the *exact* amount of postage required to carry all classes of mail according to the postal regulations.

There are more than 100 types, styles and sizes of Toledo Scales . . . to weigh everything from a letter or an ounce of spice to thirty tons of steel.

The Toledo Scale Company offers a complete weighing service, including assistance in selecting the proper types of scales and adapting them to various problems

In industry after industry, Toledo Engineers have demonstrated how to cut down production and labor costs . . . how to simplify manufacture . . . how to standardize weighing operations

At no cost to you, and without obligation, these engineers will make a survey of your business . . . and quite possibly uncover sources of preventable loss. Investigate today. Mail the coupon.

TOLEDO *Scales*

No springs—Honest weight

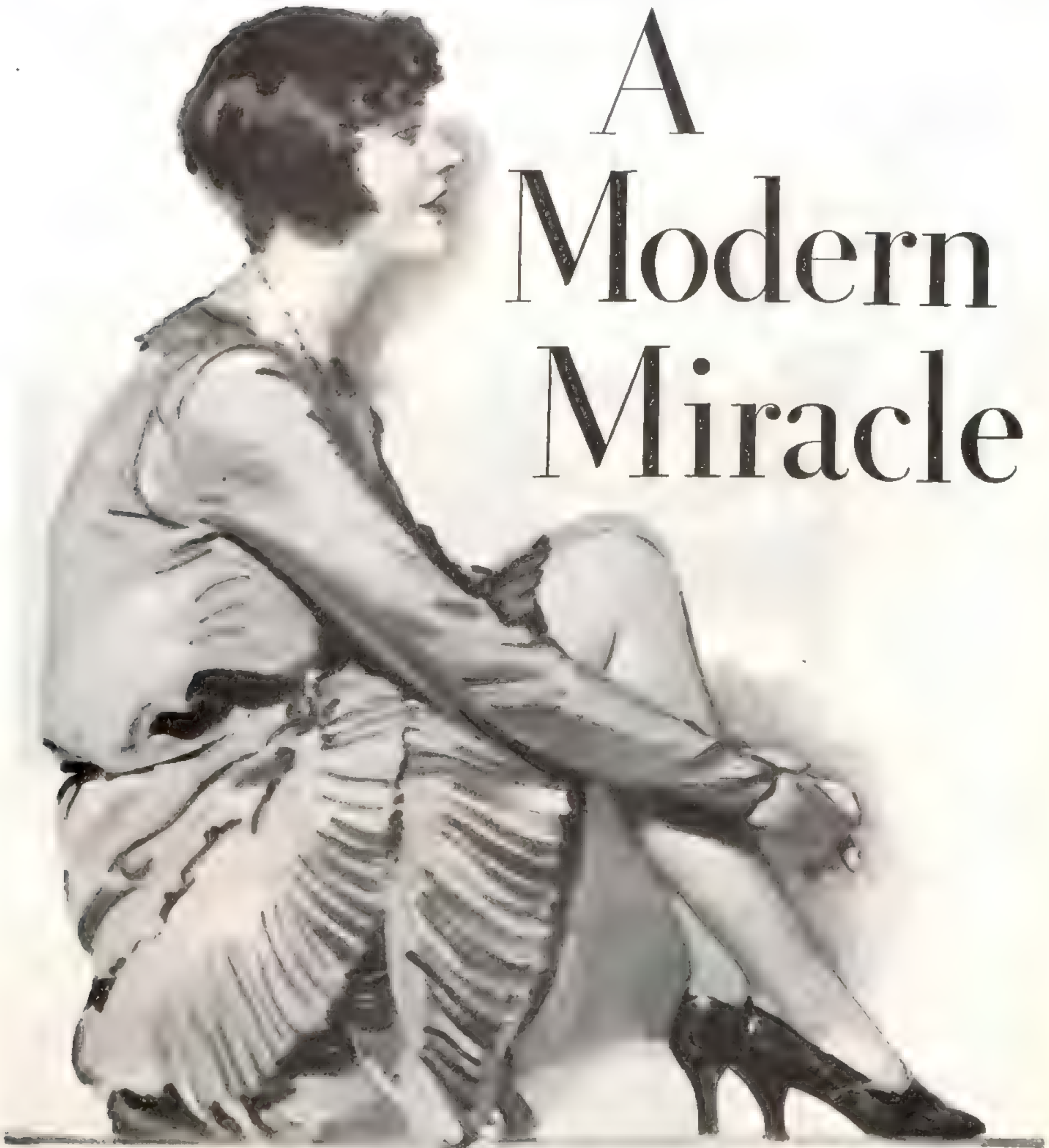
TOLEDO SCALE COMPANY. S.E.P. 3
Toledo, Ohio.

Gentlemen: I'm interested in the "scale survey" idea. Please send me further information.

Name_____

Company _____

Address_____



A Modern Miracle

Meadows

$10,000.00 IN GOLD

to those who can explain it

Meadows
SELECT-A-SPEED
A turn of this dial, simple as radio tuning, selects a different washing speed for each different type of fabric.

THIS message is addressed to the woman who took a marriage vow that was not put into words. A vow to dedicate her life to something besides housework.

Nightmares of her girlhood . . . of women old at thirty-five . . . keep her determined to put the burden of household drudgery where it belongs . . . on modern machinery! This woman knows and *cherishes* the supreme importance of the washing machine. She knows it enjoys the distinction of being one housekeeping appliance that actually saves its own cost every year in cash. She knows that to millions of women it has given back the pep, the looks, the physical spark without which there is neither living, laughter nor love.

* * * *

The woman to whom this is addressed has waited for years for a washing machine worthy of her . . . worthy of her wardrobe . . . worthy of her home. It remained for one of the world's great automotive engineers to design this revolutionary device. His standards of workmanship inspired its manufacture. The same materials, the same machinery, the same pride that make modern automobiles what they are combine to make Meadows Select-A-Speed.

Only well-made things run quietly. That is the supreme test. And Select-A-Speed is practically noiseless.

It supplies a different washing speed for every type of fabric. The highest speed provides the fastest water action known. The lowest is gentler even than hand washing. In between are washing speeds exactly suited to every type of fabric. There are no clutches . . . no gears to shift . . . no pedals to press. A turn of the dial, simple as radio tuning, selects a chiffon speed for chiffons . . . a linen speed for linens . . . and the fastest washing speed known for blankets and heavily soiled pieces.

Everyone has seen the need for a washer with a water speed for every type of fabric. But how to change washing speeds without a single gear or clutch?

How to simplify it to the ease of radio tuning?

Did we dare attempt it when 30,000,000 cars must depend on the gear shift and the clutch? Every automobile engineer said we were foolish to try.

But one said it could be done. And he did it.

Leading stores and better retail salesmen throughout the country are hastening to supply customers with Select-A-Speed.

Consult your local classified phone directory. The local Meadows store is listed there. An operator will be sent to your home who will prove these new features in performance. Free of charge.

THE MEADOWS MANUFACTURING CO.
Bloomington, Illinois, U. S. A.

COULD ANYONE IN YOUR HOME USE $2,000.00 IN GOLD?

Or $1,000.00? Or even one of the smaller prizes? Here's fun for the family! Send the coupon now for complete details, so you'll have plenty of time to write the winning letter.

First: A question for mother and the girls. They all know the answer because they're practical!

"WHY SHOULD THE MODERN WASHER PROVIDE A WASHING SPEED FOR EACH DIFFERENT TYPE OF FABRIC?"

Second: for Dad and the boys. They think they're pretty good at solving mechanical riddles.

"HOW DOES MEADOWS SELECT-A-SPEED PROVIDE A WASHING SPEED FOR EACH DIFFERENT TYPE OF FABRIC WITHOUT THE USE OF A CLUTCH OR SHIFT OF A GEAR?"

$5,000.00 in prize gold for the best answers to each question. Anyone may win. No age limits. No training or special skill required. Nothing to buy. Nothing to sell. A contest for everybody!

Answers to the first question will be judged by three leading experts of Home Economics.

The second, by three leading mechanical engineers.

Don't be afraid to try. We send by return mail all the information you need to write the winning answer. Don't delay. Send the coupon now.

Editor, SELECT-A-SPEED CONTEST
The Meadows Manufacturing Co
Bloomington Illinois, U. S. A.
Please send FREE & POSTPAID complete information about MEADOWS SELECT-A-SPEED Contest for $10,000 in gold.

Name

Street

City State

Tune in! Meadows programs are broadcast five nights a week over 25 leading radio stations. Ray Miller's College Inn Orchestra, Mary Williams and other nationally known talent make Meadows programs happy programs just as Meadows homes are happy homes.

Select-a-Speed

All of Captain Kenney's crew *clamored* for this pipe-tobacco

Sailors made sure their favorite brand was snug in the ship's canteen!

WHEN Jack is many a watery league from port his pipe becomes his messmate. No wonder every crew that shipped with Captain Kenney made sure they had a good supply of Edgeworth.

A lusty cheer for the Captain—and for his crew as well. For now that his sailing days are done, Captain Kenney says Edgeworth pipe tobacco is just as hardy a pal ashore as it was afloat. A "good, cool, long smoke," he says, with the same likable flavor—tin in, tin out!

Not all pipe-smokers are captains of ships. But nearly all pipe-smokers are calm, serene fellows. Come to think of it—you don't know many pipe-smokers of the nervous, flighty breed. Pipe-smoking runs to calm, thinking men. Pipe-smokers are the kind of men that win cases in law courts, that perform delicate surgical operations successfully, that think straight in Board meetings. Somehow with a briar between your teeth you can't hurry into nervous jumpy decisions.

Try this FREE offer

Let us send you, free of charge, trial packages of both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice so that you, too, can try them in your pipe. Simply write your name and address to Larus & Bro. Co., 30 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth "Ready-Rubbed" pipe tobacco is sold in various sizes from small pocket packages to pound humidor tins and also in several handy in-between sizes. "Plug Slice" Edgeworth is packed in thin slices, for pipe-smokers who like to "rub up" their smoking tobacco.

March 10, 1928
Malden, Mass.

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

I am writing this letter to tell you how much I value a tin of Edgeworth Plug Slice Tobacco.

I have been a Master Mariner for many years, and as a general rule all seafaring men smoke a pipe. I have tried about all the different brands of tobacco on the market, and in my estimation, there is not one make of tobacco that will compare with Edgeworth Plug Slice for a good, cool, long smoke. Sailors would come to me and say, "Captain, be sure to put in a good supply of Edgeworth when you fill up the canteen," and that speaks for what the average sailor thinks of this tobacco.

I retired from the sea six years ago and S. S. Pierce, the largest grocery dealer in Boston, keeps me supplied with this wonderful smoke. I take great pleasure in boosting it to my friends.

Very truly yours,

(signed) Capt. C. B. Kenney

Two forms — same blend — both for your pipe.

SPECULATION

(Continued from Page 7)

rising prices at the same time tending to limit consumer demand. The speculative demand for commodities, even as for stock-market shares, will run ahead of prices, but this is not the same thing as consumer demand. It is the demand of those who buy not to use or consume or keep, but only to sell again at a higher price for profit. You have at length the absurdity that, with the production of wealth increasing, the standard of common living stands still. That is because prices rise faster than wages and income, and the buying power of money therefore declines. That effect alone would ultimately wreck any boom. But the rule is that it is sooner wrecked by running through the supply of money and credit.

First it was that the bull market in Wall Street, anticipating the boom in business, absorbed a great deal of bank credit. The higher Stock Exchange prices go the more credit it takes to finance a bull market. Then business in the same way needs more and more credit, not only because the volume of business is expanding but much more because all its transactions are on a rising curve of prices. It is this crescendo that absorbs credit so fast. If prices in the average increase 50 per cent, it takes, roughly, one and one-half times as much money to transact a given volume of business. If coincidently with a 50 per cent rise in prices the volume of business also expands 50 per cent, the amount of credit required for purposes of doing business will be two and one-quarter times what it was.

This cannot go on for very long. Suddenly credit becomes scarce. The price of credit begins to rise. The Wall Street speculators are loath to give up what they have borrowed for their bull market and will not give it up until they must. They can better afford to pay 7, 8, even 10 per cent for credit than to abandon their structure of inflated values. That is more than business can afford to pay, and it begins to complain bitterly of the fact that Wall Street is depriving it of credit, and also by its competition making credit very dear. Thus toward the end of every boom there is a struggle to apportion credit between Wall Street borrowers and commercial borrowers, with bankers in this dilemma—that if they deny the Wall Street speculators the bull market will crash, whereas, on the other hand, if they satisfy even the minimum demand of speculators for credit they will be putting a serious strain upon business.

Going Ahead Too Fast

The end comes when the banks are all loaned out. There is no more credit. Again everyone is caught at the top with goods, debt and securities. Nobody can get out because the demand has failed. The consumer demand for goods has failed because the rise in prices has reduced the buying power of money. The speculative demand for both goods and securities has failed because nobody can borrow any more credit to buy with; the supply of credit is exhausted. The explanations from economists and bankers at this point are naive. They say: "We have been going ahead too fast. We have used up all our fluid capital. We have increased the means of producing wealth faster than we can consume the product. We have overproduction, excess capacity, surplus. We shall have to slow down."

That means there is nothing for it but to let the boom collapse. Prices fall more or less violently. All industrial activities are lessened. There is unemployment, liquidation, panic at the worst, and another pattern is added to the running geometric picture of business cycles on the quadruled paper.

All that saying about going ahead too fast with economic works, so that we have used up our fluid capital, or credit, is absurd. It is impossible to exhaust capital by increasing economic wealth at any rate, since wealth is itself capital. It is equally impossible to exhaust credit by increasing the production of new wealth, since every addition to the sum of wealth is the basis of more credit.

Speculation is what exhausts capital and credit. Two lines have been running. One has been a line to represent the increase in the output of actual wealth; that has been rising. The other is a line to represent the speculative pricing of wealth. What has happened is that the price line rose faster than the wealth line, and it was the ever-widening disparity between them that exhausted credit. That disparity is what is wiped out in the sequel as prices fall; and when this has occurred, then suddenly there is again plenty of credit. The reason the price line rises faster than the other is that while the creative impulse that increases wealth is hindered by realities, the kind of greedy imagination that inflates prices is in no wise hindered by anything.

Wealth Without Gold

To this point it seems all one piece of history. Then it begins to split. One part of it comes straight on. As to the other part, there is divergence and change; and we are in the midst of this change. That is to say, in the world of finance speculation continues to be what it historically has been, whereas in the world of business a new intelligence is acting, and as it acts the use and necessity of speculation are challenged by reason. This is a change at the very base of economic thinking, and so unexpected that we are only beginning to grasp the meaning of it. That now is to be examined.

In the report of the Hoover committee entitled A Survey of Recent Economic Changes, soon to be published, the most significant part undoubtedly will be that which deals with a certain contrast between the past seven years of prosperity and any other period in our economic history. This contrast lies in the fact that in these past seven years the average of well-being, or you may call it the standard of living, has advanced to a higher level than ever before, with the index of commodity prices all the time standing practically still or slightly declining. Prosperity in new measure with no boom. The output of wealth has enormously increased, the productivity per man hour of labor has been raised to a new degree, wages have steadily advanced—and yet there has been no general rise in prices. The buying power of money has been constant, and for that reason the increase of wages and income has represented a direct increase of consuming power. The cost of living did not rise; therefore, the standard of living did.

During more than twenty years preceding the World War the irresistible movement of prices through many violent vicissitudes was upward. As to the effect of this upon the mentality of business, one of the Hoover committee's fact-finders says: "The rising tendency in the level of prices during the two decades prior to the war—a tendency shared by every important commodity group in the United States—provided one of the most fundamental of the conditions under which business men of that era worked. It affected manufacturing methods and buying and selling habits, and was reflected in numerous business practices which business men found hard to change when conditions were altered."

Speculation was the prevailing practice; looking to prices for profit was the habit of mind. There were several cycles during this long prewar rise, sudden interruptions caused by too great a disparity between the rise in prices and the rate at which the output of wealth was increasing. Two or three times it definitely happened that the standard of living stopped rising, even declined, notwithstanding the growth of material wealth; and this was so because the rise in prices impaired the buying power of money and checked consumer demand for the products of industry. People were unable to buy what they increasingly produced.

Nevertheless, in the last ten prewar years certain signs of stability were beginning to appear. The variability of prices was a declining factor. The right way of accounting for this tendency is perhaps to say that as the units and aggregations of business grew in size and as the power of production increased, more imagination was brought to challenge the old economic doctrine that looked to production only, and took distribution for granted. That is to say, there must have been in those ten prewar years some premonition of the truth that what is done with what is produced determines the character and quality of prosperity.

Then came the war, and with it all the mad wartime price phenomena that made any clear thinking impossible. Anybody who had said then that the profit was not in the price would have been thought to utter nonsense. It was true that prices did determine the quantity of gold we received for our war goods. On the other hand, we did not need the gold, and the labor and materials represented by the goods we exchanged for gold we might otherwise have turned to our own account.

The notion that people can make themselves rich by acquiring gold belongs to the age of the Spanish Main; it has no validity in the modern scheme. The only real wealth is in things to satisfy human wants and in the instrumentalities and means whereby such things are produced. In real wealth you may progress to any point with no gold whatever. During the war—rather during the purely European phase of it—our possessions of gold increased; our wealth in everything else declined, except for the equipment added to our industrial establishment and what we learned as to the potential power within us to produce wealth in prodigious quantities. For nearly five years, wartime and postwar time together, the whole world was in a price delirium. Speculation assumed grotesque aspects. It came to a point at which merchants did you a favor to sell you goods at any price. It was more to their advantage to keep them, for tomorrow they would be worth more, and there was no telling what it would cost to restock the shelves and bins.

Then the frightful collapse. Two years of deflation, liquidation, widespread bankruptcy and universal loss. Prices fell in a headlong manner. The war period has no place or meaning in the geometric profile of cycles. Often you will notice that it is simply deleted from the picture. It represents nothing that can be projected, nothing that can be expected to happen again.

Prosperity's New Feature

But what immediately followed was that period of seven sound years—1922 to 1928, inclusive—which the Hoover committee's fact-finders now discover to be radically unlike any other period in our economic experience. The original feature of this period has been price stability. The fact-finder who contributed the study called Price Structure drew a guarded conclusion of his own, saying: "Since 1922 there have been fewer of those abrupt changes in prices and in price relations which characterized the 90's of the last century and which gave to the war and the immediate postwar years their distinctive business flavor. These tendencies toward price stability which have reasserted themselves after the disturbances of the war years will, if they persist, materially affect the economic complexion of the years before us. A tendency toward greater stability of prices and of price relations involves a change in the direction in which business men look for profits. Something of the

FRESH Ocean Fish

in your inland home

WE catch 40-FATHOM* fish far out at sea from Boston. We remove the heads, tails, backbones, scales and all waste. We wrap the remaining white fish meat in parchment paper (see wrapper above) and express it in ice to your dealer.

40-FATHOM fish is the cream of the catch, caught by the Bay State Fishing Co., America's largest producer of fresh ocean fish. Always fresh—never frozen nor preserved nor out of cold storage—but always fresh with the savor of the sea. Easy to cook as bacon.

Ask your butcher, grocer or fish dealer for 40-FATHOM fish by name. Get it in the above wrapper; for fish not in this wrapper is not 40-FATHOM fish! Send coupon below!

DEALERS: *Write to us!*

BAY STATE FISHING CO. S. E. P. 5-4
30 Fish Pier, Boston, Mass.

Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Recipes for Cooking 40-FATHOM fish" as they do at the Hotel Ritz-Carlton in New York, written by Theodore Szarvas, maitre d'hotel, and Louis Diat, chef de cuisine, of that famous hotel.

Name.....

Address.....

*Trademark Reg U S Pat Off.

EVER WONDER WHAT YOUR BUSINESS CONTACTS THINK ABOUT YOUR CHECKS ?

Of course, they know your checks are *good* . . . in the sense that they can be readily cashed . . .

But haven't you, yourself, seen checks on paper that could be used for any one of a hundred business forms—checks which convey no favorable reflection of the business house that issues them?

Unimpressive checks do not necessarily imply a poor banking connection. But, by and large, it's the progressive, soundly established bank that's careful of appearances.

Take up one of your own checks now . . . Do you think it does justice to your credit rating?

More than likely it does, because the majority of banks in the largest cities of the country furnish checks made on La Monte Safety Paper. These checks indicate through their very appearance the nature of the business with which they are concerned; they are handsome, dignified, impressive; they completely answer the purpose for which they were designed.

You are entitled to the best in checks; you can recognize the best by the wavy lines, which are the sign of La Monte National Safety Paper. If your bank isn't giving you this service you might say a word to them. George La Monte & Son, 61 Broadway, New York.

LA MONTE
NATIONAL SAFETY PAPER
FOR CHECKS

speculative element goes out of business when such a tendency prevails. The high profits and the great losses which go with extreme fluctuations in the prices of individual commodities and in the relations among prices alike tend to disappear. There is evidence that our economic system is moving in that direction."

Yet what was it that happened? For price stability there must have been a cause. It could not have caused itself. What change has taken place in the ideas and mentality of business that now suddenly men who speak the new philosophy may say such a thing as that profit has nothing to do with price?

It is important to remember that our emotional life during the war opened men's minds to new ways of thinking and their natures to new ways of feeling. For the first time the mentality of business as such was called upon to associate itself with government in disinterested public service. From this, no doubt, it came to see itself in a higher new relation and to conceive a sense of social responsibility. Then, turning from the war to its own job again, it faced a dilemma of colossal proportions. Industrial equipment had been enormously expanded, methods of mass production had disclosed a power of production never before realized, wages and prices and costs were all very high, and in every direction an excess of capacity to produce food, raw materials and manufactured products. The first impulse was to liquidate wages along with prices, and to liquidate or deflate wages would be the first necessity under the cardinal principles of old economic doctrine.

There was no getting back to earth again without deflating wartime wages. A movement to do so actually began. Then suddenly it stopped. Wages did somewhat decline; they were never liquidated. That is to say, they were never deflated as prices were. Wages held up and prices declined.

The reasons why events took definitely that shape are various. Forces both of thought and emotion were running; also, there was much conflict of opinion—old economic dogma against a strange and perhaps dangerous philosophy. But undoubtedly the controlling reason was that American business had the imagination to see what it meant that the age-old problem of production had vanished. How to produce enough, more than enough, a surplus of anything, was no longer any problem at all. We had come at last to possess unlimited power of production. Therefore, the one fundamental problem was how to increase demand—that is, how to get the product consumed. To deflate prices and wages together would not increase demand; but to deflate prices and let wages be—that would enormously increase demand. And that was what happened.

Industry Made Over

But how could it happen? How could business afford to let wages stand with prices falling? What would be the effect of that upon profits—industry getting less and less for its products and paying the same wages as before?

That was precisely the difficulty that had to be met. The only way to meet it was to reduce the labor cost of production without reducing wages. And that is done by bringing more power to the hand of labor, enlarging the size and efficiency of the machine tools by use of which the productivity of the hand is multiplied, and otherwise by time and labor saving methods.

To gain this result industry began to make itself over in a physical sense, and then a revolution of thought occurred from trial and experience. Not only was it possible so to reduce labor costs that high wages could continue to be paid; it became possible even to increase wages, and this was done, because it had been proved that as you can afford to increase wages parallel to the increased productivity of labor's effort, without at the same time raising prices, so at the same rate the demand for goods will increase and the standard of living will rise. As to the profit, that is in the sequel, and most interesting that sequel is.

Once imagination began to concentrate itself on the problem of distribution—that is, on how people may increasingly consume what they increasingly produce—a new light breaks into economic reasoning. Clearly, in that light the conditions most to be desired are those under which there shall take place a continuous circulation of wealth, ever-widening. Then you may have progressive well-being, a rising standard of living, demand limited only by the willingness of people to produce what they want to use and consume. Thus the volume of business may go on expanding. Give business the certainty of expanding volume, uninterrupted, and it will find its profit; it will get it, if necessary, out of salvage or out of what had hitherto been considered inevitable waste of time, energy and material. Volume makes for economy in method and process such as otherwise is impossible.

The Sick and the Healthy

The meaning of price now begins to change. It is no longer the most you can charge for the least you can give; it is perhaps the least you can charge for the most you can give. It is in another sense a point of relation only. If it is a price that hinders the flow of goods from producer to consumer, it is a wrong price. If it is a changeable price and its changeableness hinders that flow, then it is wrong in another way. Its changeableness is wrong, and the factors of variability must be reduced.

Such were the new modes of thinking in business that caused the phenomena of price stability in these last seven sound years, on a deflated postwar level. The most surprising fact remains to be stated. Profits in these seven years have steadily increased; so also have dividend disbursements.

Here, of course, are many variables. Different industries and different kinds of business have not been equally profitable. Some for peculiar reasons have been, as a whole, without profit, or with very little, such as coal and cotton textiles; but even in what are called the sick industries many extra-modern corporations have made fair profits. The statistical view of it is that in these last seven years corporation profits generally have increased at the rate of more than 9 per cent a year; dividend disbursements in the same time have increased at the rate of about 7 per cent annually. Some very interesting comparisons appear. In the silk-goods industry the increase of profits has been very large; in the year 1928 alone the increase there was nearly 60 per cent. In the cotton-textile industry, on the other hand, profits last year declined. A change of demand from cotton to silk. By groups in each field the corporations that have led in profit making during the last seven years are such as produce motor cars, electric light and power, amusements, radios, rayon and silk goods, telephone service, oil, machines, chemicals, rubber, tobacco, steel and iron, and fancy food products.

As a generalization it is true that never in any seven years before were the profits of industry and business on the whole so satisfactory. Never before were the successful corporations so prosperous, so rich in funds, so independent of Wall Street finance and banker control. Formerly extreme profits in one phase of the cycle were devoured by sudden losses in the opposite phase and the average was what it might be, representing largely the speculative skill of management. For this has been substituted a continuity of reasonable profit. Certainly, the intelligence that now is recasting the philosophy of business would not wish to surrender this base for the old one.

(Continued on Page 192)

Study this

CHARMING DINING ROOM ARRANGED BY MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY

Number Four of a Series of Room Interiors by America's Foremost Decorators

AND FEATURING THE NEW KNICKERBOCKER SUITE ON DISPLAY DURING MAY BY LEADING FURNITURE STORES EVERYWHERE

THE dining-room illustrated above was created by the Decorative staff of Marshall Field & Company to illustrate what can be achieved, at very moderate cost, if care and taste are used in the selection and arrangement of your furniture and furnishings.

The Knickerbocker suite, by Berkey & Gay, for which the room was designed, will be on special display during May in leading furniture stores throughout America.

This charming suite is an authentic modern interpretation of the famous Duncan Phyfe style, so highly popular today, as in years gone by, for its graceful simplicity of line and Colonial refinement of detail.

The beauty and value of the Knickerbocker are further heightened by the harmonious contrasting of hand-matched woods and the many commodious drawers and compartments for linen, silver, china and glassware.

Typical, indeed, is the Knickerbocker suite of Berkey & Gay craftsmanship. Inspect it, together with many other advanced Berkey & Gay creations, at your leading furniture dealer's —during MAY. And watch his newspaper advertising for further announcements.

DETAILS OF THE MARSHALL FIELD ROOM

For the Knickerbocker suite, Marshall Field & Company have designed this exquisitely simple and appropriate setting, with woodwork, panelled walls and ceiling in old white; oak finished floor in medium brown; and rug copied from a sixteenth century palace carpet. The glass curtains are ecru marquisette, with over-curtains of glazed chintz in a floral pattern of rose and soft green on an ecru background hung from gilded wood poles with pineapple-shaped ends and held back by mirror glass holders with cord and fluffy tassels. On the sideboard is a Wedgwood Queensware bowl, embossed in Wedgwood blue on deep ivory, with two crystal candelabra and ivory candles. Over the sideboard an eighteenth century flower oil painting, with antique gold frame to blend with the rich colors of the flowers. For the table a beautiful Pointe Venice scarf with sterling silver bowl, hand-chased. Chandelier in dull gold with silk shades to match and chair coverings in green and gold frieze.

For a host of similar hints on interior decoration and furniture arrangement—including a fascinating new chapter on Modernist Furniture—consult the new 1929 edition of the Berkey & Gay "Furniture Style Book," endorsed by the country's leading decorators. Send fifty cents in stamps or coin for your copy.

BERKEY & GAY SUITES ARE PRICED FROM $200 TO $6000

Berkey & Gay Furniture

Furniture's Proudest Coat-of-Arms. Inset in every Berkey & Gay piece—your protection when buying—your pride ever after.

BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE COMPANY, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN : FOUNDED 1853
NEW YORK WHOLESALE SHOWROOM, 115 WEST 40TH STREET

(Continued from Page 190)

So it turns out, first, that speculation after all was separable from the nature of business; secondly, that on the whole it never paid so well as stability.

As the part of speculation is more and more diminished business behavior is modified. There is less motive for secrecy, stealth, cunning, taking the unfair advantage. American business is unique in the world for the freedom with which it exchanges information touching the conditions of supply, demand and price, touching also discoveries and solutions. Trade journals and business magazines of which the number is very large—are filled with articles signed by the presidents and managers of corporations telling one another their stories of trial and error, what their experiences have been with new ideas and methods and machines, how by planning and taking thought they have reduced the cost of production or the cost of sales, or how they have solved a chronic problem of the trade in some special way of their own. The spirit is professional. The same exchange takes place through trade associations. Under all this head one of the Hoover committee's fact-finders has written as follows:

"Of characteristic and weighty influence upon American business management as a whole, and often of saving influence upon those who prefer to follow rather than to pioneer, are the business publications and the business meetings which help each manager to see his problem as one of a group of problems from a study of which he may learn much. A considerable majority of companies belong to one or several sorts of business associations, and a much larger number take one or many of the business publications, whose circulation aggregates 11,000,000. The Department of Commerce published in 1926 a list of nearly 9000 business associations. Their activities ranged over almost the whole field of management, including especially statistical service, cost accounting, industrial and commercial research, simplification, standardization, credit information, traffic and transportation studies, and trade ethics."

Not Too Proud to Learn

"The effect which must follow this free association and wider knowledge of others' problems has been particularly noted by foreigners. The Round Table says: 'What is raising the whole standard of management in the United States is the habit which has been generated among employers of discussing these problems openly among themselves, of comparing the methods of one industry with those of another, and of founding associations for research and conference. . . . They are not afraid to teach each other or too proud to learn from each other.'"

But such an event as the eclipse of speculation taking place in the world of business was bound to produce some unexpected effects. Regard now what has been happening at the same time in the world of money. It is as if the gambling instinct, finding itself repressed in business, had turned to Wall Street to spend its whole force in Stock Exchange speculation.

The first condition for a momentous speculative rise in Stock Exchange prices is an abundance of credit. In the beginning and for a long time the supply of credit seemed inexhaustible. This was owing, first, to the measurable fact that in our gold reserves there was margin for a tremendous extension of bank loans, and, secondly, to the slowly developing fact that as the uses of speculation declined in business, as industry steadily increased its output of wealth with no rise in the price of its products, there was no extraordinary demand for commercial credit. Each year it was more surprising that the volume of business increased as it did with so little expansion of commercial loans. Wall Street speculators, therefore, had regal access to credit.

Given these conditions to begin with, and given also the wonder of seven sound economic years, it was inevitable that we should see a bull market that had never its like or equal for size, vitality and immunity from disaster. Down to the end of 1927 its premises were all defensible. The new stability of business, the rise in the earning power of scientifically managed, nonspeculating corporations, the cumulative evidence of the nation's prodigious advance in power and well-being—this was astonishing reality, bound to translate itself in the market value of those formal steel engravings, called shares of stock, that represent among us the endless division of proprietorship.

Right at the Time

There had been some ugly episodes, the ecstasy of pure gambling was running high, the credulous public had been several times badly squeezed in the pocket. It was true also that Stock Exchange speculation had already absorbed an enormous amount of credit. Nevertheless, the underlying realities were magnificent, with no witness in history; and what would you if not a bull market in corresponding measure? As late as springtime, 1928, the Secretary of the Treasury said something to this effect for publication, adding that as for credit, well, there was plenty of that for all purposes. At about the same time, his oblique newspaper eminence, the White House spokesman, informed the Washington correspondents that the extraordinary increase in brokers' loans was no matter for anxiety.

They were both right. At that time there was no danger, and that was what Wall Street had been saying. But it is the fatal way of speculation either to overtake danger or create it. It has no stopping place short of the last precipice. What immediately occurred was another wild rise in prices, making such sudden further inroads upon the supply of credit that at mid-year the Federal Reserve Board raised the discount rate—which is to say it raised the price of credit. That chilled speculation for a very short time. The bull market then went on.

During the year 1928 brokers' loans—meaning the amount of credit borrowed for purposes of speculation—increased two billions of dollars, and during 1928 the aggregate market value of Stock Exchange securities increased eleven billions of dollars, on top of an increase of eleven billions the year before. That is twenty-two billions in two years. Before the end of 1928 the Secretary of the Treasury was writing in his annual report that people were behaving in a fascinated manner, as if they thought stocks could go up and up forever, and that that was reason enough for buying them. This warning had no effect whatever. Then the Federal Reserve Board raised the price of credit again—this time avowedly to penalize speculation. That had only a momentary effect. Unwilling to raise the price of credit any higher for fear of hurting business, the Federal Reserve Board thereupon issued a warning, saying that banks coming to the Federal Reserve System for credit with which in turn to make more loans to speculators would be denied. Nor did that have more than passing effect. A few weeks later speculators once more were buying stocks in an uncontrollable manner and prices were higher than ever before.

The point at which a speculative obsession, passing into mania, loses its contact with probability is very difficult in any case to determine. For a bull market unexampled in size and duration there was plenty of ground—more than could have been imagined at first—because so much of it was ground in the making and extended itself in an unexpected manner. Never had we had seven consecutive years of sound economic growth. That was new ground. So also was that condition of stability hitherto described—stability of prices, stability of consuming power, stability of earnings and profits, newly appearing in business as the elements of speculation were cast out of it.

From this arose the suggestion that we had found at last a rational way to manage the production and exchange of wealth. Suppose prosperity henceforth is to be continuous and stately. No cycles, no booms, no panics, or hardly any. If that is true, then, obviously, the incentive ever to sell stocks is much weakened. All you have to do is to buy and hold them, and the growth of wealth in the country will make them good, no matter what you may have happened to pay for them. Meanwhile, you will not be caught in the bad phase of a cycle—that is, if the calamity of cycles has been eliminated. Thus the curiosity of Wall Street running its own kind of boom higher and higher because, for one reason, the boom fallacy is tending to disappear from business.

Several times Wall Street itself believed the ground was exhausted. It unloaded stocks on the public and stood out, thinking business was about to suffer a violent reaction. There were all the traditional signs of it. Each time the signs failed. Business had been only hesitating. And when it began to advance again Wall Street speculators, knowing how to change their minds, bought stocks back from the public and put prices very much higher.

Here is no intention to discuss the fate of the bull market or the future of prices. The subject is speculation itself, in principle. It is in Wall Street as formerly it was in business. Two lines are running. One is a line that might be called the line of value. It represents changes in the investment value of securities corresponding to changes in the underlying properties and equities. In the average this change is upward, from the fact of continuous development in the power of business to create and distribute wealth. The other is the price line. It represents only the immediate market price of securities. These two lines tend always to diverge, and the relation of one to the other is extremely variable. The field of speculation lies in the disparity between them.

A Bubble of Rapture

In the origins of a bull market the price line is probably below the line of values, because in the last of the old cycle liquidation has carried prices too low. First the price line overtakes the line of value; at that point there is equilibrium; prices and values are together. You might suppose that from there both lines might rise alike. That is not what happens. The price line rises much faster than the other, anticipating a rise in values as business improves. Business does improve, and the line of value rises, so that all speculative calculations so far are redeemed. But now the price line begins to rise very much faster and speculative excitement increases accordingly.

When a state of excitement long continued passes into a state of delirium, prices cease to have any relation whatever to values. The line of values is forgotten. Nobody looks at it any more. From there on what causes the price line to rise is the power of suggestion acting on the imagination. People are no longer dealing in stocks; they are dealing in quotations. Simply, they are betting on numbers—higher and higher numbers—as at any other game of chance.

That rise in the price line is what absorbs at last all the credit there is. The higher it goes the more credit brokers are obliged to borrow in order to buy and carry stocks for their customers, and there is apparently nothing to stop it but a credit crisis. As it was with a price boom in the world of business, so it is still with a bubble of rapture like this in Wall Street. Everybody knows it will sometime burst—only, not yet.

For several months the whole world has been in a state of helpless anxiety about the consequences. Helpless because there was apparently nothing that could be done to avert a crisis. Those who write in defense of speculation—and these are many—attack the Federal Reserve Board for what they call a tight-money policy. They say it has no authority to raise the price of credit for the purpose of restraining speculation. As long as there is credit to be borrowed and Stock Exchange speculators are willing to pay the price the lenders ask, then let the law of supply and demand run. They say, moreover, that the Federal Reserve Board will not dare to raise the price of credit again, because if it does it will injure business—an effect, indeed, which its tight-money policy is already beginning to have.

To this the National City Bank, in its March, 1929, economic circular, retorts: "But the reserve banks are not responsible for tight-money rates. Rates are high because the amount of credit available for the stock market is too limited to satisfy the demand. The excited speculators pay little attention to rates and their brokers bid against each other for funds and run up the rate to figures which induce money to come from all parts of the country and from other countries."

At the Expense of Business

The nature of credit is extremely volatile. It runs to the highest market. When that market is the New York Stock Exchange credit will run there in streams rising all over the world. The only power of control lies with the individual bank or corporation in the act of making a specific loan. But there are many thousands of these, all of them in the same manner tempted to lend a little more on the New York Stock Exchange at 10 and 12 per cent interest and just that much less to other borrowers who can afford to pay only 6 per cent. A bank that belongs to the Federal Reserve System may lend its own funds freely on the Stock Exchange and then go to the Federal Reserve and borrow money at a lower rate of interest to satisfy the demands of its other customers for commercial credit.

To stop this practice the Federal Reserve Board raises the price of commercial credit. The only effect of this, however, is that the bank will charge its commercial borrowers a higher rate. That is the point at which business begins to suffer from the competition of speculators.

There is no surplus of credit in Great Britain. Yet, to keep English credit from running away to Wall Street, the Bank of England has had to raise the price of commercial credit in England, at the expense of all British business.

Then another thing happens. A rich private corporation may have a temporary surplus of ten millions on deposit in the bank. The treasurer withdraws it from the bank and lends it on the call-money market to speculators. That kind of lending in the last few years has assumed very large proportions. And all the time everybody knows that if nothing unexpected happens the bull market will go on and on until at last there is no more credit at any price.

Wall Street speculation in this design gives rise to many questions, moral, ethical and social. But the economic question alone is quite enough. Is the American ideal of continuous, orderly progress in the production and exchange of wealth thereby promoted or hindered? The answer is not arguable. Any use of credit that tends inevitably to bring to pass a credit crisis is a liability to the whole economic structure. And ultimately, again, it is the consumer who pays the final bill of loss.

That a rise in prices increases the sum of wealth is a fundamental delusion. It always was, but only in modern circumstances is it becoming quite clear. That eleven billions have been added in a year to the aggregate market price of securities on the Stock Exchange is no sign that wealth has been increased in any such measure. Wealth is in the realities, of which securities are but evidence and token. If the realities are increasing in value, then those who own them are for that reason rising in wealth; but this would take place all the same with the securities at rest in safe-deposit vaults and with not a Stock Exchange ticker in the world.

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One hundred years! A long time in America! The last thirty-two years have been devoted to setting the pace in golf club construction. Stretching beyond that, nearly seventy years of solid achievement in kindred workmanship—the delicate fashioning of shoe lasts and other articles of wood—truly thorough preparation for golf club manufacture—and still an important factor of the business.

As the second century begins, our pledge is to hold to the path that time has proved—quality of product and high ideals of business.

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I GAVE THEM WHAT THEY WANTED

(Continued from Page 31)

per cent of two hundred thousand dollars would be ten thousand dollars. Mike had worked his way back to the original figure simply by making the larger sum a valuation to be taxed, instead of the tax itself. I don't think I ever saw a quicker decision. Ball and his attorney agreed to the figure at once. We simply took the existing franchise, wrote in this new provision in one short paragraph, and handed it to Mayor Drake without recommendation. The session lasted forty minutes and everyone present went out victorious. Mayor Drake wrote finis to the episode with a brief statement for the press, saying, "The company agreed to my figure of two hundred thousand dollars valuation for a ten-year franchise, and it will be granted." Politically, Mike had won a smashing victory; financially, the company had come off far better than Ball had dared hope.

On our way back to his office Callaghan said to me: "I've got that outfit, now, right where I want 'em. The valuation of the franchise is fixed in the franchise and can't be changed for ten years, but the tax rate can be changed every year. We can twist the tail off Percy some day, if he makes it necessary. Do you know what he's doing? He's getting a committee of snoopers together. They're going to clean up our town. Yeah. Going to bring in some detectives and show the awful relations between me and vice. Idiot! He'd be doing a lot better for himself to hurry along and lay that new track."

"Don't you think it's funny," I asked, "that he and his general attorney didn't spot the loophole in the franchise terms and try to nail down that tax rate of five per cent, so that it wouldn't be raised later on?"

"Aw, they spotted that," Mike answered. "Sure, they spotted that. But they're expecting to get rid of me pretty soon. We're going to have a cleaned-up town and I'm going to be run out of it. Wouldn't that curl your whiskers?"

However, in spite of Mike's scornful attitude toward the impending clean-up campaign, I could see that he was giving it serious consideration. There was danger ahead, and he was never the man to try to banish it by whistling. If an absolutely honest and absolutely secret ballot could have been taken suddenly, without a campaign, to determine whether we should continue to have a wide-open town, I think that the voters of that day would have divided about evenly, or there might perhaps have been a slight majority for gayety and sin, but no referendum is ever taken in any such manner. Men would be called upon to step out in the open and declare themselves. Under these circumstances not less than seven out of ten would go on record in favor of law enforcement.

In the sort of campaign that Percy Ball and other prominent citizens were planning, no balloting was proposed, but when their finance committee solicited funds he would be a brave, not to say foolhardy, citizen who turned them down. With money available, they could employ detectives from other cities to gather evidence. In view of the abundance of evidence available, no one in his right mind could fail to foresee what an ordeal the jurors before whom these cases would be tried must confront if they were unwilling to convict the defendants. Even disagreements would be out of the question, much less acquittals. And yet Mike knew that if he could defeat the reformers by whatever means proved available a very large percentage of the population would be entirely satisfied, or even pleased. At any rate, they would let the matter drop after the usual brief flurry. There is a little bit of bad in most good citizens, and a tremendous amount of lukewarmness and carelessness. These qualities are what the boss capitalizes.

For two weeks an amusing game of hide and go seek was played in our local underworld; the visiting detectives busied themselves spying upon gambling houses and trying to identify the proprietors, while our local police endeavored to identify the unwelcome visitors and spy upon them. Neither side had a very difficult task and both, I judged from the reports Mike received, won victories daily. Gambling was wide open, anyone could enter its palaces, and no one need have wasted time asking their locations, for they were the best-lighted places in the city.

One of the most active and keenest of the invading sleuths proved to have an unsavory record, including two convictions for perjury. The police looked up these men's records as fast as they were identified. Mike waited as long as he considered safe and then disclosed these records through intermediaries to Percy Ball. Two of the detectives with blemished records were dropped and all of their work had to be done over again. Another was neatly trapped in a brawl staged for his benefit, and slugged. That retired him to a hospital for the duration of the war. Nevertheless, the committee continued doggedly toward its goal and evidence was piling up. To my amazement, popular as well as financial support rallied to the committee. Although Mike had just finished one drama in the rôle of hero, he was now rapidly assuming the rôle of villain. Ball's original plan had been for the detectives to do their work secretly, but when news of their presence in the city leaked out it was received with favorable comment by the public and the press. We had hoped that the drift of opinion might be unfavorable to the whole enterprise, but now we saw that the time had come for action.

Mike and Mayor Drake and the chief of police and I went into conference one afternoon in Mike's dingy private office. Something had to be done without much more delay, because the evidence gathered would probably be presented to the next grand jury. It would convene on the following Monday, four days hence.

"The thing to do," Mike said, "is beat them to it. If our people want a closed town they can have it. They don't have to send to Russia for Cossacks. We can do that little job with home talent. We don't even need the grand jury. Gambling is a misdemeanor, not a felony. No indictments are necessary. Let's just go out and raid all these places, drag in the guilty culprits, and tell them they can either plead guilty or we won't let them run any more. Some of them are crooked, anyway; they ought to be closed for keeps. The chief knows which ones are the worst. What do you say, chief?"

You will doubtless observe the conflicting statements in Mike's proposal—namely that we were to have a closed town, and in the same breath, that the gamblers must plead guilty "or we won't let them run any more." The explanation is that Mike couldn't imagine a permanently closed town. He had never seen one. Any variation from wide open seemed to him necessarily a temporary arrangement. Taken at their face value, his remarks appear to contain nothing more than a suggestion. As you have just read them in print, they probably do not indicate that grave events were impending. As I listened to him, however, I detected a new note in his voice—one I had never heard before, although I heard it often enough later. It was a sinister note. Mayor Drake's expression, which was usually jocular, changed suddenly; the muscles of his jaw knotted and fright peered unsteadily through his eyes. I knew that he loved gambling and enjoyed the company of picturesque gamblers. Evidently there was something more unpleasant in store for them than Mike's simple words indicated to me.

The chief of police guffawed, but I noticed with amazement that he guffawed nervously. He was a barrel-shaped man, strong as a stevedore, quick to laugh, famous as a good fellow, fond of cards and horses, wine and beefsteak, but at bottom utterly cruel; a weirdly primitive person who belonged to the thirteenth century. I have seen him laugh uproariously at a clubfooted negro beggar. Deformity of all kinds amused him.

His noisy laugh was sufficient answer to Mike's question, but he added a hearty: "Correct as hell."

"How long will it take you to get ready?" Drake asked.

"Do it tonight," the chief grunted.

"Tonight?" Drake queried. Plainly, haste was not what he wanted.

"Sure," said the chief. "We don't need no time to get ready. We ain't out for evidence. They got to plead guilty. That's the idea, ain't it, Mike?"

"That's it."

"All right, then," Drake said, with resignation, "tonight."

"Tonight," the chief repeated, and Callaghan nodded vigorously. Even he now seemed a trifle nervous. All three of them were nervous, and I kept wondering why. This was a phase of municipal affairs that I had never before encountered; therefore I had no way of knowing how much these men could communicate to each other without the use of words. But I was soon to know more about these matters.

When we rose from our chairs the chief said to me, "Go to the Palace tonight at ten o'clock."

"What for?" I asked.

"Witness," he grunted.

"I didn't know you were going to need witnesses," I said.

"May be some trouble," he explained. "Just stand around; keep out of the way and see what happens. If anything happens, you'll testify, and all you've got to do is tell the truth regardless. That's fair, ain't it?"

I turned to Mike with an expression that must have screeched "Oh, spare my chee-ild!" because he laughed. It was not a pleasant laugh, however. Then he nodded a firm approval of the chief's request. I had my orders and that settled that. At least it would be interesting, and I must confess to a normal amount of curiosity.

The Palace was the largest and most ornate gambling house in the city, and famous throughout the state. Its three proprietors boasted that the city had grown up around their establishment, and they were not far from right as a matter of history, though what they meant was that without gambling there wouldn't have been any city. Theirs was the first local telephone subscribed for, the first order for installation of electric lights, and in the barroom they exhibited the first cash register purchased in the city. Some twenty years earlier it had been the custom for farmers, cattle raisers and business men from neighboring crossroads villages to leave their money and valuable papers in the Palace safe, rather than take them to a bank. In view of all these traditions, the proprietors of the Palace regarded politicians and peace officers with contempt. They bribed the sheriff—to the extent that he needed bribing—by inviting him to dinner occasionally and giving him expensive Christmas presents for which, as a rule, he had no use. Mere constables could not muster sufficient courage to enter the place; its painfully brilliant lights made them appear clownishly shabby. Policemen regarded it as a historic landmark in which the city took pride. Mike was not dazzled by the Palace, but he had never succeeded in obtaining from its proprietors a donation to his campaign funds larger than five hundred dollars, which was the standard contribution for gambling houses half its size. Others gave gladly, even cringingly, but the tailored and manicured

(Continued on Page 198)

Why Two Million Critical Women Leave Their Baking To Us

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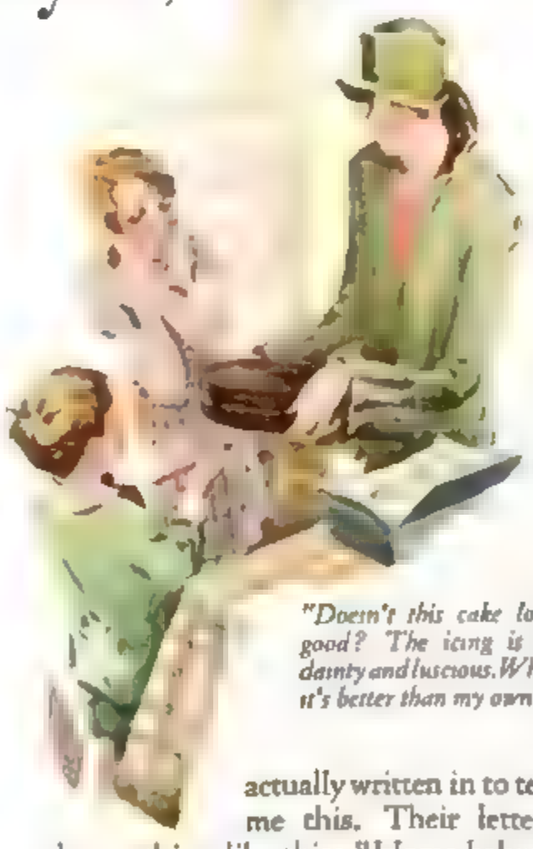

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THE MIRACLE OF FLAX-LI-NUM

FLAX-LI-NUM, through its two-air-space method of installation, *actually transforms the useless air between the walls into an active ally of insulation.* By a remarkable but fundamental principle, it increases its own insulating value fully one-half . . brings far greater protection . and allows the use of an *economical thickness* of material with increased efficiency.

FOR more than nineteen years, FLAX-LI-NUM has been identified by the two-air-space method of installation. So closely, in fact, have they been associated that the two have become inseparable ... "two air spaces" means FLAX-LI-NUM, and FLAX-LI-NUM means "two air spaces".

The beginning of this relationship is of interest and value to everyone who builds a home ... for it explains so simply and clearly why FLAX-LI-NUM has been outstanding in its success ... and why ... down through these years, FLAX-LI-NUM has signified greater year around comfort and winter fuel economy.

FLAX-LI-NUM chose deliberately the two-air-space method because of its scientific correctness and greater efficiency ... because through this "wall-within-a-wall" principle FLAX-LI-NUM increased its own insulating value *50% after it was installed*...and because the added resistance of two air spaces made possible an entirely new measure of home comfort.

In the development and perfection of FLAX-LI-NUM, the principle was first ... and the material followed. It was not a means of utilizing an otherwise wasted by-product...but a scientific determination to make available a building insulation that combined *permanence* with the greatest possible efficiency.

Ask for FLAX-LI-NUM and the "Two-Air-Spaces"

Whether you build, rent or buy, be sure your home has FLAX-LI-NUM and the remarkable two air spaces in the walls.
We will gladly send you the facts upon which the application of FLAX-LI-NUM is based ... and explain how at a very reasonable cost ... your next home can be sealed against summer heat and winter cold, in accordance with the recommendations of the U. S. Bureau of Standards.

FLAX-LI-NUM INSULATING CO., St. Paul, Minnesota
228 North La Salle St., Chicago 101 Park Ave., New York City

Flax-li-num
A CORRECT BUILDING INSULATION AND SOUND CONTROL MATERIAL

FLAX-LI-NUM INSULATING CO.
St. Paul, Minn. S. E. P.—6

Please send me full information on the Flax-li-num "two-air-space" method of insulation.

Name_____
Address_____
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(Continued from Page 196)

lords of the Palace tossed out their donations as though they were bones for a stray dog. Mike had accepted them without comment for years; he was a master of silence.

Promptly at ten o'clock I strolled into the gaudy lobby of the Palace and tossed some coins to the two crippled beggars standing there. Downstairs there was a large restaurant—the best in the state—also a barroom with three bartenders always on duty. A stairway twelve feet wide led to the upper floor and the games of chance. This was an enormous room, housing ten tables for dice games, twenty tables for card games, six roulette wheels, two billiard tables and four pool tables, besides other paraphernalia which I could not identify. The building was only two stories high. I wandered from table to table, glancing at each game just a moment; what I was really doing was looking for a safe place for an innocent bystander who might be caught in the disorder of a raid. The room was fairly well filled and no one paid any attention to me.

Lookout men, employed by the house, were also wandering about, glancing at the various games. They were experts in detecting fraud. I noticed that all of them were armed, but, for that matter, so were the card dealers and those who presided over the roulette and dice games. It was the boast of the management of the Palace that a schoolboy could play there without being cheated. Finally I found a place that recommended itself by offering cover, and lingered there sipping a glass of lemonade. The big clock over the manager's desk said ten after ten. I judged that I would not have to wait long. For five minutes I watched the stairway, expecting each moment to see a crowd of blue uniforms.

Presently I became conscious of a rumbling noise overhead—a noise somewhat like thunder. Others began to notice it also. The lookout men glanced nervously at the ceiling, wrinkled their brows and squinted their habitually strained eyes. Regardless of age, all of them had crow's-feet around their eyes. Jim Blatchford, the proprietor then on duty, left his desk and whispered to one of the lookout men, who hastened to the stairway and disappeared. The noise overhead now increased in volume to such an extent that I could guess the cause of it. There were men—not less than ten, I estimated—walking on the flat tin roof. The lookout man returned from his errand and hurried to Blatchford's desk. Blatchford pulled a switch and darkened the room for the merest fraction of a second in order to stop all play.

"Attention, gentlemen," he said in a calm voice. "We are going to be raided. Cash in your chips, please. There's plenty of time, so don't leave your hats or coats. Anyone who comes in here before these chips are cashed, comes over my dead body. Take your time."

Fully half of those present left at once without cashing their chips, but they didn't run. The clatter of chips being counted rose from every table. Blatchford summoned five men to help him redeem them. Their fingers moved with magic speed. Another fifteen seconds and the job would have been completed, but it was interrupted by the crash of axes striking the wooden ventilator. This simple contraption was merely a square box that rose four feet above the roof; its slatted sides permitted the fog of cigar smoke that rose from the gaming tables to float away. As the axes crashed against these brittle slats a shower of splinters descended into the room. This precipitated a stampede. By the time the second shower of splinters fell all of the customers were gone. Some of them left their chips; many left their hats. A dozen gamblers employed by the house hurried toward the cloakrooms to take off their working coats or aprons, or both, and put on their street attire. Three or four others came out of the cloakrooms, running. The lookout men loitered or strolled toward Blatchford.

"Stand by here, men!" roared Blatchford. "Do you think I'm going to surrender all this money to a gang of thieving cops? Grab your guns and stand by, I say!" Most of the gaming-table attendants continued running, but the lookout men rallied round. Trouble was their job and panic a sensation they knew very little about.

Another crash of axes demolished the ventilator completely; instantly a step-ladder slid down.

"The first man who shows himself is a dead man!" Blatchford shouted. "If you want to come in here, you come through the door!"

Why they hadn't come through the door in the first place puzzled me even in the midst of the excitement. It was wide enough to accommodate an elephant.

"You're under arrest, all of you!" a voice shouted from the roof.

With sickening anxiety I saw a pair of shoes, then the blue trouser legs of a policeman's uniform appear on the top rung of the ladder. Blatchford took careful aim and fired just as his two partners came running up the stairs with pistols in their hands.

The blue uniform dropped to the floor and bounced two feet. It was a dummy stuffed with straw. While it was still falling the ear-splitting roar of a shotgun filled the room, and Blatchford sagged to the floor, clutching his forehead, where the whole load had taken effect. The lookout men and Blatchford's two partners then opened a fusillade on the hole where the ventilator had been.

Suddenly I heard the bull voice of the chief of police at the head of the stairs. "Put up those guns!" he ordered. "You're under arrest." I turned and saw the ugly barrels of eight shotguns resting on the top step. Just the forehead of each of the policemen behind those guns was visible. They were lying down on the stairs, and thus entrenched. I couldn't see the chief at all. Firing stopped immediately. "Put your guns on the floor!" ordered the chief. They did so reluctantly. "Now, then, come on over here and line up!" Ten minutes later they were being marched to the city jail, five blocks away, handcuffed and roped together. I hurried to Blatchford as soon as the gamblers had grounded their arms. He was dead.

"Well," the chief said, wiping his forehead and sighing, "did you see Blatchford fire at that uniform?"

I nodded. Then he nodded and walked away. As my nerves became calmer the purpose of the exotic details of this raid became apparent. Blatchford had simply been framed. By chopping their way through the roof the police had chased away all of the customers before coming to grips with the management of the Palace. Not only that, they had also got rid of the house employes who would run. There remained then only the die-hards who held the police in contempt, and these were the ones destined for the chastening experience of handcuffs and jail. They were captured with no witness present besides myself. I don't think there is much doubt that the chief had also planned to kill whichever one of the three proprietors happened to be on duty. They were high-spirited men and he must have known just about how they would behave. For his purpose his plan was entirely adequate. Blatchford had fired point-blank at what he supposed was an officer of the law. To return the fire would be held lawful. The plain, blunt truth about what had happened would exonerate the man who fired the shot—and I may as well say right now that it did. He was not even indicted. When, and if, the Palace reopened its doors, its proprietors would know who was boss and that they operated by his permission. When next they were invited to contribute to a campaign fund they would show better manners, and more generosity, too, no doubt. *(Continued on Page 201)*

good nightety night · · nightety night · good nightly — nightly — nightety · · night · ·

The clicking rails drone on . . . drowsily . . . dreamily . . . oh, hum . . . with what real comfort you relax between the snowy sheets of Lower 8 . . . with what a grateful sense of coziness your head sinks into soft, sanitary pillows . . . with what glorious, luxurious *confidence* you feel the kiss of freshly laundered linen against your skin as you snuggle down for a sound, refreshing sleep!

When you awake in the morning, we wonder whether you ever stop to think how very much confidence in Pullman cleanliness *has contributed to your night's rest?*

Do you know that the Pullman laundry bundle averages almost a million pieces of linen *per *day?*

And are you aware that almost all of this vast amount of linen is washed and ironed by almost-human "American" laundry machines? The *same* marvelous machines that the laundry uses to do your family washing . . . that, wherever you may wander—ashore or afloat—in the four corners of the earth . . . insure safety and sanitation for you.

It *is* a Big Job to keep the world clean—we are proud of our part in that job.

*This American Eight-Roll Flat Work Ironer produces, in a nine-hour day, 6500 Pullman sheets. This illustrates the important contribution made by our engineers to the laundry industry.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY
Executive Offices: Cincinnati, Ohio

In the Cause of World Cleanliness

SUPREMACY AMERICAN

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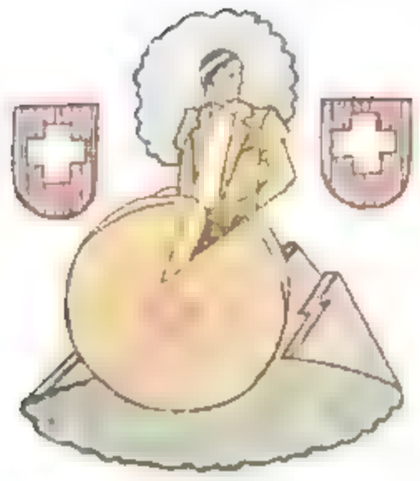


ESSEN SIE SWITZERLAND CHEESE,
DEN KAESE MIT DEM GESCHMACK, DEN KEIN ANDERER
SCHWEIZER-TYP KAESE HAT

Help yourself to Switzerland Cheese and taste a flavor no Swiss "style" cheese can have

A TASTE of Switzerland Cheese reveals a flavor that words cannot fully describe. You may say it is rich . . . zestful . . . nut-sweet and still miss the appropriate word.

Likewise those who make Swiss "style" cheese in countries other than Switzerland are baffled by their inability to produce the flavor of the genuine Switzerland Cheese. Regardless of their formulas, scientific methods or rich milk, the finished product misses the flavor that has made Switzerland Cheese famous the world over.

The reason that Switzerland Cheese has a flavor that can't be copied is this—*no other nation has the same pastures, forage and pure water that Switzerland has.* These special gifts from nature to that little rugged country impart a distinctive flavor to the milk and then to the cheese which is yours to enjoy.

In buying this rare cheese you can always be sure of getting the genuine when you see the many imprints of the word—"Switzerland"—on the rind. No other cheese can be thus marked. And if you take the advice of the Swiss cheese-maker, you will ask for pound or half-pound cuts instead of wafer-thin slices. The portions you break or cut from these pieces bring much more flavor to your taste.

Here's a delicious combination—slices of a tart, juicy apple on which are laid similar shaped slices of Switzerland Cheese. An ideal light luncheon which is tasteful and nourishing.

Switzerland Cheese is ideal in sandwiches, omelets, fondues and soufflés. Serve it as a dessert by itself or with fruit. Switzerland Cheese is sold everywhere and served in leading hotels and restaurants. Its color sometimes varies from a cream to butter-yellow. The size of the eyes also varies from medium to large. But the rare flavor never varies. Switzerland Cheese Association, Berne, Switzerland.

For unusual recipes and suggestions in which Switzerland Cheese is the flavorful ingredient, write for a free copy of the attractive booklet in color—"Switzerland Cheese—How to Use and How to Serve It." Address Switzerland Cheese Association, 105 Hudson St., New York City.

SWITZERLAND CHEESE

Genuine Swiss Cheese from Switzerland

AT A GLANCE YOU CAN IDENTIFY SWITZERLAND CHEESE.
THE RIND IS STAMPED WITH MANY IMPRINTS OF THE WORD "SWITZERLAND."
NO OTHER CHEESE CAN BE THUS MARKED.

It takes head-work to carry a cheese this big.

This cute little house is really a Swiss Cheesery.

(Continued from Page 198)

While I pondered these matters Mayor Drake came in and went immediately to the roulette tables. He and the chief uprooted one and began to explore its inner mechanism. From their conversation I gathered that the mayor had often "bucked" this game, to use his own expression, and now was consumed with curiosity to know whether the game was honest. They found that it was not. I am unable to pass upon their testimony, but both of them seemed to know what they were doing and agreed on their findings. Later the chief told me that he also found loaded dice and marked cards among the equipment of the Palace. Men are strangely romantic about their vices. The reputation of this establishment for sterling integrity exceeded, at that time, the standing of any bank in the city. Its honesty had become a legend.

But there have always been such legends about violators of the law and I have no doubt that they will flourish forever. Nobody questions the fact that gambling is a cruel sport, likely to spawn cheating, but its devotees always know someone who, although he makes his living at it, is nevertheless the personification of honor. Today everybody admits that bootleggers are not as a class distinguished for nobility of character, but the drinking man invariably knows one in whom he has unbounded confidence. We are romantic about our vices in order to avoid admitting that we are fools.

Investigation of the equipment of the Palace was finally interrupted by a telephone call, summoning the chief of police to confer with the sheriff; both the city and county jails were filled to capacity, though prisoners were still being brought in. However, the jails had not been empty before the raids took place. All of them netted only one hundred and seventeen prisoners. Most of the raids had been conducted by only two or three officers, who entered politely through front doors, stopped play, presented their warrants and left after making sure that the houses were darkened. They didn't even put their prisoners under bond, but permitted them to go home. Five establishments only had been scenes of disorder. Shots had been fired in three besides the Palace. To the gambling fraternity these proceedings were crystal clear. They knew which places had paid as little as possible, or paid unwillingly. Only these had been wrecked. They also knew why Jim Blatchford had been riddled with buckshot. But the public did not, and neither did Percy Ball or the members of his committee. To them this night's work was a complete mystery. Their whole campaign was wrecked.

The gamblers could have explained everything to them in one minute, but why should they? Needless to say, they never did. If Percy Ball and his committee could have shown that Mike Callaghan collected graft from gambling houses at regular intervals, they would still have had a case to present to the grand jury, but no such evidence was available, for the reason that Mike did not operate on that basis. He merely solicited campaign funds and took whatever was given without complaint. As matters stood on the morning after the raids, every gambling house in the city had been closed, one hundred and seventeen men had been imprisoned, and one of the proprietors of the wealthiest, largest and most impudent of all these establishments was dead, shot by a policeman.

Mike had done precisely what he set out to do—beat them to it and they were not shrewd enough to know that he now controlled gambling as he had never even tried to control it before. For the detectives employed by Percy Ball's committee to present their sketchy evidence to the grand jury would have been ridiculous. The whole job had been completed. Nothing remained to be done now, from Mike's point of view, but wait patiently until the visiting detectives were dismissed. Ball was a canny person; he kept them a full month. If he had kept them two months the gambling houses would have remained closed exactly that long, but it was difficult for the committee of reformers to raise funds with no fireworks in prospect. After thirty days the invaders departed and the gambling houses reopened their doors; however, they burned fewer electric lights thereafter.

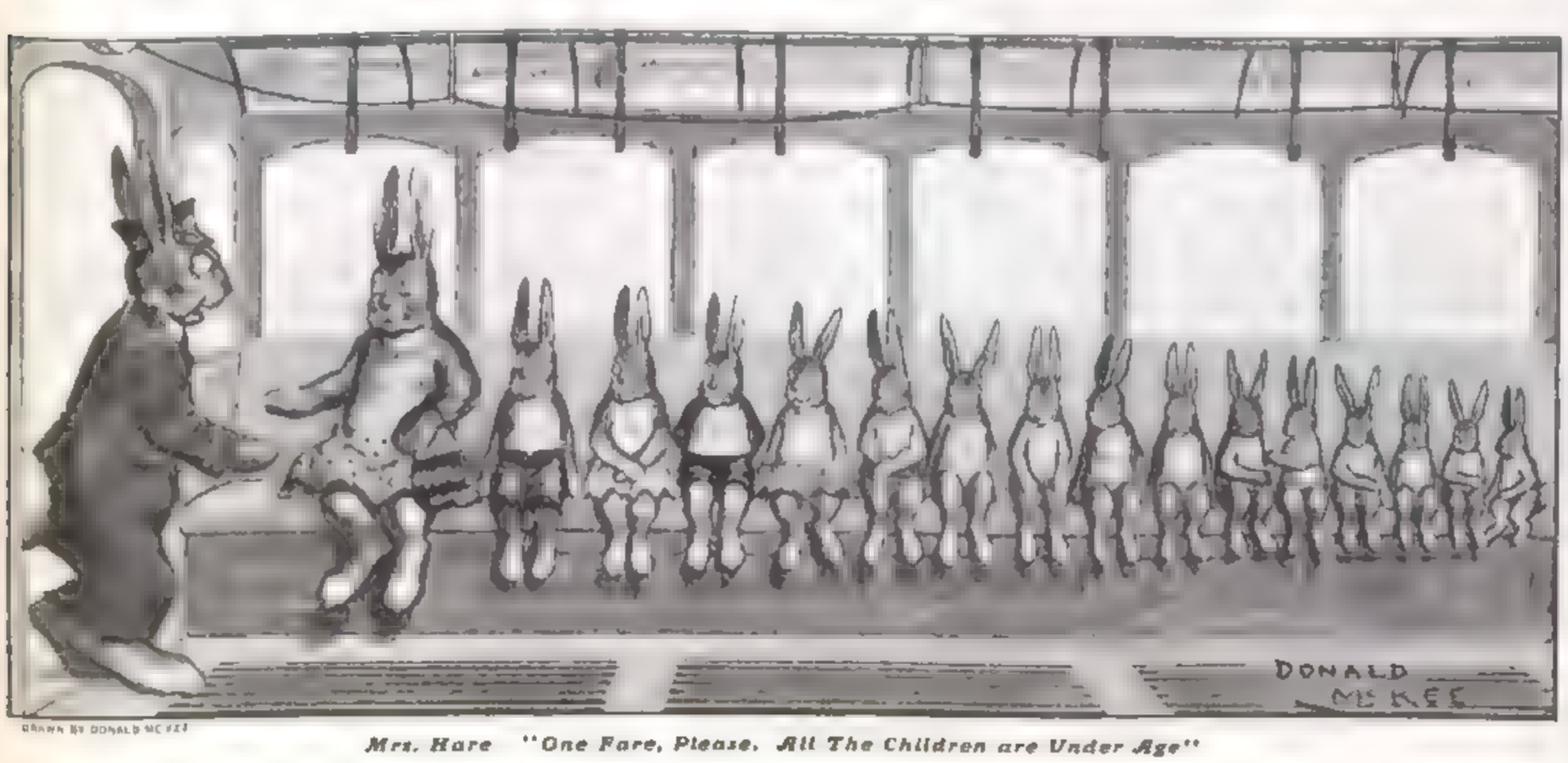
That this would be the net result of the raids, Mike knew from the beginning. What troubled him immediately after that hectic night was how to handle one hundred and seventeen misdemeanor cases on the dockets of the three local justices of the peace. Our machine controlled one of the county courts, but we had never paid much attention to justices of the peace. As a matter of fact, no one controlled them, although there was a county ring almost as powerful as our city machine. Mike often invaded county politics and always had a toe hold, at least, but precinct offices had never before assumed much importance. Now he would have to ask these justices of the peace to impose heavy fines on the gamblers in order to keep up the appearance of absolute sincerity.

Mike called the three justices into conference at nine o'clock. Their courts were due to open at ten. He told them, briefly, that he hoped they would impose fines of not less than twenty-five dollars, preferably more. The legal maximum was one hundred dollars. They were opposed to such heavy penalties on the ground that custom dictated the minimum fine when the defendant pleaded guilty in a case that did not involve violence. They had no reason to support Mike's political fortunes; moreover, they did not regard these defendants as morally guilty. It was a difficult situation for Mike because, secretly, he agreed with the justices of the peace. Some way had to be found to make his interests their interests. The man who can't turn that trick will soon cease to be a boss.

Mike readily found a way. Justices of the peace and constables were paid under the fee system. Mike suggested that they could make out a bill for costs in each of these cases that would include the following items: Summoning a jury, summoning three witnesses, mileage in reaching the witnesses, one day's court attendance for the constable, one day's court attendance for the prosecutor, the usual fee for the justice himself for trial of a case. In short, they were to make out the complete bill of cost for a thoroughly contested case, the trial of which consumed a day. This bill would amount to twenty-two dollars and fifty cents. Add to it a fine of two dollars and fifty cents and the desired total of twenty-five dollars was attained. The state would receive only the two dollars and fifty cents and the rest would be distributed in fees. In view of the fact that all these fines would be paid immediately in cash, these fees would be a succulent item.

Mike's counsel prevailed. When the gamblers came to court their bills were awaiting them. Each entered his plea of guilty and paid what he assumed to be his fine. No one questioned the proceeding or asked for an itemized statement. The public was satisfied, the gamblers were satisfied, and Mike was thrilled with the prospect of consolidating his power on a much firmer basis by getting control of these relatively unimportant offices. With the three justices of the peace under his thumb, he would never again have to confer with the sheriff on the subject of an open town. He had often fought for control of the sheriff's office and lost every time. But the sheriff, if he attempted to close the town, would have to take his cases exactly where Mike had taken his. Obviously the thing to do was capture those three little courts which really had no business existing in a large municipality, because the justice of the peace and the constable are distinctly rural institutions. There they serve a useful purpose. In a city they ought not to be elective offices, because scarcely one voter in ten pays any attention to them. Mike not only saw how they could free him from all need for diplomatic relations with the county authorities but he had also caught a new vision of their meaning in terms of revenue. Before the day was over we had begun to lay our plans for the coming county and precinct elections. And, believe me, they were novel plans. It was this campaign which laid the groundwork for the important part we were soon to play in state affairs.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Mrs. Hare "One Fare, Please. All The Children are Under Age"

WHO ELSE

. . . . . wants a Custom-made Suit at LESS than Retail Prices?

Here is NOGAR'S BRIGHTON model, a three button, double-breasted, semi-peaked lapel suit

Ask the . . .

NOGAR MAN!

Then and there you will recognize the really remarkable values in fabrics and finish that are to be found in the NOGAR line of business apparel. Some of these suits and overcoats sell for as little as $21.75

Let the NOGAR man show you how you can *always* be smartly dressed and wear fashionably tailored custom-made clothes—*at a price within reason*

No Wonder NOGAR MEN are Welcomed

Just imagine what it means to have the entire resources of one of the World's Largest Clothing Organizations brought right to your own doorstep! All the latest styles and smartest fabrics can be seen at a glance. Exact measurements are correctly taken by a trained NOGAR man and you are assured of a suit or overcoat that measures up in every sense to the finest custom-made clothing. All this is yours with none of the annoyance and bother of going to a tailor and at a MUCH LOWER PRICE!

Ask to See The NOGAR Man

He will be more than glad to be of REAL service to you. There is absolutely no obligation on your part. See for yourself how easy it is always to be well dressed—and save money!

The demand for NOGAR custom-made suits has increased so rapidly that there may possibly be some delay in having the NOGAR man call upon you. This situation has created unusual opportunities for men who can qualify for this work.

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CLOTHING MFG. COMPANY
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Gentlemen: Please send one of your salesmen to call on me. I am especially interested in ☐ suits, ☐ overcoats, ☐ topcoats. This does not obligate me in any way.

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Spur Tie

ALL TIED FOR YOU...50¢ · 75¢ · $1.00

The spotlight of good grooming

EYES first focus on your tie. It holds the spotlight. The ensemble from chin to lapel dominates your whole get-up.

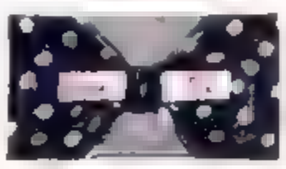
Why is it that millions, whose bread and butter depend on snapping across their personality, wear Spur Ties? It's because a Spur Tie always clicks. It has a dashing, informal correctness—a breeziness and vigor, tempered by good taste, which never fail to register.

Glance at the "New Point" above. Note the springtime pep of pointed ends. This model has caught the fancy of advanced stylists—the fellows who like to be a few weeks ahead of the mob. It is shown in the new silks—brilliant color harmonies in modernistic design.

The unique superiority of a Spur Tie is its patented H-shape Innerform—a flexible chassis which can be fluffed and patted into any shape you like, and holds it all day.

A Spur Tie is so much smarter and better than any bow you ever wore that one try-on will convince.

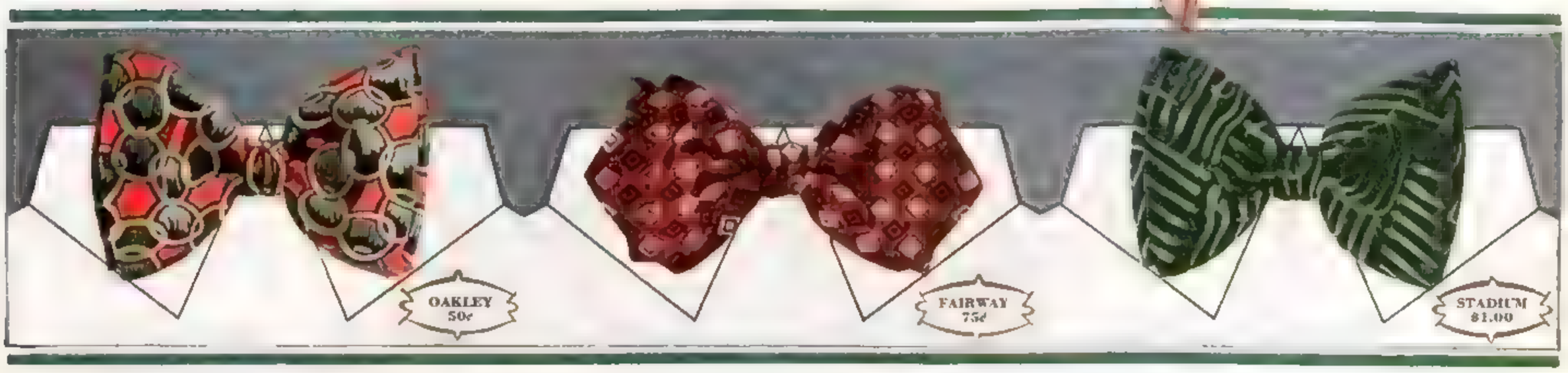
Hewes & Potter, Inc., 65B Bedford Street, Boston, Mass
New York: 200 Fifth Avenue; Pacific Coast Stock: 120 Battery Street, San Francisco, Cal. Made in Canada by Tooke Bros., Ltd., Montreal



You can shape a Spur Tie in any way you like—fluffy or flat, severe or sportive—and the patented H-shape Innerform holds it that way. A genuine Spur Tie has this red label in back of knot.

FREE

Read about the interesting folks of movieland stardom in this big fascinating book, "Off the Lot." Profusely illustrated with charming photos. For your copy, write to Hewes & Potter, 65B Bedford St., Boston, Mass.



MAKING DREAMS COME TRUE

(Continued from Page 19)

and thickness, duplicating in every curve the original drawing.

Art research usually will provide old illustrations showing the styles in foot and headgear in various periods, as well as weapons, but when I had to provide ideas for Mima I discovered that only the idea of evolution from a creeping form of life up to the highly intellectual would express my plans.

The gnomes, therefore, became froglike things with huge devil masks for faces. Their feet were shapeless blobs and such foot coverings had to be constructed. In the next form of life, the workers, with only sufficient intelligence to be driven to small tasks, were clad in shoes of the hoof variety, with a hairy fringe running above the ankles. Then came the change into sentient thought and action, with harness uniforms, conventional feet and a mere trace of animal hide about the ankles.

The Costume Parade

And so we progressed through the gradations of intelligence until we came to Satan and his courtiers, with their evening garments of red, and conventional appearance except for the small horns sprouting from the skull.

With ideas as definite as these, it was a simple matter for me to direct my artists in plate drawing and for them to supervise the making of the various items in the list. But this finally seemed to take some doing, for it was hard to convince the shoemakers that I really wanted shapeless pads in some instances instead of foot shapes.

Manufacture of head coverings, such as helmets, crowns, and so on, follows the same orderly procedure. The armorers are provided with head sizes and exact drawings showing each detail of the required helmets. It is surprising how adept these workers become and how seldom we have to return anything for even the smallest change. I call it vocational telepathy.

As the various items are assembled, my art director and costume mistress make careful check of everything. There is the inevitable trying-on process, and when all is in readiness I call my company together for a costume parade. There is a reason for this method instead of consideration of individual costumes. What is most important is the ensemble effect and what might seem a fault in one item in reality will probably prove to be an asset in the whole.

Inversely, the costume parade often will disclose some fault or some need for an individual character to stand out more clearly, possibly in different colors. Often this means radical changes. Costly? Yes, but one cannot fight for artistic realism and at the same time consider costs. Cheap and shoddy effects—the "just as good"—make for cheap and shoddy acting. That is one of the reasons for my determination that everything on my stages shall be solid. A quaking throne or a canvas wall which bulges as stage hands pass behind it is evidence of shoddy production.

In the meantime, rehearsals have been in progress for some time and the general details of stage lighting and special effects have been completed. Something of the possibilities in lighting may be understood when one realizes that there are 144 degrees of light between black out and maximum illumination, by the use of dimmers—that is, an apparatus which increases or decreases the light values at the will of the operator.

Numberless combinations are possible, particularly with one special projected light with which I produce dawn, sunrise, noonday, late afternoon, dusk, sunset and moonrise, using only colored reflectors and dimmers.

And now we come to the finishing touches of the production. Colors and lighting effects seemingly perfect with the stage set take on a new appearance when the costumed actors become a part of the picture. Reflection from the faces and costumes of the players sometimes makes the whole plan unsatisfactory.

Then we have to go back to the beginning, after finding the key, or motif, color which will be our foundation. Sometimes this takes hours, sometimes days. I will not pass a scene or any portion of a scene until I know it is natural.

As part after part of the offering is perfected, Mr. Hartmann writes out the light cues and the details of the lights at each change. These are transcribed much in the same form as the players' parts; cues both of word and movement being used to indicate the time for light changes.

A New Make-Up

Some of these cue lists are long and most involved, particularly those for special operators whose duty it is to keep a constantly changing stream of light on the face or figure of some featured player.

I learned the need for this first with Mrs. Leslie Carter. During her early days with me I realized that her high coloring and emotion-marked countenance needed some softening agent to bring out the beauty which was there.

This resulted in my inventing a rose-glow light which, played on her face in varying intensities throughout her appearance on the stage, actually washed out color, lines and hollows and gave her a spiritual quality which aided materially in her interpretations.

Following the light rehearsals we have scene rehearsals and effect rehearsals into

(Continued on Page 205)

Mr. Belasco and His Technical Staff Considering a Proposed Change in the Scene Model for "The Merchant of Venice." Unerringly He Puts His Finger on the Fault

SILVERFILL
IT PLATES AS IT POLISHES

Now you can replate your fixtures of brass, bronze and copper with shining silver. SILVERFILL—the new household utility compound—not only cleans, polishes and replates silver and nickel surfaces, but also plates with pure silver on brass, copper, bronze, and most alloys.

SILVERFILL is a powder containing pure silver which plates as it cleans—deposits a brand new coat of silver at every application—rubs NEW SILVER on to assure the permanent life and beauty of all silver or nickel plated surfaces.

A little SILVERFILL on a wet cloth—a few gentle rubs and the trick is done. For a hundred uses around every home, SILVERFILL is a shining bit of magic. It is especially good for the nickel trimmings on your automobile.

If you cannot obtain SILVERFILL locally, we will supply you direct on receipt of the purchase price. Use the coupon below, and for your future convenience, send us the name of your nearest dealer.

SILVERFILL MANUFACTURING CO.
80 Federal St. Boston, Mass

Sold in one-ounce cans by leading department stores

50 *cents*

Silverfill Mfg. Co.
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Enclosed please find 50 cents for which send me one ounce can of SILVERFILL as advertised.

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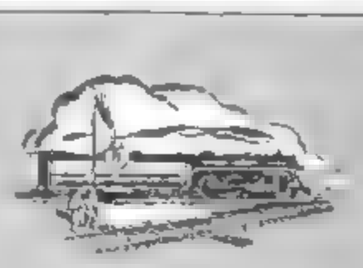
RAILROADS USE TESTED AND TIME HONORED WROUGHT IRON



Railways use Wrought Iron for pipe lines and couplings, boiler braces, engine bolts, tie bars, switch rods, truss rods, grab irons, draw bars, spikes and rivets, valve yokes, spring hangers, chains and cables, safety devices, and many special forgings.

In Ship Building and Navigation, Wrought Iron is indispensable for anchor chains and cables, clevices and turnbuckles, rivets and bolts. American Navy vessels are riveted with wrought iron and carry wrought iron anchor chains. For pipe lines, boiler stays and tubes, and various special forgings, wrought iron is preferred. In toughness and dependability, as well as resistance to corrosion by salt water and salt air, it is unequaled for such uses.

In General Industry, pipe, chains, cables, boiler tubes, safety devices, and a multitude of various forgings too numerous to mention, are made of wrought iron.

In Architecture, Wrought Iron is the authentic and incomparable metal for ornamental gates and grilles, balconies and balustrades, fences, fire escapes and builders' hardware. Wrought iron pipe is far more economical than pipe of cheaper materials and is specified by the best engineers.

Because of unique practical qualities, artistic character, and historic associations, wrought iron is having a great return to favor.

SAFETY of life, and of great property values as well, must dictate the choice of materials for railway use.

Small differences of initial cost do not matter. Momentary fitness for the intended service is not enough. A high general level of durability and of desired performance, even, will not command approval, if it represents an average between high and low extremes. The behavior of a material for such use must be invariable, and must be definitely calculated, with actual conditions of service in view.

Will it last? How long will it last? Will it be subject to freakish failures now and then, without warning, or will its length of life be sure; and when the end of its usefulness approaches, can that be definitely foreseen?

Such questions force themselves on the attention of every man who specifies materials for so critical a use.

Railways are the largest users of wrought iron among all our industries. It is significant that in vital small parts alone, over 100,000 tons of *wrought iron* is used every year for the rolling stock of American railways.

Extraordinary resistance to corrosion, and peculiar immunity to fatigue are marked advantages of wrought iron. The strength and toughness found in a new piece remain through long years unimpaired by exposure to rain and sun or by changes of temperature.

To the incessant hammering, the merciless and unrelenting strains, the vibration that enters to the core of every part of a heavy, fast moving train, no other available substance is so highly immune as *genuine wrought iron*.

A material that has been found so valuable in railway practice could not be without merits of great importance for other fields. Wrought iron is entering more and more into the various uses of business and industry and into the building art. In pipes for plumbing and heating, in rivets and plates for ships and tanks, in chains and cables, in ornamental gates, grilles, fences, screens, fire tools, lamps and other things of utility and beauty, its time honored virtues are winning for it a larger and larger place.

For more information as to the character, availability and prevailing uses of genuine wrought iron, address

WROUGHT IRON RESEARCH ASSOCIATION

1111 Union Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Wrought Iron

RUST-RESISTING • SAFE • ENDURING

(Continued from Page 203)

which must be molded the acts of the players. It may take days or weeks, but one day there comes the time when all constitutes a harmonious whole.

Then we have what I term habit rehearsals. In these we go over and over certain difficult scenes until each movement and each word fits in its own place. Time is an element here, for while the players are doing certain things, light operators are synchronizing their work to that of the players, and the musicians are habiting themselves to make their notes conform to the spoken word.

This results finally in speeding up the action and guaranteeing at the same time that there are no awkward fumblings at inopportune moments.

While all of these things have been transpiring the star and principal players have been receiving special attention in the matter of costuming. Here, of course, is a matter for the best available *costumières* and tailors.

Here, indeed, is a time of stress and woe for the feminine stars. Miss Ulric arose early and retired late during the preparations for Mima, dividing her time between rehearsals and the modistes. How she ever managed to keep calm and sweet during this trying period is more than I can imagine.

In so far as it is possible, I always consult the wishes of my stars in the matter of costuming. Miss Ulric has a positive distaste for black, slate, dove gray and other of the drab colors. I believe if I insisted on any of these for her costumes, she would feel as unhappy as though she were attired in calico or cheesecloth.

But at last the time comes when we have a dress rehearsal. If all goes well, then I dismiss the company. If something is wrong, we toil at it until it is right. Sometimes we work all night and all next day to do this. Such is the last-minute-before-performance fate of producer and players.

Whatever is to be done, we do in that final rehearsal. I never exhort or warn my players just before the curtain goes up on a première. Prior to that we have done what is humanly possible in human effort. Drawing boards, calipers, tape lines, the talent of electricians, carpenters, drapers, armorers, costumers—all have been taxed to the limit.

As for the verdict—the public will like it or will dislike it. Anyway, we all will have done our best.

Zoo's Who

HORSE, Walter Pater; actor. Born, Covington, Ky., October 18, 1921. Son of Pembroke Son-of-War and Minerva (Bay Mare) Horse. Educated, Col. Wesley Bledsoe's pasture; Chicago Equine High School, (summa cum laude); unmarried. Played small parts in Bingling Bros. Circus, 1923–24; headliner in vaudeville, 1924–25; "bits" in the silent drama, Hollywood '25; co-star with Toot Fix in The Romeo of the Ranch, Cupid and the Cowboy, etc., 1926; producer and star of the Walter P. Horse De Luxe Feature Pictures, 1927. Productions include the million-dollar superfilms, Beware of Mares, Deserted at the Halter, and A Mustang's Honor (talkie). Clubs: Hollywood Hay, Bachelors', and the Horses' League of America. Recreations, skiing and anagrams. Residence: Villa Alfalfa, Beverly Hills, Cal.

COLLIE, Mollie; artist's model and heroine. Born, Gunnysack Kennels, Wetport, Conn., April 3, 1923. Daughter of Peachy-boy, and Lady Tilly (Cuddlesome) Collie. Educated privately. Married, July 9, 1925, to Hercules Rover at Greenwich, Conn. Children: Hercules, Jr., Peachy-boy II, Goldilocks, Prince Charming, Emily, Captain Courageous, Shep, Strangler Lewis, Glad Girl, Earnest, Wimsy-Dimsy, Gunnysack Defender, Fon-Fon, Brave Chap, Peachy-boy III, Edna and Sir Galahad. Has posed for leading American painters, illustrators and sculptors. Has rescued five persons from death, not counting children. On January 3d, 1929, she blindfolded and led six horses from a burning barn. (Tidmore Silver Medal). Has discovered ten fires and captured eight burglars. Has received medals, cups, plaques, scrolls, keys to cities, statues, and so on, too numerous to mention. Recreations: Heroism and my little ones. Clubs: Lucy Stone League, Anti-Airedale Association, Civic Betterment, and Wednesday Bridge. Residence: (summer) Old Faithful Hook and Ladder Co., Wetport, Conn.; (winter) The Chicken Patio, Palm Beach, Florida.

LION, James Strachey; big-game hunter and globe-trotter. Born, Bumbo-wumbo, British East Africa, September 10, 1906 Son of the Rt. Hon. J. G. B. and Jessica (Strachey) Lion. Educated, Eaten College and Maudlin. Married (1st) Pamela Stokes-Ponsonby Lioness, Lake Paradise, Africa, 1910. Divorced, 1912. (2nd) Countess Peggy Cavendish Lioness, eldest daughter of Lionel, Duke of Eelhurst (q.v.), Nairobi Game Preserve, 1913. Divorced, 1913. (3d) Frau Gretchen Lioness, Hagenbeck's Zoo, Hamburg, 1916. Divorced, 1917. (4th) Mrs. Lemuel P. Lioness, (née Fogarty) New York City, 1920. Children, Junior. Decorated by government in 1912 for devouring two motion-picture cameramen and destroying their armored car. Has been shot at—and missed—by one ex-president, two princes, no end of earls, and at least three manufacturers of great wealth. Came to the United States by invitation of the curator of the Bronx Park Zoölogical Gardens, 1920. Clubs: The Growlier Society, Lions', Roundtable, and Savage (London). Recreation: lecturing. Residence: Cage 16, Bronx Park Zoo, New York City, New York, care of Mike.

PARROT, Gloria; linguist. Born, Aguaquequeque, Province of Aquarillaquequeque, Mexico, February 29, 1924. Daughter of Prof. José Marie Miquel Rafael Pancho, and Pauline (Gomez) Parrot. Spinster. Educated at Miss Pence's School, and on board the U. S. battleships Wyoming, Texas, Utah, New Jersey and Kentucky. Speaks nine languages, maybe more. Has traveled extensively. Clubs: Uptown, Downtown and Midtown. Recreations: What's it to you? Residence, Care of Miss Lydia Peck, The Limes, Old Lyme, Conn.

GUINEA PIG, Daniel Boone; scientist. Born, New York City, 1928. Son of Henry Clay and Gertrude (Ames) Guinea Pig. Married: Yes. Children: One, two, three, four, and so on. Educated: In the school of hard knocks. Laboratory Assistant in the Research Institute since 1928. Assisted in the discovery of the hay-fever germ, 1928. Assisted in the discovery of a cure for enlarged knuckles, 1928. Assisted in working out new treatment for double chins, 1928. Sabbatical year granted, 1928. Member of various scientific societies too numerous and unimportant to mention. Clubs: Christmas Club of the Hudson River Bank, Pi Beta Pi, Yorkville Taxpayers' Association, Chicago Rod and Gun, Girl Scouts of America, Central Park Yacht, Grassy Bog Golf and Country, and the Timothy Anthony Gilhooley Tenth Precinct Democratic and Social. Recreations: "Old wine, old books, old friends." Residences: Hotel Porcellian, Fifth Avenue, New York City, and The Germs, Newport, R. I.

—RICHARD CONNELL.

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...have you ever had a mint julep shave?...

You've heard how a mint julep braces you up on a hot day. That's how a shave with Brisk, the new and really different shaving cream, feels on your face.

Different from anything you have ever used . . . as different as a mint julep from a cup of lukewarm tea. The instant you lather your face, you feel a new soothing difference . . . all during the shave your face stays cool. A quicker, fuller lather. No after burn or sting. For Brisk mint julep lather is its own balm and lotion.

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For new shaving fun and mint julep shaves . . . buy a box of Brisk . . . 50c at all druggists, or

Have a Two Weeks' Treat With Us . . . Ask your druggist for your Free two weeks' supply of Brisk mint julep shaves. If he is out...a little patience and this coupon will bring you briskly enough Brisk for two weeks. Florian, Inc., 1316 Book Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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THE FIRST AGREEMENT BETWEEN ITALY AND THE HOLY SEE

(Continued from Page 13)

contribution from Italy, nor to any amendment to its legal system capable of exerting an influence on the common law. There was only a general hint of a convention which should successively regulate the relations of ecclesiastical law. I declared that I accepted that scheme in principle—that is, as a base of discussion—and that I limited my immediate reservations as to its contents to pointing out the inconvenience of asking for further extensions of the territory actually occupied by the Vatican. I remarked that the addition of a few thousand square yards would not in any way change things, though it could give rise to difficulties. I remember that I availed myself of a simile which Monsignor Cerretti acknowledged to be impressive. I said that the important question was whether the state should or should not exist and that its larger or smaller dimension was of little importance—as in the field of biology, a microbe was as much entitled to the name of a living organism as an elephant.

Apart from these questions of modality, I did not raise any objection. My reservations aimed at a postponement of the decision. In order to arrive at this I availed myself of the simplest arguments: The necessity of informing His Majesty the King and of conferring with my cabinet colleagues. I also hinted at the state of mind of the Italian people, which was at that moment extremely irritated at the suspension of any recognition of its national vindications. Monsignor Cerretti acknowledged the validity of my arguments for the postponement of a conclusion, and we agreed that the subject should be taken up again. On the tenth of June I left Paris, never to go back again. On the nineteenth of that month I presented myself at the Chamber of Deputies, where I myself on that very day provoked the vote which, placing my cabinet in the minority, determined my resignation of office and the end of my government.

I wish to emphasize that this article only intends to relate some events of indisputable historical importance, not to make any comments or to express any judgment on the political and legal substance of this very delicate matter. I can only add, as a personal remark, that I had at that time the intuition that a new phase was maturing in the relations between the State and the Church. The first quality of a statesman must be a sense of the historical moment; he must know that it is as inconvenient and dangerous to accelerate it as to retard it by arbitrarily moving, as it were, the hand of the watch. I did not hesitate to subordinate that intuition to another: The intuition that a statesman, in order to accomplish an action of such great historical importance, has to be at the height of his prestige and authority, and that the Italian people must be, in that case, in a state of spiritual tranquillity and peace. On the first of June, 1919, both these conditions were lacking.

The progress of the Peace Conference imposed upon me the patriotic duty of standing aside; public spirit was extremely agitated, as was forcibly proved by the succeeding events. If I had obeyed a sense of personal vanity, the interview of the first of June would have been rapidly followed by the conclusion of an agreement, but this would not have been of any advantage to my country. By renouncing a title which would have added historical fame to my name, I fulfilled a duty.

From a point of view of historical curiosity, my remark at the beginning of this article proves to be true. I said that America influenced in two ways this attempt of agreement: Positively and negatively. Positively, because the suggestion which brought about the interview came from an American prelate. Negatively, because, without my tragic dissension with President Wilson, my prestige as head of the government which had won the war and concluded the peace would have remained untouched, and the Italian people would have been peaceful and contented. The two conditions whose absence prevented the conclusion of the agreement would then have been fulfilled.

ROLL YOUR OWN

(Continued from Page 35)

"Oh, yes," "I see," and "That was too bad about you," was all he could get out of Luetta.

It took about an hour for the conversation to grow really sociable, and then Dallas and Luetta began talking so fast together about people they used to know that I felt rather out of it. I was relieved when Dallas pulled a number of clipped poems from his pocket and handed them to me, saying:

"Milo, here is a bundle of little masterpieces that will hit you right where you live. They are outdoor poems. If you want to get the full outdoor flavor, go outside, turn on the porch light, and read them slowly aloud, looking up from time to time at the stars. Then come back and tell us your sensations."

It was eleven o'clock before Dallas finally left. "Well, Milo," said Luetta as the front door closed, "you wanted him to come and he came. I hope this will be the end of it."

"I feel I have merely done the fair, square, manly thing," was my reply, "and I did it for you rather than for myself. It is all over now; he is going back on the road Monday, so there is no necessity for seeing him again."

Luetta stamped her foot. "Milo, did you ever read the fable about the Arab that let the camel stick his head into the tent? Well, look it up sometime. It may give you a laugh."

Though I had read the story in question and knew what Luetta meant, I did not see how it applied to us. Personally I did not expect to set eyes on Dallas again or even hear his name mentioned. So it was a surprise to me when, the next day, a little before noon, Arnold Blied said: "Old D. A. just tried to sell me some stock he is handling as a side line, and if I hadn't known D. A.'s past record I might have fallen for it. Don't let him talk fast to you, Milo, or you will find yourself looking at your check book and wondering if you were hypnotized."

"Oh, I guess not," I retorted with an easy laugh. "Nobody can sell me any stock, because I have no money to spare."

A half hour later, to my surprise, I found myself in a taxi with Dallas Adams, going to have lunch at his expense.

"I couldn't leave town without seeing you again, Milo. As a little poem I clipped yesterday says:

"To lose an hour is a loss indeed;
To waste an hour is a crime untold;
But to pass an hour with a faithful friend
Is to mint a treasure of purest gold.

"And that is just the way I feel about it, Milo. Never have I spent an evening more poignant than last evening. As the poet so well says:

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been!'

"In my lowering heavens there is just one ray of sunshine, Milo, and that is to know

(Continued on Page 209)

New floors for old…*this quick, easy way*

PITY the porch! Soaked by rain. Frozen by snow. Exposed to the heat of a summer sun. Tramped on…scratched… abused…no ordinary porch paint or varnish can stand up under such pitiless weather and endless wear.

But here's the solution of America's porch problem…Koverflor…An amazing liquid covering that flows on with a paint brush, costs less than 2 cents a foot…that stops weather and wear instantly…makes porches (or any floor of wood, cement or linoleum) waterproof, weatherproof and astonishingly wearproof…sealed… *supersealed*…by a formula that has revolutionized floor beauty, floor cleanliness, floor protection.

WHAT'S the secret? Just this—most floor surfaces are porous, full of tiny imperfections…Dust, particles of water, oil and grease work through these flaws deep down under the surface. Scrubbing can't remove them…they're ground into the floor itself. Soon the surface cracks, peels, wears off. "Worn spots" appear…everything looks shabby.

Then S. V. W. chemists discovered a new combination of ingredients. Under the microscope they saw a surface so closely knit that daily destructive forces cannot penetrate it…so elastic that it gives easily beneath normally shattering blows.

Now cellars can be spotless, cleaned in a jiffy; concrete floors in sun room and garages no longer track dust and dirt; the life of the linoleum in the kitchen and pantry is doubled, living rooms, bed rooms, and hard-worn halls take on a new loveliness, ready for endless abuse.

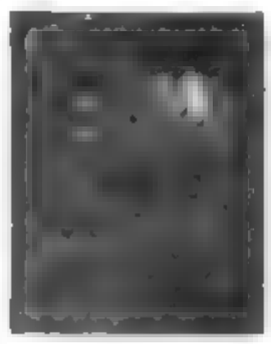
For wear has been stopped; cleaning hours cut in half, and new beauty brought to every room in the house…Thousands have tested Koverflor in homes, stores, offices, factories, on boats and decks of yachts, indoors or out.

Here's a surface that laughs at water… weather…wear…yet costs only 2¢ a foot

Yet Koverflor is not expensive; it usually costs about 2 cents a square foot …and how it wears and wears and wears.

But try Koverflor yourself, in a wide choice of glowing colors, or in the clear (for use when a varnish effect is desired). If your paint or hardware dealer should not carry it, we will gladly supply you direct. But remember, there is no Koverflor substitute.

Koverflor; unretouched photo micrograph. Note flawless super-sealed surface.



Ordinary floor paint; unretouched photo micrograph. Note imperfection.

NOTE THIS AMAZING GUARANTEE

If Koverflor, when applied according to directions on a surface in a fit condition to receive it, does not outwear any floor paint or varnish used under the same condition, we will give you an amount of Koverflor equal to your original purchase.

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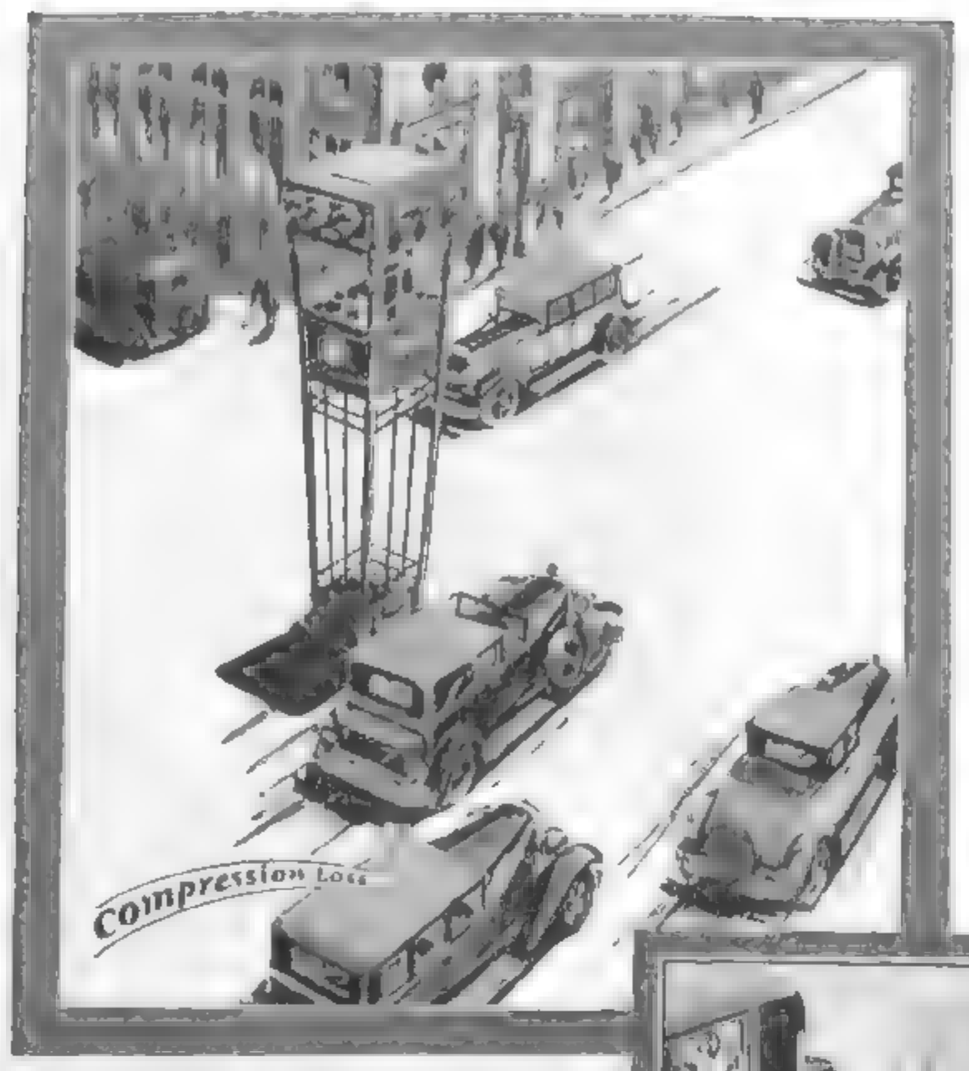
The S. V. W. trademark can be found on a complete line of quality paints, varnishes, enamels, lacquers and allied specialties for every household or industrial need.

You will like S. V. W. outside and inside paint. Flattine, a washable wall paint; "S. V. W. 2-2-4", quick drying enamel; "All-Oyl" enamel for painters' use; Kwick-Work for automobiles.



IF YOUR MOTOR LACKS POWER *and* "GET-AWAY" *that's* Compression-Loss

(ONE OF THE 3 BAD HABITS)

SIMPLEX GIVES YOU A GUARANTEED CURE ~~~

DOES your motor lack its original power and pep, the thrilling "snap" and "get-away" it once had?

Is it hard to start, lazy on hills or sluggish on the "pick-up"?

When the windows in your car are closed, do you detect the presence of "headachy motor fumes" inside?

Is the oil in your crankcase diluted and dirty after 500 miles of driving?

Does your motor "stall" occasionally when you are stopped in a traffic snarl?

These are positive signs of "Compression-Loss"—one of the 3 BAD HABITS that every motor develops sometime during its life. The other two bad habits are "Oil-Pumping" and "Piston-Slap".

These 3 BAD HABITS are caused by worn pistons, worn piston rings and worn, tapered or out-of-round cylinders. Since wear in your motor cannot be prevented, you cannot prevent the 3 BAD HABITS—even the finest of motor cars will eventually develop one or more of them—but there is a positive and guaranteed cure for the 3 BAD HABITS.

At the first sign of Compression-Loss, take your car to your local repairman and ask for the guaranteed Simplex cure. He will explain how, by the Simplex Method of Motor Reconditioning, he can give you a positive 10,000 mile cure for the 3 BAD HABITS. He will tell you how the simple installation of only two patented Simplex Piston Rings in each cylinder will restore the zip and snap, the smooth acceleration and hill-climbing ability your motor once possessed.

You will learn from your garageman why the Simplex Method of Motor Reconditioning is the most economical of all methods—because it eliminates more than half the labor and new parts necessary with other methods. Because of patented features in the Simplex Method, it is the only method that can give you this saving.

If your motor is losing compression, raw gasoline is diluting the oil in your crankcase, destroying its lubricating qualities. Do not run the risk of incurring serious damage to your motor—go to your local repairman today and ask for the guaranteed Simplex cure.

The Simplex Method is interestingly explained in a 20 page, illustrated booklet, a copy of which will be gladly sent to you free. Write to The Simplex Piston Ring Company of America, Inc., 1990 E. 66th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

The Majority of A. A. A. Race Drivers Use Simplex Piston Rings to Stop Compression-Loss

Men who trust their lives to the materials in their cars *must* be sure they have the best. Almost all major American Automobile Association official drivers use Simplex Piston Rings.

ADD 10,000 GUARANTEED MILES TO THE LIFE OF YOUR MOTOR

Your own local garageman will give you a guarantee of 10,000 miles against the 3 BAD HABITS when he reconditions your motor by the Simplex Method.

THE SIMPLEX METHOD of Motor Reconditioning

SIMPLEX PISTON RINGS

LENGTHEN THE LIFE OF YOUR MOTOR

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(Continued from Page 206)

Luetta is married to a man like you, because I know you have made her happy."

This was the way Dallas started. Before I could really get set to protect myself, so to speak, we were in the White Front Restaurant and Dallas had refused to give his hat to the check-room girl, thus switching the conversation to the number of hats lost and discarded annually by people all over the world. In the United States alone, Dallas estimated, at least one hundred million men, women and children bought an average of two hats per year per each. From these figures the conversation went on to the enormous influence of the hat on the efficiency of the wearer and the stimulating effect on the intelligence of the sun's ultra-violet rays, provided a proper hat were used which would allow them to penetrate to the head. And then Dallas presented his little proposition.

A dozen times I said, "Dallas, I don't believe ultra-violet-ray hats are practical, and even if they are, I can't afford to invest a cent."

And each time, instead of arguing or presenting reasons, Dallas merely began thumping his right forefinger on the table while he repeated a long poem entitled Opportunity, each stanza of which ended:

Opportunity is knocking; shall we lock and bolt the door?
Shall we disregard its pleading, till it goes forevermore?

Before the end of the tenth stanza I had made out and handed to Dallas a check for one hundred and fifty dollars in full payment for fifteen hundred shares of preferred stock in the Ultra-Vi Hat Factory located in Bismarck, North Dakota.

"Well, well, well," said Luetta when I came home that evening. "What happened to you on Black Friday? You look as cheerful as a fried egg that has been cooked on both sides and scorched. Has somebody been sticking pins into you? . . . Oh, Milo, the oddest thing happened to me today. I went to the Strand, and who should I see in the lobby but Dallas. He fairly insisted on buying my ticket, and afterward took me to the Sweete Shoppe and then bought me those two talking-machine records I've been crazy about. I never saw anybody so generous with his money. And he wants me to go with him tomorrow to the W. O. W. picnic. He's trying to make up for what happened before. I told him I knew you wouldn't mind."

III

THE discussion which followed would probably have been grave indeed, if almost at the very beginning Luetta had not opened her hand bag, and pulling out a newspaper poem, read it aloud three separate times. It was called The Monster of Jealousy, and after every stanza came the following refrain:

Green poison in his baleful eyes,
He feeds on venom, hate and lies
Look in your heart and see if there
The monster has his bone-strewn lair.

By the time Luetta had finished the third reading my angry passions were much calmer, and after a short heart-to-heart talk I said:

"Luetta, I wish you would forget everything I may have remarked in those moments of anger. I realize I have no cause for jealousy and I detest this deplorable vice with all my heart, and I hope you will go to the picnic with Dallas and have an enjoyable time."

And in saying this I meant every word of it right up to the hilt.

That night I went to sleep repeating a little poem with the lines:

"Be patient, trust others, greet life with a song;
For when we start fretting we're sure to be wrong."

By the time I had run this over in my head for about an hour I fell asleep, practically smiling.

At 1:30 the next afternoon Dallas burst into our little home without bothering to ring the bell.

"How is the old-timer?" he said, slapping me heartily on the back. "Nobody been paying you off with wooden money, I hope. Always hold the smile, Milo. Never forget that little poem I handed you the other evening:

"When you're feeling very blue,
Hold the smile;
When the world is down on you,
Hold the smile.

"That is the poetic thought that brings home the bacon every time. By the way, Milo, I hope you don't mind if we use your car this afternoon. I see you've got it parked out in front. I was going to rent one at the U-Drive Garage, but today everything had been engaged ahead."

Before I could properly express myself Luetta had chipped in:

"Of course Milo doesn't mind. . . . Listen, Milo: Why don't you take a piece of cloth now and get some of the dust off the car? You certainly don't want people at the picnic to think you have the habit of keeping it in that filthy condition."

It was just one of those things you can't believe the first time you hear it. For a minute I stood there looking at them—at Luetta and then at Dallas—and every second I expected them to break out laughing and explain that it was all only a joke.

"Well, Milo," Luetta said at last, "what is the matter? Are you waiting for the car to clean itself?"

Body and arms quivering, I walked out of the house. The dust rag Luetta had slipped into my right hand waved around as though it was already cleaning something.

Halfway between the front porch and the curb I stopped short, not sure whether to march straight ahead and operate on the car or go back and try to dust Dallas.

Then my head dropped down and automatically my feet started toward the auto. I knew there was no use going back into the house with the idea of putting over any idea of my own. If either Dallas or Luetta didn't agree with it they would merely repeat an appropriate bit of poetry and my emotions would carry me away, and pretty soon I would be saying, "Yes, I was wrong and black is white and white is black, so tell me what you want me to do and I will do it."

It was a bitter moment. "I might just as well quit trying," I said to myself as I took a wipe at the windshield. "The first time Luetta started repeating poetry at me I ought to have choked her at the end of the second line. But no; like the good-natured simp I am, I let her ramble on till I got the habit myself; and now I am just as much a slave to poetry as I might be to some terrible drug. I am no better than one of those mechanical men you read about in the papers, except that instead of blowing a whistle to get me to do something, all anybody needs is to repeat a couple of lines of some darn poem and I will guarantee to do the rest."

At this point the dust rag got caught in the windshield wiper, and when I yanked the cloth it bent the metal arm. With a sardonic laugh I went on telling myself my troubles:

"Next, enter Dallas. If I didn't know before that he was just a rough crook sandpapered smooth, I know it now. He sells me a hundred and fifty dollars' worth of fake stock; he takes my wife to a picnic; and then, as a crowning outrage, he borrows my own car for the occasion. If that isn't the limit I'd like to find out what is."

I had begun by merely thinking the words, but little by little I had raised my voice till I was talking out loud:

"And it is all the fault of poetry. I wish all the poetry in the world ——"

I stopped short and looked around. A girl of about eighteen, with a bunch of lavender-colored magazines under her right arm, was standing directly behind me.

MOTHER'S eyes will sparkle with pride in your discriminating good taste if you send her the Gift of Gifts . . . The famous Mi Choice package. The dainty package . . . the smooth chocolate coatings . . . the surprise fillings . . . each proves the perfection of the whole. ¶ Your dealer has the famous Mi Choice Package in one, two, three and five pound sizes. If not, send the coupon and $1.50 for the one pound Mi Choice or 25c for an attractive Miniature Sample Package packed with pieces that have made Mi Choice world-famous.

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IMPORTED BY

John Wanamaker

NEW YORK

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★ ★

"I hope I didn't interrupt you too much when I ahemmed," she said, "but you mentioned poetry, and in justice to both of us I couldn't pass by without saying a word."

Her eyes were large and blue, she had blond hair, and the rest of her appearance was designed to harmonize. So there was no use trying to act severe with her.

"You see, I'm getting subscriptions for Dawn Voices—that's the new poetry magazine."

"I am sorry," I said, trying to speak calmly but having a hard time of it—"I am very sorry, but I feel I have now had all the poetry in my life I can possibly use, so please excuse me from subscribing for any magazine devoted to the subject."

She shook a little finger at me. "Don't be so repressed. Say exactly what you think. That's the beauty of modern poetry: it's good for the soul because it helps all of us to express whatever is on our minds."

"Darn all poetry," I said, throwing down the dust rag and seating myself on the running board. "Soul? What do you mean, soul?" Even today I do not know whether I was saying this for my own benefit or that of the young lady. "My soul is a pincushion. People stick pins into it and laugh. If you could see my soul, you would find it looks like an egg that has been fried on both sides and scorched, and the yolk broken."

I was surprised at the expression on her face. She had her hands clasped over the magazines, which were folded to her breast, and her eyes were bigger than ever.

"Go on," she said in a whisper.

"I will go on. All my life I have been working, working, working -and now I am being paid off in wooden money. And they say to me, 'It's Black Friday, but hold the smile.'"

"Yes, yes, go on."

By this time I was feeling frankly vicious. "I will say one more large mouthful. Darn all poetry! I wish it was all chucked in a bonfire and burnt up, to the last page, to the last line, to the last syllable. Then the world would be happier. I know, because I know what it has cost me. Darn all poetry!"

"It is wonderful," she whispered. "Is there any more?"

"Any more of what?"

"Any more of the poem?"

"What poem?"

"The one you were just repeating."

"That wasn't a poem. I was just saying what I felt."

"All good poetry is that and nothing but. Whatever you may have thought you were doing, you were really improvising a wonderful poem. Wait a minute. I will arrange it in lines and you can judge for yourself."

Seating herself beside me on the running board, she pulled out a little notebook and began to write:

"Darn all poetry . . .
Soul?
What do you mean, soul?
My soul is a pincushion;
people stick pins into it and laugh.
If you could see my soul,
you would find it looks like
an egg
that has been fried on both sides
and scorched
and the yolk broken.
All my life
I have been
working, working, working—
and now I am being paid off
in wooden money.
And they say to me,
'It's Black Friday,
but hold the smile.'
I will say one more large mouthful.
Darn all poetry.
I wish it was all chucked in a bonfire
and burnt up,
to the last page,
to the last line,
to the last syllable;
then the world would be happier.
I know, because I know
what it has cost me.
Darn all poetry."

She looked up. "Can't you see that is a perfect poem? Our magazine Dawn Voices offers a prize of twenty-five dollars every month for the best poem submitted, and if you don't want this one yourself I'm going to offer it under my own name. I'll call it The Poet Becomes Discouraged, and I know it will get honorable mention at least."

I could hardly believe she was serious. "Do you mean to tell me that what I just said is poetry?"

"It is a splendid example of a modern poem."

"There are no rimes in it and it doesn't run along the way it ought to."

She threw back her head and laughed. "You are thinking of old-fashioned poetry—singsong stuff, about as musical as a carpenter pounding nails, and at the end of every line a rime that sounds like somebody dumping over a tin can full of stones. Intelligent people of today are not interested in savages pounding tom-toms. We demand free expression. What is more, we don't want our poetry secondhand; we want to write it ourselves. And we do."

"And is what I just said really poetry?"

With a flip of the hand she pulled out a magazine and jerked it open. "If you don't believe it read the prize poem of last month."

Never was I more astonished. After reading over the prize winner and five additional selections, I could not honestly deny that the poem I had just composed myself was as good as any of them, and distinctly better than the two on Page 33. As near as I could figure out, I had been talking poetry all my life.

I looked up from the magazine at the blue sky, and it seemed like I was just waking from a long sleep.

"I'm going to put you down for a six months' subscription."

"You can put me down for a six years' subscription," I said, as, with an effort, I kept myself from doing a war dance. "I'll write the check now. And if you come around a little later in the afternoon, maybe I'll give you my subscription for the next six hundred years."

IV

I TIPTOED up the back steps and for a moment stood with the knob of the screen door in my hand, trying to calm down a little before entering the house. My emotion was not due to the fact that up to this time I had been going through life talking poetry in an unconscious manner, but because it had just dawned on me how to use this sublime talent.

Placing my right foot on the mud scraper, I closed my eyes and without the slightest effort improvised a poem which I entitled The Poet Has an Inspiration. It went like this:

"Milo,
for a long time
poetry has been running you ragged.
Any time
anybody
has told you anything
in poetry,
you have swallowed it hook, line and sinker.
Well, Milo,
from now on you are going to compose
your own poetry.
When you need good advice
you will give it to yourself
in poetic form, and no other poets
need apply.
Tell Dallas and Company to
laugh that off."

Having repeated the foregoing a couple of times, to make sure I not only understood these poetical sentiments but was in full accord with them, I gently opened the door and went into the kitchen, where I attended to some necessary details.

Keeping my hands carefully behind my back, I passed through the hall to the living room.

Dallas and Luetta were seated side by side on the couch.

"Well, Milo," said Luetta, "how is the bus?"

"It is still on four wheels," I said. "And while I was dusting and making a note of this fact, I got the inspiration for a little poem."

"Why, Milo," said Luetta, with a laugh, "you can't write poetry and you know it."

Dallas leaned forward, at the same time slipping a wink to Luetta. "I want to hear that poem, Milo. Nothing could interest me more."

"It is only the second poem I have thought up," I said. "It may not be so much, but if I keep trying I am sure they will grow better and better. I call this one The Poet Becomes Mysterious."

"That is a great title, Milo," said Dallas, with another concealed wink to Luetta. "Where do you go from there?"

Smiling genially, I recited the following lines, which came into my head as I went along:

"There is no counting on a poet;
he may do one thing one minute
and another the next. That is the trouble
with him:
he is always
nuts.
Tie a knot in the tail of a diamond-
backed rattlesnake
on a hot day;
but don't get fresh with a cock-eyed poet
ever."

Luetta went into a gale of laughter. "For goodness sakes, Milo! I hope you don't think that is poetry!"

I could see Dallas nudge Luetta with his elbow. "In my opinion, Milo, you have a masterpiece there. There is not a magazine on the stands that wouldn't pay you big money for that. Have you made up any others?"

"For goodness sakes, Dallas, don't ask him to recite any more. . . . Milo, take your hands from behind your back or I'll scream."

Paying no heed to this suggestion, I remarked, "Here is a little poem, folks, that has just popped into my head. I call it The Poet Has Some Fun."

With this introduction I recited as follows:

"Dallas, I am a poet.
Probably you always thought
poets were one thing, but you will find out
they are another.
Dallas, you are using that sofa as though
you expected
to sit down all the rest of your life—
but I know better.
This evening you will eat your supper
standing up."

Luetta broke into a merry laugh. "You're going batty, Milo. There are tables and benches at the park and everybody sits down; besides, we could always eat in the car. For goodness sakes, Milo, what are you holding there behind your back?"

"If it's a volume of your own poems, Milo, autograph it and I'll sell it to some collector for big money."

Luetta floundered to her feet. "Milo is just being a nuisance. . . . Let's get the car and start, Dallas."

"One minute, Luetta," I said. "I have just had an inspiration and I want to know what you think of the message the muse has been whispering in my ear. I call it The Poet Decides, and I think it is the best thing I have ever done. It runs like this:

"I have an automobile;
it cost money to buy it;
it costs money to run it;
in fact, it has set me back so far
that after looking at all sides of the question
I have made up my mind
never to lend it to anybody.
What price street cars, Dallas?"

Luetta gave a gasp and stiffened back against the arms of the sofa. "Milo, I insist on knowing what you mean."

(Continued on Page 214)

When it was a CRIME to Look *Ahead*

"NONSENSE! Stuff and Twaddle!" said Isaac Newton to what 17th Century despots decreed as knowledge.

"Nonsense!" agreed Robert Boyle.

That was heresy . . . and heretics were treated roughly in those days. So the discoverer of the law of gravity and the father of the law of chemical science, aided and abetted by other truth-seeking rebels, formed a blind-pig scientific society. Its crude experiments, secretly conducted in secluded cellars, were destined to start the world's economic advancement.

Later, when it became lawful to question superstitions, this "Invisible College" was recognized as the Royal Society of London.

❖ ❖ ❖

How times have changed since the day of Newton and Boyle! Research . . . invention . . . exploration . . . industrial advancement—not tolerated, but *demanded* by an increasingly sophisticated population. What a premium today upon Vision!

American industry right now is pioneering in the spirit of Newton and Boyle—but with this difference: it is aided and exhorted by an industrial, engineering, trade and business press whose leadership is needed more than ever. For the stupendous accomplishments of industry have themselves become industry's greatest concern, imposing penalties upon engineers, industrialists and the responsible heads of business—penalties for not looking ahead.

❖ ❖ ❖

The McGraw-Hill publications help industry and business look ahead. Some cover the technical, design and executive problems of specific industries. Others specialize on functions common to all industry. Serving the whole sweep of American business, *The Magazine of Business* is edited for the chief executive who is concerned with *policies* as well as methods.

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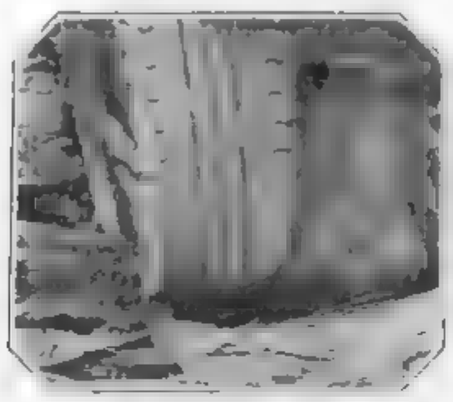
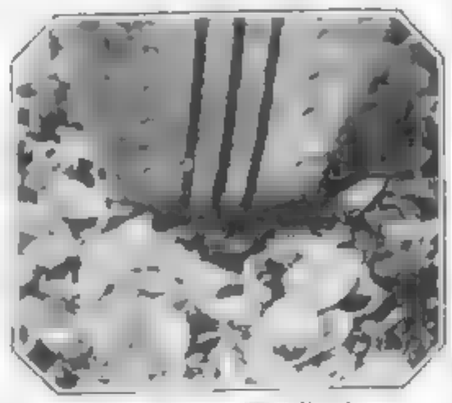
GOODRICH SILVERTOWNS SHOW LITTLE WEAR ON LONG GRIND

—as the Silver Fleet passes 8,000 mile mark



A Bit of Very Tough Going



On Southern Shell Road

THERE SHE GOES! PICTURE ABOVE SHOWS FLEET PILOTS PUSHING CAR OUT OF SAND BUT ON COUNTRY ROAD EN ROUTE

Miles pile up . . . but 60 Goodrich Silvertowns still like new. Fleet demonstrates tire stamina to Nation by punishing tour through mud, snow and sand

EIGHT thousand miles . . . packed with gruelling punishment for tires!

Eight thousand miles . . . with weather forgotten and bad roads ignored!

Eight thousand miles . . . through treacherous ice and snow, rain and mud, heat and blistering desert sand.

Yet hardly a mark to show on the 60 sturdy Silvertown Tires that are carrying the Silver Fleet on its venturesome journey across the country and back.

* * *

New tire history has been written since the wintery day when those 15 silver cars put New York behind.

For here . . . massed in a few short weeks . . . they have found conditions far worse than many a tire has to face in all its whole lifetime . . .

Here . . . in eight thousand miles of steady driving . . . has been concentrated enough gruelling punishment to put many a casing permanently out of the running!

Those who watched the Fleet roll through Texas and Arizona, found the tires like new.

Treads were still sharp, clean cut, deep. Even ice, snow, sand, gravel, rock and shell roads had failed to leave their signs of wear.

Only three flats . . . nail punctures . . had marred the perfect record of these 60 casings . . .

As for wear . . . precision instruments measuring to the breadth of a hair recorded only a negligible depreciation in tread depth after 8000 punishing miles.

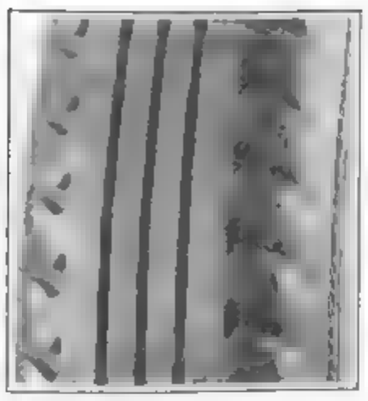
Yet it is not tire statistics alone that bring more thousands to see the Fleet at every stop . . .

It is not simply the striking spectacle of shining silver cars parading across the land.

It's the value of the Fleet to motorists in search of believable tire facts. The lesson to be learned from stock cars equipped with stock tires making public demonstration of what they can do . . . in the face of whatever conditions the road may bring!

Any motorist can find his own car duplicated . . f not in make, certainly in type and price-class and in actual tire requirements.

And how better can he learn the real facts on dollar-for-dollar tire value than from a car like his own . . . equipped with tires such as he can buy . . . seeing actual



AFTER 8,000 MILES—This picture was made by the Fleet photographer to show you how one of the Silvertowns looked after 8,000 miles of hard punishing wear

TESTING THE TIRES—This is one way the Fleet pilots test their tires en route. Delicate instruments accurately measure the wear to the last fraction of an inch

Great crowds like this welcomed the Silver Fleet in every city they have visited so far. People everywhere are interested in the Fleet and in the Silvertown Tires that are piling up such an amazing performance record

service on roads typical of the whole country?

* * *

With 8,000 miles behind it, the Silver Fleet has but just begun its long grind

Behind it lies Mayor Walker's send-off from New York's snow blanketed City Hall Park. The formal greetings of official Washington. The rain-swept streets of Richmond. The pine-woods byways of Georgia. The sand and marl of Florida . . . mud-blocked back-roads of a Gulf-state winter.

As this is written, they roll across the width of Texas . . . as you read it, they approach Los Angeles, first major stop on the West Coast.

BAD ROADS AHEAD! That's what this native is telling the Silver Fleet pilots on their way to Mobile.

Yet ahead still lies a longer, greater journey . . . a tougher, more punishing grind in the long, slanting course they are to follow on their way back across the country again.

That zig-zag route will lead the Silver Fleet into every corner of the country. Sooner or later, it will reach your section . . .

Be ready when it comes. Make it a point to be on hand to see its fighting tires . . . to talk to its travel-wise pilots . . .

In the meantime . . . learn about its tires from your Goodrich dealer. Let him show you exact duplicates in the size for your car

It will pay you to buy your Silvertowns now . . . and begin at once to enjoy the comfort, the mileage, the solid satisfaction that the Fleet has shown Goodrich Tires give.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Est. 1870, Akron, O. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Company, Los Angeles, Cal. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Kitchener, Ontario.

THREE GOODRICH TIRES to meet your mileage requirements (right to left). Silvertown De Luxe for the motorist who demands superlative style and outstanding mileage service. The famous Silvertown—the standard quality tire of the Nation the choice of millions of car owners. And the Goodrich Cavalier, a new low-priced, high-quality tire for hard drivers and keen buyers. Ask your local Goodrich dealer to show you these tires. He carries the exact size you need in stock . . . and offers you quick, efficient local service.

Goodrich Silvertowns

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES
FLORSHEIM offers you enduring quality—more days' wear per dollar—with style as you like it—and comfort that makes the long life of FLORSHEIM SHOES a pleasure to your feet.
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Manufacturers Chicago
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(Continued from Page 210)

"If you want to know exactly what I mean, Luetta, pay the closest kind of attention to my next number, which I call The Poet Goes Into Action."

With a playful wink at Dallas, I recited:

"Dallas, are you a little bird?
If you were a little bird you could fly out of this house,
which would be quicker and safer than walking out;
though even then
somebody might put salt on your tail.
How would you like to be a little bird, Dallas?"

Having finished this poem, I produced my right hand from behind my back, and Luetta and Dallas seemed considerably surprised to find that a shotgun came with it. In fact, it was the shotgun that had been thrown in with the house and which I had just loaded up with a couple of cartridges from the same source.

As I pointed the gun at Dallas in a careless way, Luetta screamed and fell back on the sofa with her fingers hiding her eyes, while Dallas grew as red as a dollar's worth of radishes.

"Stop this horseplay!" he yelled. "I say stop it! What do you think you're doing anyhow?"

"I am talking poetry," I said. "And I want your opinion of this little gem which I have just whipped into shape and which is entitled The Poet Gets Hot:

"Dallas, this is some afternoon!
Will you ever forget it?
I will wager a year's subscription to Dawn Voices that you won't.
Dallas, I enjoy looking at you
because you remind me of a
buzzard;
and outside of menageries
there is no law against buzzards.
Did you ever think of that, Dallas?"

Luetta now fell to the floor, laughing and crying and beating her legs against the rug.

Dallas' face was white. And something seemed to have happened to his voice.

"Well," he piped up, "do you see what you've done? Do you see?"

"All I see," I said, "is a lady enjoying a few hysterics, and I am going to bring her out of them with a violent shock. Now, if you will just move a little to the right, so that when I aim at your necktie and pull the trigger ——"

At this Luetta stopped carrying on and sat up, with the remark, "Oh, Milo, this is just terrible! Oh, Milo!"

And now Dallas chimed in, "Can't you see, Milo, you're being swept away by the lowest instincts of the race? Here in my pocket I have a little poem I clipped the other day. It is entitled Brothers, and it fits this case exactly. I am going to read it to you." Here he pulled out a bit of newspaper and, in a voice that was not very steady, began:

"Will man never learn to conquer
All his lust for blood and pelf?
For the harm he does to others
Is a harm he does himself.
Will man never ——"

"Cut that out, Dallas," I said, squinting along the sights of the gun at the third button on his vest. "I don't want my taste spoiled any further with that singsong stuff. What you think is poetry is about as musical as a carpenter pounding nails. The rimes come in like somebody knocking over a tin can full of stones. Intelligent people today, Dallas, are not interested in savages pounding tom-toms. If you would enjoy hearing a real poem, I will recite you a little masterpiece that just occurred to me, and which I have named The Poet Delivers an Ultimatum:

"Dallas,
you came in holding a box of chocolates.
You are liable to go out
clasping a lily to your breast.
Think this over, Dallas,
because my middle name is action,
and my favorite sport is shooting,
and my free afternoon is Saturday,
and that is right now and at present.
There is your hat
and here is the reason you are in a hurry."

As I got off the last line I cocked one of the hammers.

Dallas got up and, keeping his eye on the shotgun, began to edge toward the door.

"I'll call you later, Luetta."

"I'll call you right now, Dallas," I remarked with a pleasant laugh. "Turn around and go out the kitchen way and over the back fence. I don't want some passer-by to think I am threatening you just because I keep the gun pointed in your direction."

With a nasty look on his face, Dallas backed out through the kitchen and down the steps. Luetta, her hysterics gone, had followed close behind to the back porch, where she stood fast, wringing her hands and trying to make me listen to a stanza from one of Dallas' favorite poems:

"Let us pardon every wrong, Milo;
Hold the smile.
Let us help our friends along, Milo ——"

"I am just aching to help one of our friends along," I interrupted, "and as for holding the smile, I will bet I have got the only smile on the premises. And that makes me think of a little poem which I will make up as I go along and which I will entitle The Poet Holds the Smile and Wonders Why Others Don't Do the Same:

"My old friend Dallas,
I am holding my smile,
but yours seems to have slipped off.
Pick it up and
smile, Dallas,
smile."

"You think you are pretty comical!" Dallas snarled. He was now halfway over the fence, but paused to shake his fist in a violent manner. "That is all right! When I get to the police station I will see that you do some smiling on the other side of your mouth and—Luetta-a-a ——"

Dallas had seen what was going to happen before I even began to suspect. With a mistaken idea of kindness, Luetta had started to pull my hand off the trigger guard and trigger at the moment when the gun was pointed at the most exposed portion of Dallas' anatomy. Personally I had never had any intention of doing anything whatever to Dallas except throwing a scare into him. And it was with a purely involuntary contraction of the finger muscles in resisting Luetta that I squeezed the trigger and discharged the load of rock salt or whatever was in the cartridge.

What happened was the most amazing thing I ever saw in my life. It was just as though some invisible foot swung up and booted Dallas the rest of the way across the fence. He seemed to think it was all the result of a plot on Luetta's part, and told her so and kept on telling her so. Luetta tried to talk back, but it was like contradicting a factory whistle. Dallas just kept on saying things that he had picked up in various parts of the country, till Luetta clapped her hands over her ears and ran into the house.

I waited until Dallas stopped for breath. Then I said, "Dallas, I am going to recite you the shortest poem in the English language—one which I composed entirely by myself. It is full of good advice and you had better take all of it. It is called The Poet Has the Last Word. It runs as follows:

"Git!"

And while I made the second barrel ready for emergencies, I added in prose, "And don't come back."

I never heard another word from Dallas and I never received any notice of any kind from the police either. Luetta and I live very happily together, and as often as I feel the family needs any poetry I write it myself. I find this works best for all concerned.

You don't have to be an expert to use Corona

By a Modern Girl

I HAD an interesting experience recently. I was down town shopping. "What beautiful colored typewriters!" I exclaimed. I had stopped beside an attractive counter display.

"They *are* beauties, aren't they?" replied the man behind the counter. "Wouldn't you like to try one?"

"Oh, no, thank you. I'm not expert enough. I never used a typewriter in my life."

The clerk laughed. "You don't have to be an expert to use Corona. Children in the first grade in school use them."

"Really?"

"Yes, indeed. Corona is the simplest typewriter in the world to operate. Mechanical engineers studied twenty years to make it easy for beginners."

"How long does it take to learn?"

"You can learn the fundamentals in a few hours—that is, after you have read a helpful little book that is given free with every Corona."

That was three weeks ago. Now I have my own Corona. What a joy it is! I write all my letters on Corona. It seems actually easier than writing by hand—and it's much more fun. The clear-cut lines of type make my letters look neater than they ever did before. Many of my friends have complimented me on them

This story is typical. Thousands of people are discovering that Corona is astonishingly easy to operate—that it is a wonderful convenience for office or home or travel—that it makes letter-writing lots of fun.

It's a pleasure to see your thoughts unfold before your eyes *in print*. There's real satisfaction in seeing your letters, or whatever you are writing, take shape in such neat, easy-to-read form

In making Corona easy for beginners to operate, another result was accomplished—an unforeseen result. The very features which enable beginners to write more easily, enable accomplished typists to *greatly increase their speed*

You owe it to yourself to drop into a store where typewriters are sold and see Corona. The minute you lay eyes on it you will realize why a million people use it—why Roosevelt took one to Africa—why 30,000 Coronas were used in the World War—why more novelists, more newspaper men, more business men, more schools and colleges use Corona than all other portables put together.

For a small down payment you can take a beautiful new Corona home with you today. Don't neglect this opportunity. Don't let another day pass without doing something about it. Know *now* the joy of owning a sturdy, speedy, smooth-operating Corona—The World's Champion Portable.

An interesting illustrated booklet called "Corona Typewriters," which describes Corona in detail, and contains beautiful illustrations of the new color models, will be sent you upon request. No obligation. Simply mail the coupon below.

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CORONA

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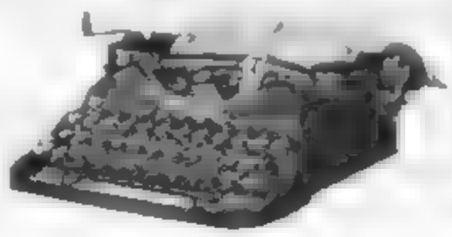

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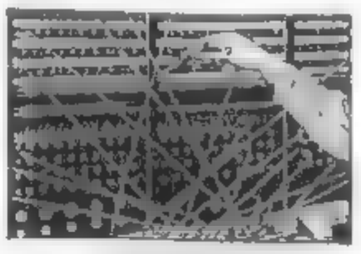

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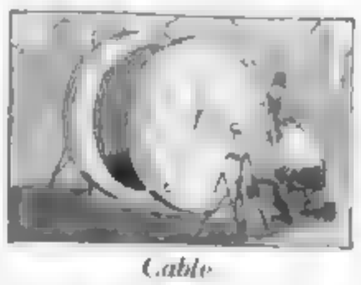
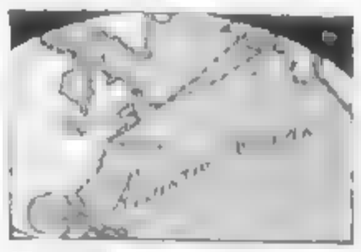
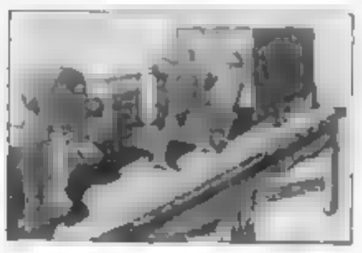


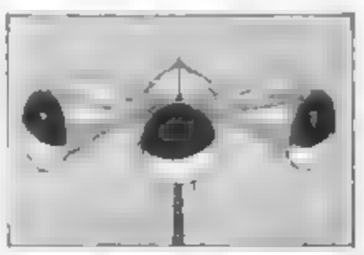
Cable



Trans-Atlantic Telephone Equipment



Telephoto Machines



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Calling upon fifty years' experience in the telephone art, Western Electric produced the first practical system (used by Vitaphone and Movietone) for recording and reproducing Sound Pictures.

Producers have standardized on Western Electric equipment and are successfully meeting the technical difficulties natural to a new and revolutionary art.

Discriminating exhibitors, eager to provide the best in entertainment, have installed the Western Electric Sound System in their theatres.

The success of Sound Pictures is history now. Continuing progress is certain. Make sure of enjoying it. Go to the theatres showing these great producers' pictures with the sound equipment recognized as the world's standard.

Western Electric

THE VOICE OF ACTION

SOUND SYSTEM

THE TOWN COMES TO THE FARMER

(Continued from Page 37)

situation. One power company serving the Piedmont region has trebled its distribution of current in the last ten years, with textile mills taking approximately 75 per cent of the total. Industry has penetrated new rural areas in the West. Iowa, for example, no longer ships practically all its hogs to Chicago. Numerous packing plants within that state take an increasing number. Moderate-sized manufacturing industries have sprung up in out-of-the-way places throughout the United States. Plants handling cotton and corn by-products are numerous. Concerns producing washing machines, fountain pens, buttons, metal products of many kinds, steel and machinery goods, and many other articles not directly dependent on agriculture for raw materials, have chosen rural districts for their bases of operations, apparently to their substantial profit. Naturally, however, a large proportion of the industries located in rural districts are supported by the products of the farm.

Rural industry, besides giving the farmer a better local market, helps him to get improved roads and schools, and to bring electric power to his farm. The electrification of our farms drags. It seldom pays to build high-tension lines for only a few farms, but the problem is solved when the rural district contains power-using industries. In addition, industrial development in agricultural districts boosts farm-land values, distributes tax burdens more equitably, and improves agricultural-credit facilities. Also it favorably influences farming methods.

In the Tennessee survey the investigators found many benefits accruing to the more-favored district from the presence therein of an industrial town. This town is only ten years old. Yet it has stimulated nearby farmers to take better care of their land, to follow good crop rotations, and to buy more fertilizer and improved machinery. Similar progress has not been made in the contrasting rural community. Farmers near the industrial town have increased their crop yields. Those in the other rural community have not. In the former district agriculture is considerably more intensive than in the latter. In the first district farmers two years ago had twice as many tractors as those in the other area. Neither district had a single tractor in 1914. It is a fair assumption that the purchase of tractors was correlated with the relative prosperity of the two communities. Still another evidence of agricultural progress in the industrially developed region was an increase in farm owners fivefold greater than the increase that took place in the other area. Optimism prevailed among the farmers living near the industrial city; pessimism among those not so fortunate.

Where Cows are Thickest

Drawing conclusions from scanty data is risky, and we cannot estimate the national consequences of industrial decentralization merely from local samples. Gain in one agricultural area may be offset by loss in another. Industries scattered among numerous small towns create new near-by markets for farmers, stimulate a more diverse and, therefore, usually a more dependable agricultural system, and cut down transportation costs. The same amount of development concentrated in fewer districts means a corresponding concentration of the resulting agricultural benefit. It is difficult to say positively under which condition the total benefit is greater. Probably the advantage lies with the more decentralized condition. It might not be possible to prove this in purely economic terms. Greater intensity of agriculture near the industrial centers may be counterbalanced by decreased intensity in the remoter regions, and much close figuring would be necessary to determine the net result. But the benefit of industrial decentralization is social as well as economic. It includes the provision for agriculture of a thousand facilities and services not obtainable except by contact with urban centers. Thus broadly considered, the movement of industry into rural districts seems unquestionably to make for the betterment of agriculture as a whole.

In listing its separate advantages one naturally begins with the economic changes produced. I have mentioned the diversification of crops and the more intensive cultivation of the soil. In livestock censuses cities and moderate-sized towns can be spotted by the concentration of dairy cows around them. This concentration exists even in the neighborhood of quite small towns. Around large cities, such as Cincinnati, Louisville, Birmingham, Atlanta, Jacksonville, and New Orleans, the concentration of dairy cows is marked. Regions peculiarly fitted for the dairy industry engross part of the dairying that would otherwise be more generally distributed, but the connection between urban growth and local development in dairying remains conspicuous

Supplying City Appetites

It is the same with commercial vegetable production, which is similarly developed in the neighborhood of towns and cities. In this way an immense agricultural population is led to make a fuller and more varied use of its resources, and to employ more labor profitably on a given area. Both producer and consumer benefit. Urban growth brings the farmer's market to his door and turns surplus areas into deficit areas. Intensive farming steadily encroaches upon the opposite type. This is favorable, for the diversification of crops reduces climatic and economic hazards, promotes crop rotation, facilitates the control of plant insects and plant diseases, and permits an efficient employment of labor, power, and machinery throughout the year. At the same time the consumer gets a wider choice of farm supplies. Agricultural progress does not depend invariably on an increasing intensity of cultivation. In certain regions conditions favor the opposite trend. But such conditions are comparatively rare. Generally, it pays to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before.

Changes in agriculture around large towns furnish the most striking evidence of the influence of industrial development on agriculture. Census data for three counties adjoining Detroit—Wayne, Oakland, and Macomb—show a large increase in the value of farm land and buildings. In these three counties the average value of farm land per acre in 1900 was $60. In 1925 it was $201. An increase took place from 1920 to 1925, when farm-land values for the country as a whole declined sharply. This rise resulted partly, but not wholly, from the prospect that some of the land in these counties might become desirable as industrial or residence sites. Much of the increase reflected the opportunity given for increased returns through intensive farming. It is significant that expenditures for fertilizer increased nearly fourfold in the Detroit area between 1899 and 1924. Farm-land values rise in the neighborhood of every prosperous growing town. In Los Angeles County, California, for example, farm-land values in 1900 averaged $79 an acre. In 1925 the average value was $765 an acre. Like the area near Detroit, Los Angeles County increased its farm values during the postwar depression period. Industrial decentralization does the same service for the farming interests located around small towns, though the rise of land values there may be less striking.

Saving in transportation costs results from industrial decentralization, which may

FAMOUS FEET

how they're kept free from corns

ALICE WHITE'S

Famous Feet

"A motion picture actress can't keep on her toes, if they are adorned with corns. That's why I keep Blue-jay in my make-up kit" . . . so writes this lovely film-land favorite.

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Priceless feet! The feet of famous dancers, athletes and stage stars. What price would be too great to relieve them of corns! Yet Blue-jay does it at a trifling cost, gently AND SAFELY. No risk of *infection*, as with careless razor-cutting. No guessing how much to use. The amount of medication is fixed and standard in every Blue-jay; it's just the right amount. Stops the pain at once; then ends the corn. At all drug stores. *For callutes and bunions, ask for the larger size Blue-jay.*

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Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

Closes Doors *Gently* and Closes them Tight

With your ear right against the door frame you cannot detect a sound, so silently do screen doors close when equipped with the dependable and powerful—

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Closes screen doors, gently and firmly; positive protection from flies and intruding insects. Recommended as Standard Home-Equipment by Architects. Thousands have been installed by home owners themselves. Made of brass and steel. Handsomely finished in dull nickel. Easily attached, only a screw driver needed. Patented Valve, adjusted by simply turning cylinder. Lasts for years. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price, $1.00. For heavier doors buy the Everedy Double-Duty Door Closer, $1.50. Dull brass finish. If your Dealer cannot supply you, send us his name, address and price of Door Closer desired, and we will mail you one postpaid.

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Says That Target Practice Helps Your Boy to be Quick

Many well-known rifle experts have advised you that target practice is an important factor in boy training. And now we add the name of G. M. Bellanca, for many years prominent in Italian and American aviation. Read his message, and start at once this practical method of developing alertness and good sportsmanship in your boy.

Get a Daisy Air Rifle for your boy and encourage him to shoot *at a target*. During 40 years, the Daisy has been the safe and dependable standard rifle for boys, an aid to their training of self-reliance and alertness. Ask your dealer to show you the Daisy Pump Gun illustrated, a 50-shot repeater for $5, and other Daisy models, $1 to $5. All Daisy models are pictured in the Daisy Manual, and may be ordered direct from the maker on receipt of price.

BOYS!
Get your FREE copy of the Daisy Manual from nearest hardware or sporting goods dealer. It tells how to be a crack shot!

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DAISY AIR RIFLES

enable farmers near growing towns profitably to increase their production of hay and vegetables and other bulky crops relatively costly to transport. The production of staple, nonperishable, cheaply transported crops having a rather high value per unit of weight and therefore a relatively low transportation cost can be relinquished to areas farther away. This specialization saves millions in freight rates annually. Usually the larger the town, the more marked is the concentration of dairy and vegetable production in its vicinity. Local farmers may lose the benefit of their freight differential over distant competitors, should they fail to supply their market and thus force dealers to depend on shipped-in supplies. But the obvious remedy is to cease neglecting an important opportunity.

Urban Advantages for the Farmer

Fifteen million pounds of farm products that might have been grown in Wayne County, Indiana, were shipped into that county in 1923 at a total cost of $1,000,000. It would have been profitable for the local growers to grow a considerable part of this supply. Studies have shown that local farmers can usually get the same prices that local wholesalers have to pay for shipped-in products. As the shipped-in products carry transportation charges, the local growers have a permanent advantage. They must produce regularly and prove to local buyers that they can be depended on, since sporadic service will not retain the market. But the necessity of maintaining regular supplies should not be a drawback to the wide-awake farmer. It should be an incentive to sustained effort, for the producer with an assured market has a promise of success. Local farmers who grow products as good as or better than products shipped in from a distance, and can be relied on for a steady supply, need seldom fear outside competition. In Wayne County, Indiana, the local growers have an advantage of more than twenty cents a bushel in supplying the local potato market, which annually ships in some 50,000 bushels.

The average annual increase in population between 1900 and 1920 of the cities in four Indiana counties—Lake, LaPorte, St. Joseph, and Elkhart—called for an annual increased production of 3300 cows, 53,000 hens, 6200 hogs, 2100 acres of wheat, and 430 acres of potatoes. This region in the past twenty years has been changed from an area dominantly agricultural to an area dominantly industrial. It contains such cities as Hammond, South Bend, Gary and Elkhart. Its agriculture has changed greatly, with results not equally good for all the farmers concerned. Farm labor has become dearer, taxes on farm lands have been increased, partly to finance enlarged hospitals, courts and asylums in the industrial centers, and competition is keen in the local markets. But the labor problem is not an unmixed drawback, since it impels farmers to adopt labor-saving appliances. Farmers get better prices for their surplus hay, oats and corn, and the market for veal calves, poultry, eggs and truck crops is better. In addition, the farmers benefit incalculably from the social services which near-by industrial development has enabled them to obtain. Good roads lessen their transportation difficulties, good schools enable their young people to keep abreast of the times, good electrical facilities save labor in farm fields and in farm homes, and good medical service and sanitation keep down the farm death rate.

In any combination of economic factors some items must be set down on the debit side. Urban growth in its relation to agriculture is not an exception. Though it may increase the real value of near-by farm lands, it may also promote excessive speculation therein. Growing cities necessarily encroach upon the surrounding agricultural area and transform many farms into city lots or suburban tracts. Farmers who sell out at a profit may retire in high contentment, but some of their less fortunate neighbors may be demoralized. Men bent on selling their land for city lots may thenceforth be less interested in farm efficiency. As their hope is frequently disappointed, its effect on farm operations is harmful. As long as a remote possibility exists that a farm may be sold for urban purposes, the owner hesitates to invest money in permanent improvements. He may neglect his work. Most cities have an agricultural zone of watchful waiting, in which some farmers slack up on the job.

But distinct benefits are produced by industrial growth, even in the watchful-waiting zone, which is not inhabited exclusively by inactive farmers. Such growth increases the value of near-by agricultural land to a degree that makes it necessary either to abandon the land for agricultural purposes or to farm it intensively. Agriculture can hold a place in such areas only if it produces a net income comparable with the return that might be obtained from the land in other ways. It does not pay to use land worth several hundred dollars an acre merely for cereal or forage production. Though land so used may return a profit on the owner's original investment, a sale and the investment of the proceeds would yield him a greater return. Hence farmers in the high-value land area who do not sell out are impelled to adopt intensive farming. As the distance from the industrial center increases, the incentive becomes less strong, but it operates within a wide area.

Census data furnish many illustrations of this principle. In such cities as Gary, Indiana, East Chicago, Indiana, Hammond, Indiana, Birmingham, Alabama, and Atlanta, Georgia, the population in the last twenty-five years or so has increased from two and a half to ten times. Agriculture around these cities has become intensive roughly in proportion to the growth of the industrial centers. Farms close in run heavily to dairying and the production of potatoes, other vegetables, and small fruits—in other words, to the crops yielding a high value per acre. The extensive types of farming, in which cereals, hay and forage crops predominate, are pushed back. When farmers shift from cereal and forage crops to vegetables, potatoes, small fruits and to the production of whole milk, it is invariably because they are near a new industrial market.

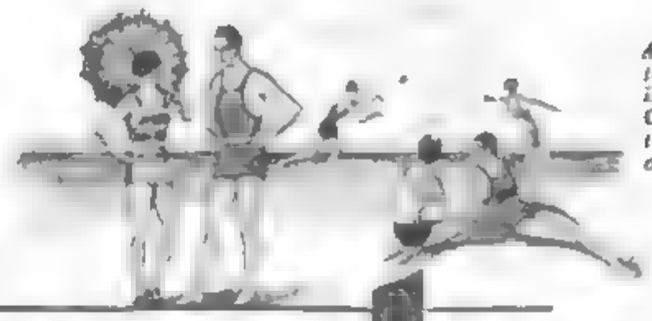
Greater Returns From the Farm

Heretofore the history of farming in the United States has been largely a story of efforts to economize labor rather than land. Our use of land is prodigiously lavish. Though American agriculture excels that of most other countries in production per unit of labor engaged, it falls behind in yields per acre. From the standpoint of the farmer this need not always be deplored. What chiefly interests the farmer is the total return upon his capital and labor. This is higher in the United States than in many other countries that obtain greater yields per acre. Nevertheless, the time will come when increased production per acre will be necessary in the United States. The pressure of population upon land is increasing. Unless this pressure is offset by more intensive cultivation of the soil, it will necessitate heavy food imports. Industrial decentralization, by fostering a more economical use of land in agriculture, retards the approach of dependence on imports. More intensive farming may require an increased use of labor per acre. But it does not follow that this will mean a smaller return per unit of labor expended. Under the stimulus of technical progress it may mean an increased return. In that case the benefit to both agriculture and the nation will be substantial.

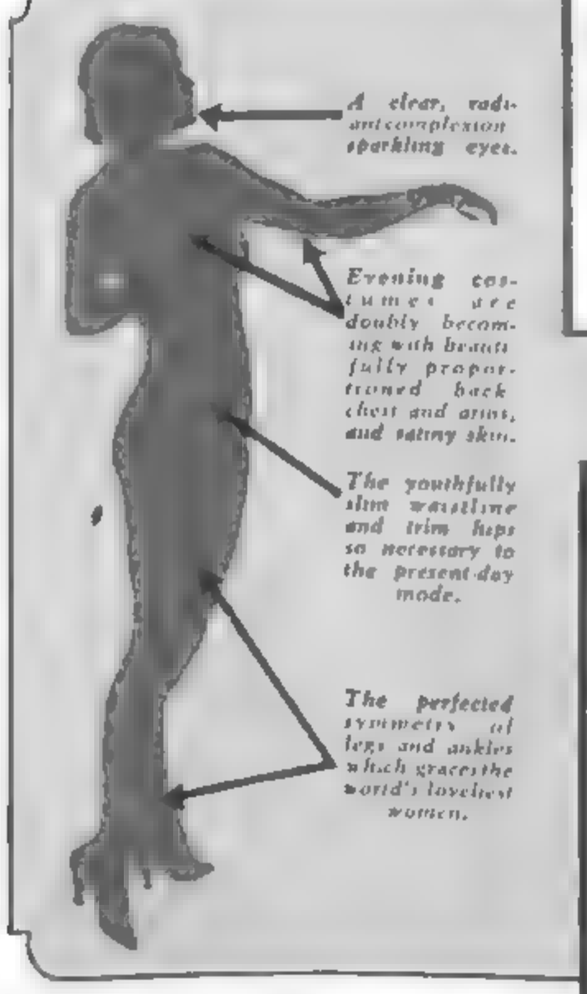
Still another important advantage comes from the spread of industry into rural districts. It tends to promote a more varied and healthful national diet. As already noted, the character of farm production is much affected by the distance over which agricultural commodities must be transported. More nonperishable staples and

(Continued on Page 221)

New Beauty



Are you proud to don the self-revealing bathing costume of today? Can your figure stand the test of thousands of critical eyes?


A clear, radiant complexion sparkling eyes.
Evening costumes are doubly becoming with beautifully proportioned back chest and arms, and satiny skin.
The youthfully slim waistline and trim hips so necessary to the present-day mode.
The perfected symmetry of legs and ankles which graces the world's loveliest women.

So easily gained—so readily retained thru Radiant Health!

See how quickly new beauty follows health improvement with this proven method!

Eyes clear and sparkling—a complexion youthfully radiant—lines and wrinkles banished!

NEW beauty; new symmetry; new poise—the divine figure of slender, graceful youth, with trim ankles, slender hips, beautiful proportions and complexion of radiant health. Now they can be yours, easily, quickly, an enjoyable new way!

Just 15 minutes a day of gentle manipulation with the Battle Creek Health Builder—and the lines of encroaching age, the tell-tale puffs of unwanted flesh disappear, the coveted slender figure of fashion is revealed . . . and you know how the slim figure disguises your years! Now it is possible at 45 to have the symmetry and grace of 25.

Deep penetrating massage vital to your Health

Only 15 minutes a day of deep, penetrating massage arouses the sluggish deep-lying organs to normal action; enlivens the drowsy, latent muscles; relaxes the nerves.

And at the same time, the Health Builder corrects slow, irregular elimination, the sinister cause of much ill-health; it aids in the digestion and assimilation of your food; it strengthens the body, revitalizing it, and brings to you the glow of health.

The Battle Creek Health Builder is the result of years of study and research by an eminent physician.

It operates as does the human system, being synchronized with the normal nerve vibrations. This is why it stimulates rather than fatigues; why it never causes "nerve-jar."

Because it is the scientifically correct exerciser—the Health Builder is preferred by countless thousands of thinking men and women of all ages for daily use at home. Fully adjustable, it is admirably adapted to the requirements of each individual member of the family.

Now—A Unique Home Demonstration Offer!

Write today for your FREE copy of "Health and Beauty in 15 Minutes a Day." Replete with illustrations and vitally important facts which you should know, together with Full details about our unique Home Demonstration Offer. There is no obligation, so send the coupon NOW!

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The Battle Creek Health Builder Keeps You Fit

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Without obligation, send me the FREE book, "Health and Beauty", with home exercise treatments. I am interested in ☐ Beauty development through better health. ☐ Reducing excess fat. ☐ Increasing my weight.

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"LISTEN, *Big Boy*"

You know who I am. I'm the little straight-thinker with the "still, small voice" who prods you with ideas and ambitions when you're all alone.

I took a squint at the shoes in your closet this morning. Remember me jogging your memory about getting some light-weight tans and a new pair of sport shoes? Pick your own reasons, Big Boy . . . comfort, good taste, style, pride or common sense . . . winter-weight shoes don't seem to go so well with a zippy straw hat and a summer suit, do they?

Take a tip from your kindest critic. You're O. K. and you wear clothes well. *Don't let "shoe-shame" spoil the whole effect.*

Every time you dress, choose your shoes as carefully as you do your tie. Pick the ones that go best with the clothes you're wearing. *Buy shoes* that way, and you'll get the utmost in dress-value and usefulness.

SHOES MARK THE MAN

For correct dress as well as correct fitting consult shoe merchants who display this emblem of leadership. This advertisement is one of a series sponsored by the combined Shoe, Leather and Allied Industries in collaboration with the National Shoe Retailers Association

Get a copy of the booklet illustrated below. Ask your shoe dealer or write to—*Executive Advertising Committee, 14th floor, 260 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.*

SHOES MARK THE MAN

(Continued from Page 218)

less milk, fruit and vegetables are produced when the farmers are a long way from their market. It is well known that milk, fruits and vegetables are essential to a satisfactory diet. Since industrial decentralization encourages the production of these things, it must be reckoned a powerful agency in promoting the national health. Though much has been accomplished in the long-distance shipment of fruit and vegetables, the advantage of producing such commodities near consuming centers remains, particularly from the standpoint of the poorer consumers. Whatever cuts down the cost of transporting milk, fruit and vegetables also cuts down the nation's doctor bill. Probably nothing accomplishes this result more effectively than industrial decentralization, which moves the farmer's market nearer to the farm. It is not a coincidence that malnutrition among children is more prevalent in large than in small cities.

A Dim Dividing Line

It seems evident that the benefit accruing to agriculture from industrial decentralization increases with the degree of decentralization, provided the process is economically sound from an industrial standpoint. It would profit nothing to spread industry around in such a way as to increase its costs of production. That would mean higher prices at home, less business abroad, and general retrogression. But when decentralization is industrially advantageous, a given amount of industrial development does more for agriculture than an equal amount of centralized development would do. Rents are usually lower in small towns than in large. Hence the small-town wage earners, provided employers take no unfair advantage of the lower cost of housing, retain a larger proportion of their income for the purchase of farm products. They may not increase the quantity but they certainly raise the quality of their food supply. Moreover, industrial growth scattered among many small towns diffuses the benefits of highway improvement, school and sanitation development, electrification, and so forth, among more farmers than would an equal growth centered in one place. When a small industrial town springs up in a rural district, it extends the advantage of modern civic improvements to an agricultural community not previously served. No such result is produced by adding the industrial equivalent of a small town to a city already well developed.

Agricultural people also benefit from the employment opportunities afforded by near-by industrial development. Many farm families include more individuals than can find continuous employment in farm work. This is demonstrated by the steady exodus of farm population from the farms. Industrial expansion in small towns takes surplus labor from the farm without necessarily removing it from the farm home. This fact may have important consequences. When young farm people must leave a community in order to find a satisfactory occupation, they may be lost to it forever. When they can live at home and work in a near-by town, they at least retain a connection with agriculture. Modern conditions make it more certain that we shall have a sufficient number of farmers than that we shall have farmers of the highest type. Unfortunately, it is too often the best of our young people who abandon agriculture for city life. Industrial development in rural communities has a tendency to reduce the loss of this valuable human material. It gives farm families a choice of occupations and a means of increasing their earnings without disrupting home life.

In this article I have adopted the conventional distinction between manufacturing industry and agriculture, but this is largely arbitrary. Much work formerly done on the farm is now done in manufacturing plants. From the standpoint of the final product, the men who make seed drills or harvesting machinery play as important a part in agriculture as the men who actually plant the seed and harvest the grain. No hard and fast distinction between manufacturing and agriculture can be drawn except the fact that the one is usually performed inside and the other outside a town or city. Essential economic distinctions between manufacturing and agriculture have been modified by modern specialization and the subdivision of labor. This should diminish misunderstanding between town and country. Though manufacturing and agriculture do not always synchronize in their ups and downs, their interests in the long run are tied together.

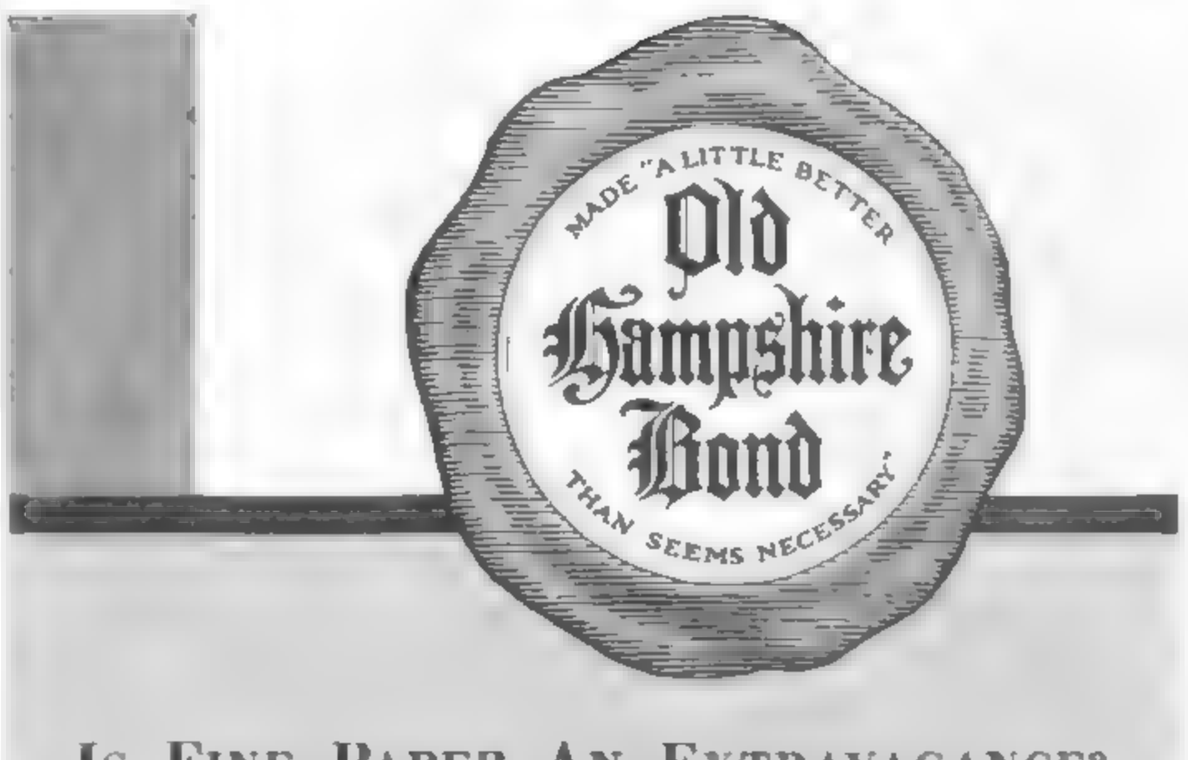
It would be superfluous to elaborate so obvious a point, but it may not be amiss to cite one or two examples of the increasing identity between urban and rural interests. Much is being done by the development of new uses for agricultural products that were formerly wasted. Cottonseed, which was wholly wasted until about seventy-five years ago, contains four primary elements—crude oil, cake or meal, linters and hulls—for the first three of which industrial chemistry has found immense markets. It may not be long before a market is found for the hulls also, because they contain furfural, acetic acid, alcohol, tar, and other hydrocarbons. Cottonseed-oil mills located in rural districts, like all industries utilizing agricultural by-products, confer a double benefit on agriculture. They pay hard cash for what was formerly wasted, and build up industrial populations that consume cereals, meat, fruit, vegetables and dairy products.

Linters are made into felting, upholstery, padding, rope, fleece lining for underwear, explosives, surgical dressings, artificial leather, sausage casings, roofings, floor coverings, wearing apparel, photographic films, toilet articles, pyroxylin paints and billiard balls. Cottonseed cake provides feed for livestock, and also fertilizer. These examples are typical of the industrial progress that brings farms and factories together physically as well as commercially.

Pipe Stems From Corncobs

Important recent developments in chemistry promise great expansion in the market for farm by-products. Corncobs, for example, contain among other things a substance called lignin, which is believed to hold with respect to industrial possibilities a position like that held a century ago by coal tar. Lignin is a complex carbon compound that can be combined with many other substances. Brilliant and perfectly fast dyes have been made from lignin in the Bureau of Chemistry of the United States Department of Agriculture, and other uses are glimpsed. Today lignin, which is found not only in corncobs but in straw, cottonseed hulls and other cellular material, is the greatest of all unutilized farm by-products. It may eventually be worth more than the other parts of the plants in which it is found. Corncobs also yield pentosan and cellulose, which can be transformed into a host of useful things. From pentosan in the corncob the industrial chemist produces artificial resins, phonograph records, varnishes, pipe stems, cigarette holders, electrical instruments similar to those made with hard rubber, and many other useful articles. Cellulose from the corncob may be nitrated and made into spools, picture frames, combs, and other things commonly made of wood. Corncob cellulose as a substitute for wood in pulp and paper making has considerable possibilities, though cellulose from other sources is cheaper at present.

Sirup blending and canning by a recently discovered process should enable agriculture to draw substantial benefits from industrial development. Shipment of sirup to a plant located within easy reach of the farm is necessary to the successful operation of this innovation. Cane and sorghum sirups are produced on thousands of farms in the United States, the total annual output averaging about 88,000,000 gallons, worth about $66,000,000. Heretofore the value of the sirups, particularly cane sirup,



IS FINE PAPER AN EXTRAVAGANCE?

There is an undercurrent of respect between men or firms whose business stationery properly reflects their position or standing. On the other hand, there is nothing more obvious than the kind of thrift that is expressed by stationery of inferior quality.

Made of selected, fresh, new rags, Old Hampshire Bond is the finest any one can use for his correspondence. For more than sixty years Old Hampshire Bond has been used by America's leading firms, executives and professional men. The qualities that made the first few hundred pounds popular, still distinguish the hundreds of tons that are sold today. Your printer or engraver can supply you.

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HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY, SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASS.

Would YOU Accept

$2.22 for Each Spare Hour?

If you have one or two unused hours every day—it makes no difference whether in the morning, afternoon, or evening—would you accept $2.22 for each of them? *That's what we have paid John W. Richards of Wisconsin for representing our subscription interests in his locality.*

Why Not Do What Richards Did?

Although Richards had had no experience along sales lines, he clipped a coupon like the one below, and became our representative in his locality. He could give only two hours a day to subscription work, or a total of 48 hours each month. Yet his profits totaled $106.80 in one month, or approximately $2.22 per hour.

Money talks, and sometimes it makes pretty convincing conversation! You can listen to more like this, straight from your own pocketbook, by representing *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in your vicinity. Put your unproductive hours to profitable use without losing any time. Send this handy coupon for full details, TODAY!

Investigate This Opportunity

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
283 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me how I may earn as much or more than Mr. Richards.

Name _____ Age _____
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City _____ State _____

has been impaired by sugaring, or crystallizing. This can be prevented, the Bureau of Chemistry and the Bureau of Soils have found, by the use of invertase. As a result of this discovery, blending and canning plants are projected to take sirup in large quantities from farmers' coöperative associations. One plan nearing fruition provides for a coöperative canning and blending plant which will employ a considerable labor force. Methods have been developed for blending, standardizing and treating sirup so as to produce an article of standard and sustained character.

A Market for Culls

Another promising development in connection with sugar-cane sirup lessens the risk of loss from spoilage in hot weather. Under present conditions only the larger distributing organizations, possessing costly systems of cold storage, can handle sirup during the summer. Small producers must get rid of their stock before the warm weather begins. The Bureau of Chemistry and the Bureau of Soils have developed a new product called cane cream, a partially crystallized sirup with excellent keeping qualities. Cane cream, which may be used as a spread for hot cakes, biscuits, waffles, and so on, can be marketed the year round. As it is well adapted for production in small plants, the article fits in admirably with the program of industrial decentralization. It promises farmers an increased income from cane sirup in a continuous market.

Citrous-fruit growers in California have profited tremendously from industrial developments utilizing citrus by-products. This result likewise must be credited largely to work done in the United States Department of Agriculture. Ten or a dozen years ago great quantities of California oranges and lemons had to be discarded as culls and hauled away at a cost of one dollar a ton. In some seasons as much as 30 per cent of the citrous crop found no market, because, though edible, it was oversized or undersized or had some blemish. Cull fruit is now all utilized and sold at about twelve dollars a ton, netting the growers a saving of about $1,000,000 annually. It is made into citric acid, orange oil, citrous pectin, concentrated citrous juices, cattle feed, and other products. Here is a good example of what industry in rural communities does for agriculture. Waste, with resultant loss to the grower, is prevented, consumers get a whole list of valuable products at low prices, and the demand for agricultural products generally increases.

It is a commonplace to point to the growth of population as a source of agricultural improvement. As our population increases, agriculture will be less dependent on foreign countries for a market. It may therefore expect to receive prices mainly determined by domestic conditions. Already our population is more than 75 per cent urban, and our future experience may be more concerned with deficits than with surpluses in farm production. It is less often realized that agriculture's welfare depends upon the geographical distribution of the increased population as well as upon its total amount. Concentrated in comparatively few large cities, the increase would favor specialization rather than diversification in agriculture. It would put a premium on the production of the cereals and meats, and a penalty on the production of milk, fruits and vegetables. Since this is undesirable, the present tendency of industry, and therefore of population, to spread throughout the country, and to take root in thousands of small towns and cities, should be hailed with gratification. It brings town and country together in a mutually profitable interchange of services. While the country gives the town an increasing variety of high-quality goods and perhaps also a part of its labor supply, the town reciprocates by spreading over the surrounding countryside a network of services which farmers too often lack. This interchange of services is intellectual and æsthetic as well as economic, and the bargain is by no means one-sided. Farmer and townsman can each learn from the other many things essential to the upbuilding of a truly civilized community.

For City and Country

Barriers between town and country are fast being broken down. Before long, economic progress may produce a virtually uniform distribution, in town and country alike, of the advantages and conveniences now largely monopolized by the town. Already the farmer's isolation has been lessened by the automobile, the telephone, the radio, and other means of communication. Eventually the geographic separation of industry from agriculture may be greatly modified. In certain thickly populated areas the town merges insensibly into the country already. Who can set limits to the extension of this process in a rapidly growing country constantly applying science and invention to its economic and social life? Farms and factories may hereafter be less easily distinguishable than they are today. They will be on about the same plane from the standpoint of technical efficiency and mechanization, and probably also in most of the other characteristics of modern life. Everything will be more freely interchanged—population as well as goods, ideas as well as services. What we now loosely talk of as the farm problem will then have disappeared. In its stead will be a complex of economic problems, the solution of which will be the equal and joint concern of townsman and farmer.

Which one of these "representatives" will you hire?

THE catalog carrying your message to the trade need not be battered, torn and stuffed with supplements a few months after it's off the press. The Heinn Loose-Leaf System of Cataloging has replaced such methods. The pages in a Heinn Catalog are always intact . . up-to-date . . . orderly arranged.

Many of the largest, most progressive companies in the country have adopted the Heinn Loose-Leaf System of Cataloging. Fairbanks-Morse & Co., for example. No doubt your business, too, can be benefited by this up-to-date method of modern selling.

The Heinn Company has successfully solved the catalog problems of many of the nation's largest concerns. Let us have a Heinn Catalog Specialist call and discuss your needs with you.

THE HEINN COMPANY

Originators of the Loose-Leaf System of Cataloging

HEINN Binders

MILWAUKEE

DAY-BY-DAY CATALOGUES THAT LAST YEAR-AFTER YEAR

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352 Florida St., Milwaukee, Wis.

I am sending you a copy of our catalog. Can it be improved by the use of Heinn Binders?

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Company Title
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Blue Monday for the Kid Who Used to Air the Baby

Placid Mirror-Lakes, Majestic Mountains

The vacation land supreme—replete with scenic loveliness, early-day romance and geological marvels of bygone ages.

76 lakes, sentinelled by majestic mountains, within 50 miles of this beautiful city—historic scenes of the early fur-traders, miners and "Black Robes"—million-year-old lava flows, petrified trees, fossils in the massive Grand Coulée.

See them all this year in and around Spokane.

See the whole Pacific Coast Empire

Address Spokane Chamber of Commerce for "The Scenic Lure of Spokane." S. E. P. 5-4.

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Street
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Voted the Loveliest of WIVES by

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.
JOHN BARRYMORE

Mrs. Hester, snapped beside the Plaza fountain in New York City. She has used Woodbury's ever since she can remember, and has the loveliest, most child-like skin in the world

Mrs. George Franklin Hester of Richmond, Virginia . . . chosen from Woodbury beauties of 48 States as the loveliest of wives

SHE is tall, slim as a wand, with beautiful bright brown eyes, full of golden lights, and a skin like a Maréchal Niel rose.

Her face, seen in repose, is grave and rather dreamy. When she smiles it breaks into a look of enchanting mischief—of lovely archness.

She was born in Richmond, Virginia, and comes of a long line of Southern beauties. She made her debut at eighteen, and four years later she married—a young Southerner like herself. She is still in her early twenties.

The things that interest her are music and books, beautiful color, texture, line, and what the imagination can make of them. She is a musician, and has studied the violin since she was five. She has beautiful little "violin" hands. She plays golf to please her husband and the piano to please herself. "*Butterfly*" is her favorite among modern operas; "*The Bridge of San Luis Rey*" among recent books.

She opens her eyes in wonder at Northern women—their energy, dash, ambition. "They all *do* things—in the South we just live."

Marriage seems to her an absorbing career in itself. She doesn't see how married women find time for outside jobs—"especially when they have babies." She says she isn't an old-fashioned wife or a new-fashioned wife—"just a wife!"

She has used Woodbury's Facial Soap ever since she can remember, and she has the loveliest skin in the world; soft as a child's, dazzlingly white, with deep, vivid color in lips and cheeks.

"I am thrilled at being chosen a Woodbury beauty by three such distinguished men," she declared. "I love Woodbury's Facial Soap. To me it is the perfect soap for the skin. It has a special delicacy and mildness that I've never found in any other soap."

OUT of hundreds of beautiful Woodbury users, on whom we called in big cities, in little towns throughout the country—three distinguished judges—John Barrymore, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. are choosing the loveliest of each type . . . Each month their photographs will appear, together with a brief story of their personality . . . They represent thousands upon thousands of women throughout America who today owe the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful complexion to daily care with Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . Commence, now, to take care of *your* skin with this wonderful soap! Begin, tonight, to gain the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch!"

WE SHALL BE HAPPY to send you a delightful Woodbury set, containing a trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, the Cold Cream [illegible]

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Buildings that come to life on Sargent Hardware

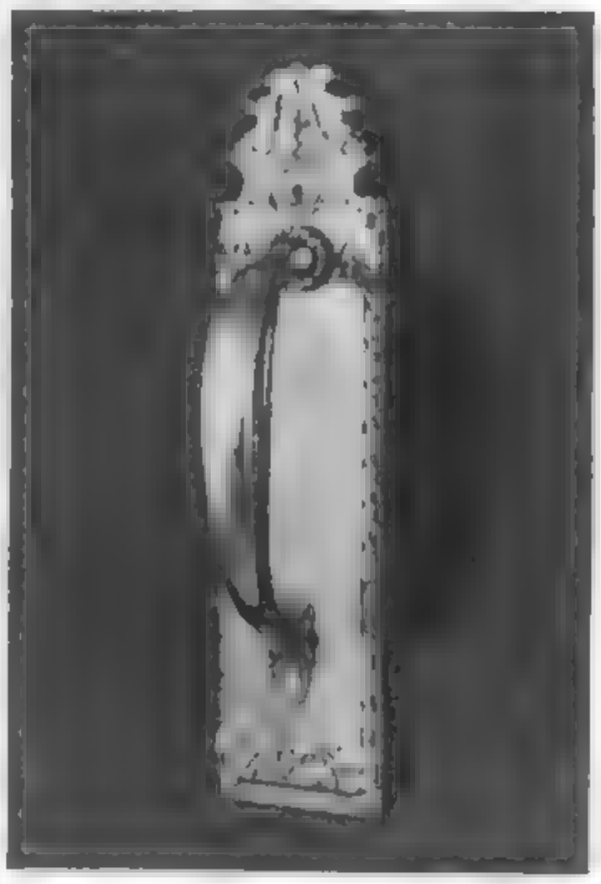
THE key is inserted . . . bolts slide . . . doors swing—the building comes to life. Every moving part must function smoothly—on hardware! In office building or suburban residence, each hinge, each lock, each door-closer must continue to carry the burden of constant use. Sargent Hardware stands this test.

To eliminate all chance of faulty equipment, Sargent Hardware is being installed in many types of structures all over the country—hotels, apartments, residences, hospitals and educational buildings. Of solid brass or bronze, Sargent Hardware is durable. Each piece is machined with the greatest precision. Equipment by Sargent adds actual value to a building and is a distinct contribution to its beauty. There are artistic and authentic Sargent designs for your home or your office.

If interested in building, write for our illustrated booklet, "Hardware for Utility and Ornamentation" . . . you will find it instructive. Every Sargent item—whether tool, lock-set or cup hook—in material and workmanship lives up to those high standards of quality set by Sargent Builders' Hardware. Sargent & Company, 33 Water Street, New Haven, Connecticut.

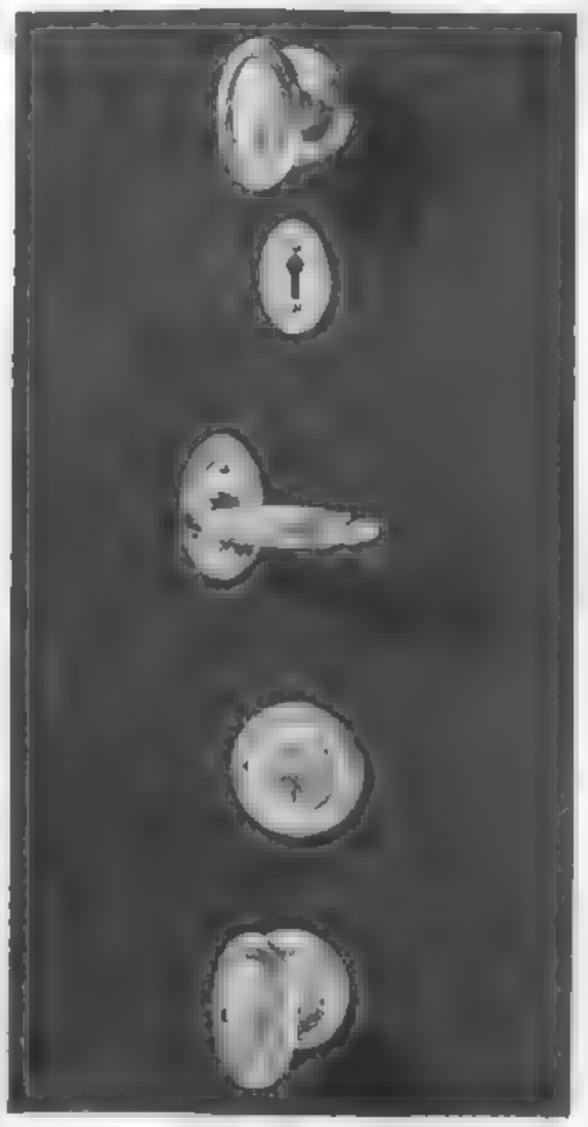
SARGENT

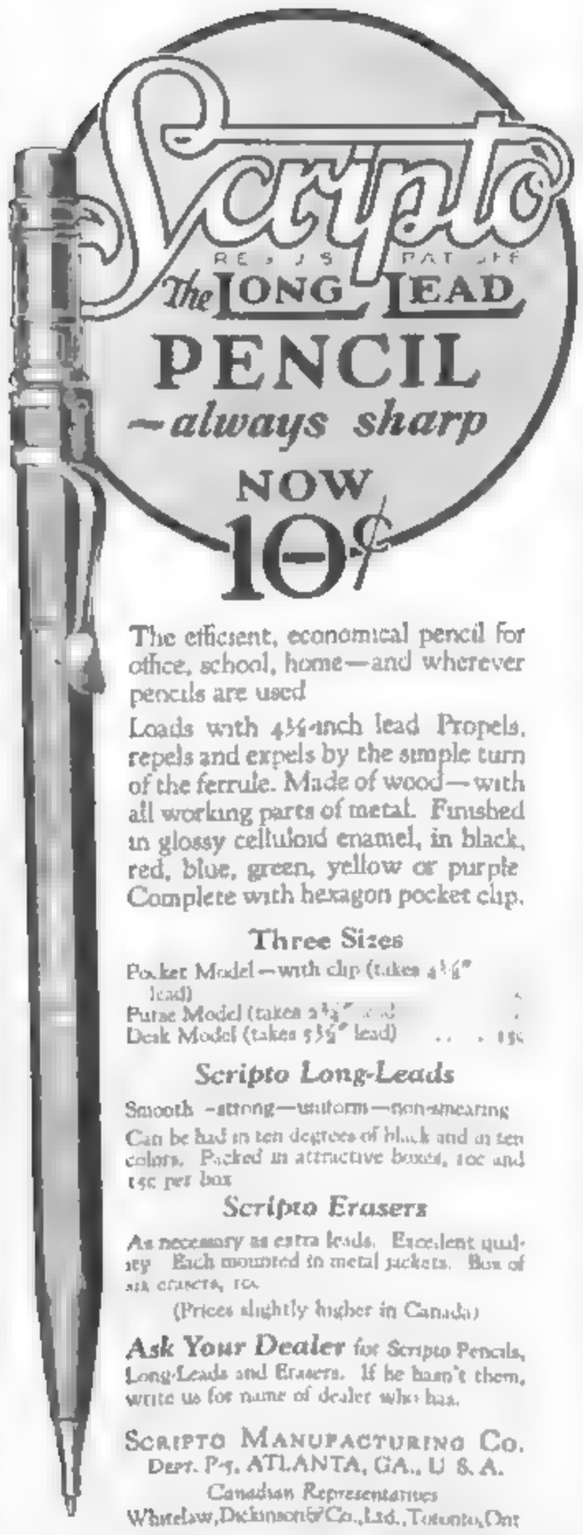
LOCKS AND HARDWARE



The above design was made especially for the Mayo Clinic, shown at left, Rochester, Minnesota, Ellerbe & Company, architects. This building is equipped with Sargent Hardware.

The Du Barry design illustrated is appropriate for this French-type residence. Durham & Irvine, Philadelphia. Complete hardware equipment by Sargent adds to its distinction and serviceability.





The efficient, economical pencil for office, school, home—and wherever pencils are used

Loads with 4¾-inch lead Propels, repels and expels by the simple turn of the ferrule. Made of wood—with all working parts of metal. Finished in glossy celluloid enamel, in black, red, blue, green, yellow or purple Complete with hexagon pocket clip.

Three Sizes

Pocket Model—with clip (takes 4¾" lead)
Purse Model (takes 2¾" lead)
Desk Model (takes 5½" lead) . . . 15c

Scripto Long-Leads

Smooth—strong—uniform—non-smearing

Can be had in ten degrees of black and in ten colors. Packed in attractive boxes, 10c and 15c per box

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As necessary as extra leads. Excellent quality Each mounted in metal jackets. Box of six erasers, 10c

(Prices slightly higher in Canada)

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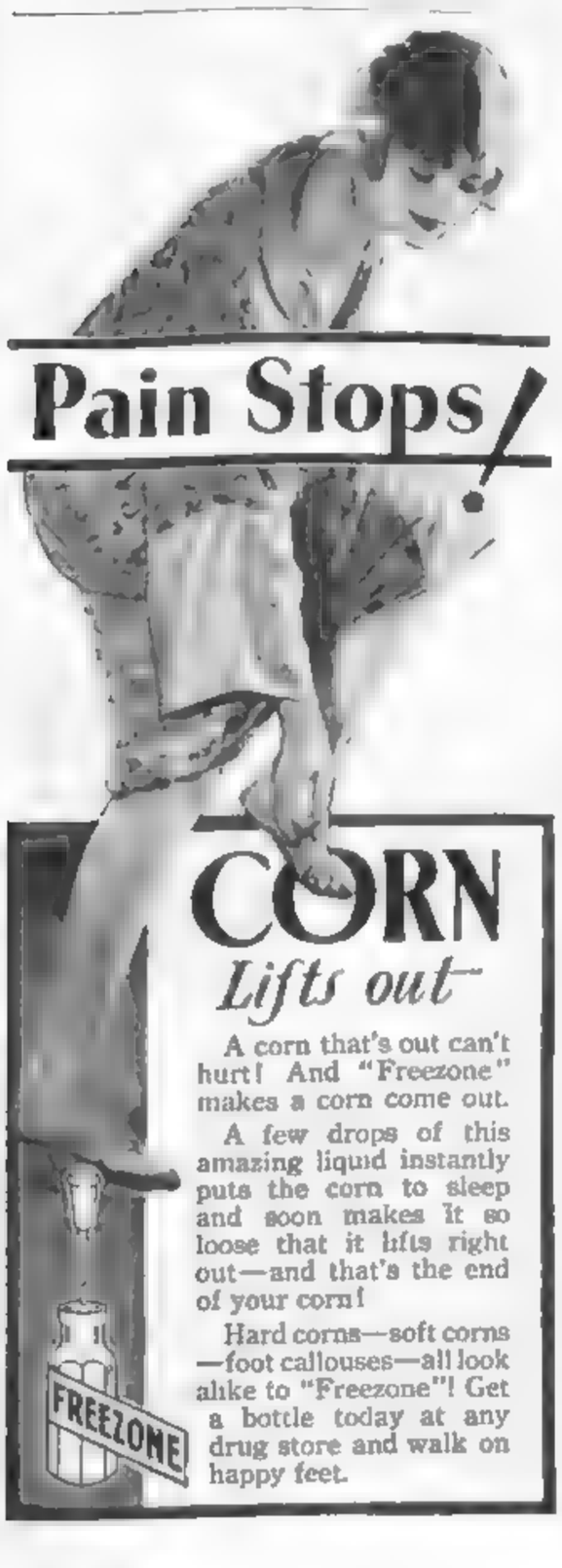

Pain Stops!
CORN
Lifts out
A corn that's out can't hurt! And "Freezone" makes a corn come out.
A few drops of this amazing liquid instantly puts the corn to sleep and soon makes it so loose that it lifts right out—and that's the end of your corn!
Hard corns—soft corns—foot callouses—all look alike to "Freezone"! Get a bottle today at any drug store and walk on happy feet.
FREEZONE

STEAMING UP

(Continued from Page 50)

After our own Government entered the war and required a vast amount of motive power, our Works was intrusted with a hurry-up order for 150 Pershing Consolidation engines. Between July 17, 1917, and October 1, of that year, we turned out and shipped the whole order. Through the initiative of my old friend, S. M. Felton, who turned from regular railroading to become Director of Military Railways in our country, and with the assistance of his mechanical aide, Colonel Milliken, we shipped hundreds of Pershings in the holds of vessels, each engine complete and ready for the rails except for headlight, smokestack and cab. This innovation was a great timesaver.

Although I didn't think much about it then, the war was equipping me for postwar expansion of our business. Yet, in spite of many European orders, our foreign locomotive business was only about 5 per cent of our total business during the period of the war. All told, we turned out 5551 wartime locomotives for the United States and Allied nations, but most of our energy and ability were devoted to manufacturing other means of defeating our enemies.

Though I was not partial to manufacturing ammunition, I saw, soon after the World War opened, that we would have to do everything possible to end it; so I went back to my old working schedule of twenty hours a day. Backed by such old associates as Mr. John P. Sykes, who has been with me since I joined Baldwin's in 1883 and is one of the best organizers in this country, we added to and altered our Philadelphia and Eddystone plants until old-timers had difficulty in recognizing the originals.

Between May 1, 1915, and January 1, 1916, we erected a rifle factory at Eddystone, for the Remington Arms Company of Delaware, which had thirty-seven acres of floor space, and machinery sufficient to employ 16,000 people. Between July 3, 1915, and the end of that December, we completed buildings two stories high and covering fifteen acres, in which the Eddystone Ammunition Corporation turned out three-inch Russian shrapnel. As these latter buildings were on swampy ground, they were supported on concrete piling.

An Early Morning Conference

Before our country entered the war I was asked, at a round-table conference in Washington, how long it would take to begin the manufacture of military rifles in large quantities. I replied that we could begin immediate delivery of 5000 rifles daily, if the American Army adopted the British rifle, but that six months would elapse for the same delivery of the American standard, army service rifle. Before we were well into the war I was made chairman of the munitions committee of the War Industries Board. Thereafter I did most of my sleeping in a motor car between Philadelphia, New York and Washington. Though one of my sons was seriously ill in a Philadelphia hospital, I was able to see him occasionally; much oftener than I saw my home.

During the last westward drive of the Germans our Navy Department called me into conference on the building of five railway mounts for fourteen-inch guns to be used against the Germans' long-range guns which were firing into Dunkirk. No bidder had promised delivery in less than nine to twelve months from date of contract. Such a delay would be, to put it mildly, impracticable. Someone suggested that we have a conference in Washington, "sometime tomorrow," of various parties who could contribute to the construction of the mounts.

"Why not tonight?" I asked Admiral Ralph Earle, in charge of the Bureau of Naval Ordnance.

"Some of them are in New York City, some in Boston, others in Watertown, New York, and others in Pittsburgh and equally distant points," he objected.

"Let me get busy on the telephone?" I pleaded. I began doing some high-speed, long-distance talking. By railroad and motor car the gentlemen assembled that night in Washington. We discussed the problem from about 1 A.M. to 5 A.M. Each repeated his declaration that nine months was the minimum.

I gave them twenty minutes more in which to think it over; then said to Admiral Earle, "If the order for the five gun mounts is intrusted to me, I'll make delivery in 120 days." I got the order. It was filled within my own time limit and played its part in hastening the Armistice; though the mounts were used not in Belgium but near the Meuse-Argonne battles.

Before that armistice was declared, the Baldwin Locomotive Works and its associated companies had turned out for the Allied nations and the United States twenty foundations for fourteen-inch gun mounts; forty-six mounts for seven-inch guns; five sets of trucks for gun and howitzer mounts; more than 6,500,000 shells; more than 1,850,000 cartridge cases, and nearly 2,000,000 other items. The Armistice found me sitting on a dock ready to sail with the pick of my shop organization to speed up the building of military tanks in France. It also found the Works crippled by the war.

Riding His Hobby

I had been lucky in many ways, had not been attacked by subs or mines during my trips across the ocean or in European waters. But one of our best salesmen in foreign fields, W. Sterling Hodges, had gone down on the Lusitania with his family. We had lost many strong men with the flu, notably Capt. Walter M. Wilhelm, whom I had secured from the Frankford Arsenal to take care of the Eddystone Ammunition Plant and whose fervor kept that plant going at top speed under most trying circumstances. The epidemic had me on my back a while; though when I returned to work I was in fine fettle. I needed all the stuff I had.

Business was bad throughout the country. Railroads suffered from government ownership. There was little local prospect of selling locomotives; so I turned my attention to foreign fields.

Our organization was badly out of balance. Exigencies of war had increased our industrial department enormously, but as war work had required little salesmanship, our sales department was especially weak. I abolished an extra-work department; creating a domestic sales department and a foreign sales department. Then I concentrated on foreign sales.

Building locomotives is my only hobby, but I have always believed that men are fundamentally honest and that this characteristic is reflected in a nation. Sell to any customer honestly and he will pay his debts when he has an opportunity. On this belief I based my new trade-extension policy. I made a vice-president responsible for all foreign sales; then divided all foreign territory into three zones, each in charge of a manager.

Because it is linguistically a unit and does its own buying, by countries, on its own, I included in one zone all Latin America south of Mexico. Europe, exclusive of Russia, I put into the same zone with Africa, because Europe was a natural economic unit and practically all African railroads were owned in Europe and would do their buying through European agencies. The third zone included Asia and Australasia. It was true that most railroads in that territory were owned or financed by European capital and that any business originating in the Eastern Hemisphere would be closed, eventually, somewhere in Europe, but I needed a branch of my selling organization in a field so remote from supporting capital.

...All over the world

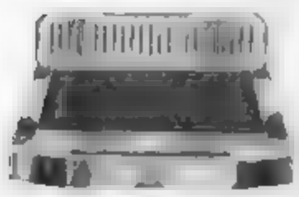
"From Greenland's icy mountains, to India's coral strand". . . from Capetown to Prairie Center . . . Irwin Bits for wood boring are quickly available to the hand that needs them. Should your dealer be without the ones you want, he can get them from any one of his many sources of supply.

There are Irwin Bits wherever there are holes to be bored . . . sold by all reputable hardware dealers, from Irwin Cartons.

The
IRWIN AUGER BIT CO.
Wilmington, Ohio
Sole Manufacturers of the
GENUINE

KING BEE Step Plates are in Step with the Times

. . . amazing—the way KING BEE Step Plates just seem to "belong" on the new car models. . . . Snap—Dignity — Distinctiveness . . . whatever you term the particular beauty of your new car—is reflected in, and enhanced by—these carefully designed and as carefully constructed motoring necessities.



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Model 12

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The Final Touch of Elegance...

never conspicuous on your runningboards, they are like a smart gardenia—the final touch of elegance on a "chic" frock. The eye lingers agreeably on the harmonious ensemble without separating the various elements that produce it. So with KING BEE Step Plates. Lay them on your runningboards—enjoy the pleasing effect—then take them off. One glance, and you'll know what we mean.

And for old cars—KING BEE Step Plates lend a touch of modern snap that you'll agree is well worth the small investment. And they'll hide those worn spots on the runningboard covering and save you the time and expense of renewing it

Of course, KING BEE Step Plate design makes them superior from a practical standpoint too. Rolled aluminum frames retain their rich lustre indefinitely—extra thick rubber mats stand higher than the frames, for easy cleaning . . . AND

KING BEE STEP PLATES *are Unbreakable..!*

Note the patented steel reinforcing (the heavy lines on the cross section above) . . . see how the steel reinforcing backs up the entire plate, and rises behind the "kick" like a truss, making KING BEE plates unbreakable

At leading accessory stores and car dealers everywhere.

AMERICAN AUTOMATIC DEVICES CO
Throop & Congress Sts., Chicago

Please send me your attractive folder showing inexpensive KING BEE Step Plates that keep new cars new, and make old cars newer

I drive a _____

Model _____ Year _____

Name _____

Address _____

Under my zone managers were traveling managers, and under them branch offices and subagencies, until I had salesmen soliciting business in Paris, Rio, Melbourne, Shanghai, Honolulu and Batavia, and fifty other foreign cities, all in touch with the home office.

These salesmen had to possess selling ability, but beyond that they had to be gifted with a cosmopolitanism which enabled them to play the game according to local methods. They thus had an unusual amount of authority. And though we used local periodicals to bring our name into local prominence we depended on cultivation of the personal element. As locomotives are sold to governments or high railroad officials and it may take a year to make a sale, the personal touch is most important. Hence, we have always tried to send our own men into foreign fields. That brings up the question of loyalty.

It takes time and money to train a man. We invest a good deal in educating both local and foreign sales representatives. If they want to leave us at any time, we bid them Godspeed and fill all vacancies. The men who leave us generally come back to us.

Some years ago we had a man who knew Spanish and how to sell to Latin America. He'd been quite a while in learning the game. Then he decided he could do better in another line. We parted in complete amity. By and by we had an opening for a salesman in another part of Latin America. Our old representative heard about the job and applied for it. He got it, at an increase in salary. After he was once more with us he told an old friend in the organization: "It took me three months to make up my mind to leave Baldwin's, but only three days to make up my mind to come back again." He's not the only one who's felt that way about it.

Service to Customers

Having laid my plans for increasing world-wide distribution, I began to think about Mexico. I was personally interested in that territory, because we'd been selling to Mexico many years and I'd found the Mexicans fair-minded business men.

Not long after I'd been made general superintendent of the Works the Mexican Government National Railways notified us that an engine we'd built for them was six inches too wide to go through a bridge. As we'd filled the order according to specifications and the bridge was there when they gave the order, the fault was not ours but the Mexicans'. Yet I went down there to see about it.

The bridge was not only six inches too narrow, it also had badly rusted floor beams, too light to hold the engine, anyway. I offered to furnish new, strong and wider beams if the Mexican engineers would spread the bridge and place them. The engineers replied that since the original bridge would not have carried the engine they had ordered, the railway company would pay for all replacements and repairs.

My reply to this good sportsmanship was to send one of their old engines, not made by us, to Philadelphia for a fire box in which coal could be burned instead of wood. They'd been trying to burn coal in it ineffectively. Then I rounded up the railroad motive power and gave them advice about improving it. Since that episode Mexico has been buying its locomotives from us, and having a revolution occasionally.

Soon after the World War Armistice the Mexican National Railways sent representatives to our Works to order ninety locomotives, to be paid for in this country prior to delivery. Prices and terms were mutually satisfactory. The railway people returned to Mexico to have the order officially executed. But the official order sent to us was for forty-five engines only; though the Mexicans asked for an option on the other forty-five.

Our terms were evidently too hard on them. I never take advantage of a deserving customer. I asked our representative in Mexico City to find out if President Obregon would like to talk to me and to several other business men who were coming down to learn more about Mexico. President Obregon promptly invited me to visit him. I went, though my business friends remained at home. That was their fault and their misfortune.

The Mexico of 1920 impressed me favorably. It seemed to be in good industrial condition and to have enormous commercial possibilities. As soon as I saw President Obregon in the Castle of Chapultepec and he looked me squarely in the eye, I knew that I could do business with him safely. You can read a man's face if you're in the habit of so doing.

Lending Them Money to Buy

In thirty minutes I had offered to lend his government $2,000,000 as a revolving fund. This could be spent on our locomotives and could be paid back in thirty-six monthly installments, but as fast as it was paid off the Mexicans could reorder, and thus keep owing us $2,000,000 indefinitely. But in making the proposition I didn't mention locomotives. President Obregon thanked me and said he'd think about it. He thought two days and sent for me. Then he handed me a solar plexus.

"I will accept your proposition," said His Excellency, "if you will loan us $4,000,000 and advance us twenty-five cents in cash for every dollar of business we give you. We will spend the cash loan on railroad equipment and betterment. If we can't get the cash we can't use your engines. Our roads are not in condition for them."

This meant that if the Works loaned him $1,000,000 in hard money and then let him have $4,000,000 worth of locomotives on time, he would buy our locomotives if my prices were satisfactory to him.

When a business man comes back at you, it is a good idea to go right back at him. "I'm thousands of miles from home," I replied to the President of Mexico, "and might lose my job if I accept your counter-proposition without authority. But I'll extend you $2,000,000 credit on my own authority, advance $500,000 in cash for your equipment purchases, and ask you to hold the rest of your proposition open until I return to Philadelphia."

After we'd signed that agreement and I had an order for forty-five locomotives, I said, "As for the other forty-five, I'll ship them to you in sixty days, and you can pay for one a month without interest."

Our Mexican account is still most satisfactory. So is our account in Cuba; though at one time, when the sugar game was bad, the Cubans owed us $8,000,000. We merely gave the Cubans time and increased our selling forces on the island. In a few months they cut their indebtedness to $1,000,000; then they wiped that off the books.

The Mexican idea appealed to the Argentines, whose country greatly resembles Northwestern Canada and whose people are thoroughly reliable.

During our own business boom in 1919 we sent one of our salesmen to the Argentine. We were preparing for a local slump. Our man fell afoul of the German order takers. Germans are pretty strong down there. In 1920 they took an order for 10,000 car wheels to be delivered to the Argentine State Railways early the next year. Krupps was supposed to fill the order. Nothing had happened by 1922; so Krupps were declared defaulted and new bids were called for. Henschell & Son of Germany got the order. A year elapsed and the German firm said they would have to have better prices or not deliver. That let the Germans out of it. Since then we've shipped thousands of car wheels to the Argentine from our subsidiary, the Standard Steel Works.

Early in 1922 the Germans took an order for fifty locomotives, to be delivered promptly in Patagonia; in exchange for

(Continued on Page 229)

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The GUTH-FAN—a new and revolutionary invention—combines superior ventilating features and electric illumination in a single unit. However, it is more than just a fan built into a lighting fixture—it provides a *healthy* air circulation without creating drafts. Neat and attractive in appearance; it is semi-concealed in the lighting fixture, with a specially-designed blade that rotates horizontally on a new *up-draft* principle. Instead of creating a direct blast, Guth-Fan draws a steady current of air upward. Thus it raises the cool, fresh air from the floor and circulates it throughout the room.

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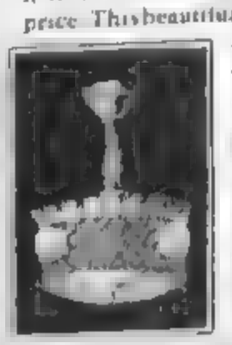

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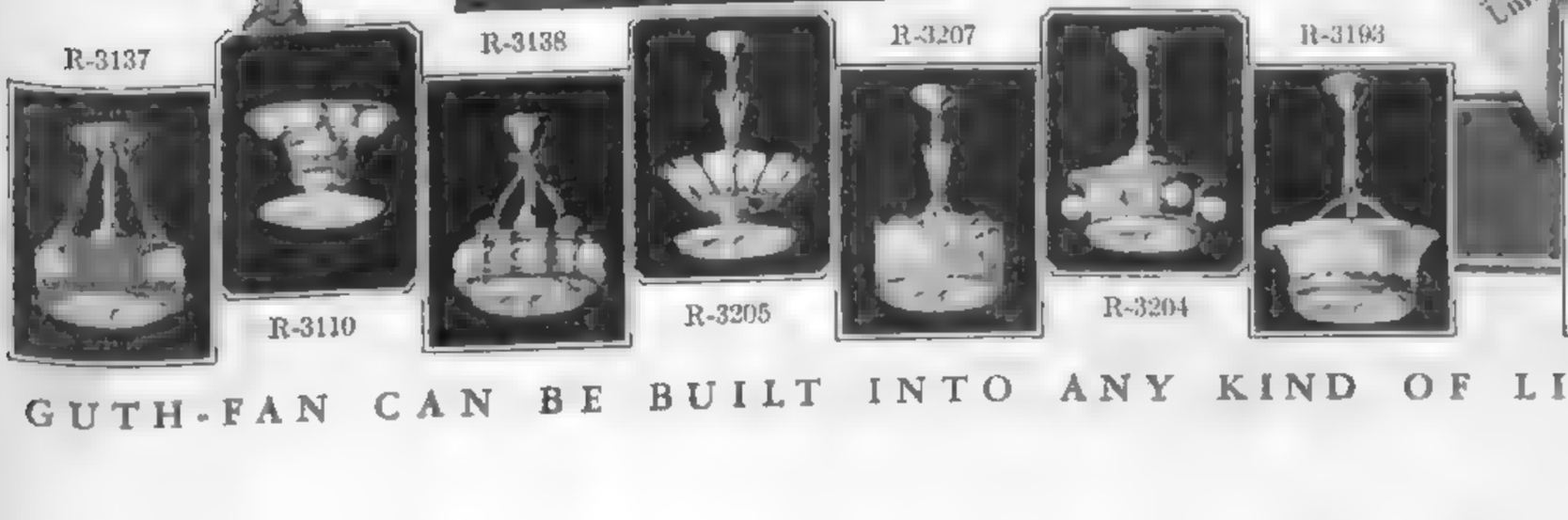

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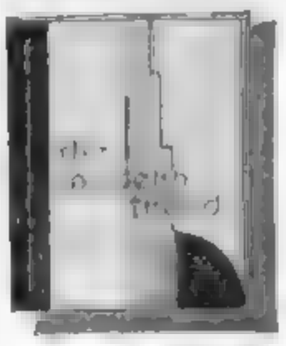

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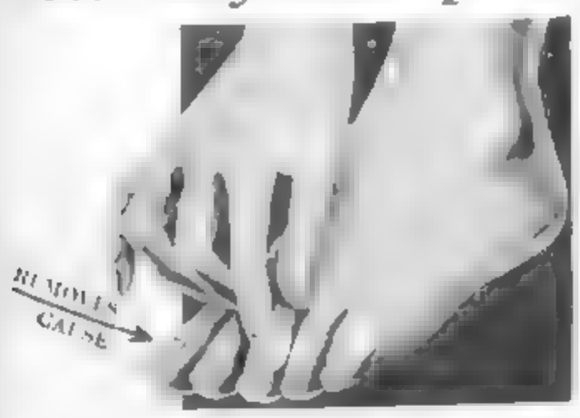

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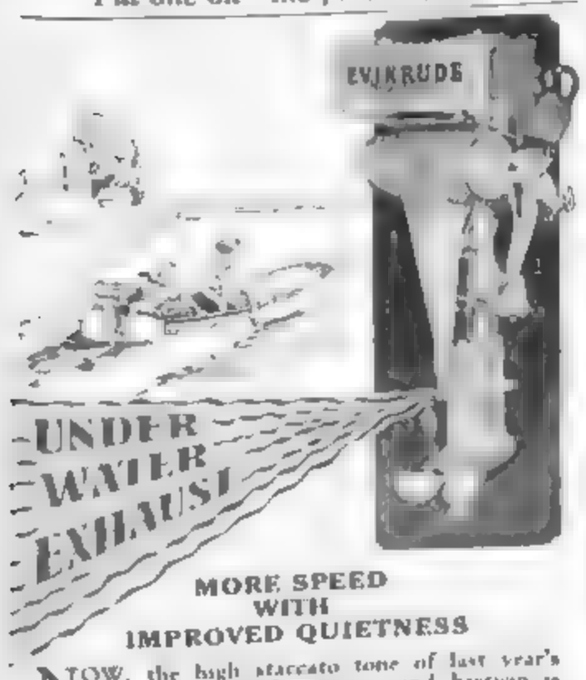

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(Continued from Page 226)

wool, I believe. Part of Patagonia is in the Argentine. As the Argentine railways needed locomotives, they also ordered fifty from our Works. Then they increased the order to eighty-five. In brief, having wearied of waiting for the Germans, they said, "You lend us $3,000,000, as credit, and loan us $1,000,000 in cash, and we'll buy $10,000,000 worth of finished material from you." We agreed and everyone is satisfied except the Germans.

German competition is keen, because their labor overhead is much less than ours. I found the shop methods in Krupps, at Essen, inferior to ours because, though workmanship is excellent, there is too much handling. With their cheap labor it is no wonder their locomotives are polished so beautifully. That high polish appeals to buyers in many countries. We build our engines to haul long trains. Yet we can go in for fancy work.

Not long after our Argentine representative got into action we turned out the handsomest locomotive in our history. Its jacket bands were polished and nickeled; it had stripes on it here and there; its cabin was finished like a Pullman and it was named the Presidential because it had been selected to haul the new president of the Argentine to his inauguration. We slung its seventy-five bright tons onto a ship and lashed it there, and it arrived at Buenos Aires in good order, all ready to run off the deck and onto rails. That was the first time a completely assembled locomotive was shipped from the shores of this country. Down in Southern South America the Presidential is still a favorite.

I'd long admired the grit and punch of Polish people. When the Polish Government, in 1919, accepted our proffer of 150 locomotives to be paid for at the rate of $1,000,000 a year for seven years, the first payment to be made three years after delivery, with interest on all deferred payments, the transaction to be secured by government bonds, I took the bonds to Poland personally, to be signed by Wladyslaw Grabski, Poland's Finance Minister.

Little Room for Wonder

From Paris I telegraphed to Minister Grabski that Mr. Morris Bockius, my attorney, and I would arrive at Warsaw the next noon, Saturday, and would like to have an appointment with him. He replied that he would have to leave Warsaw at 6 P.M. on Saturday. Mr. Bockius and I reached Warsaw at two o'clock Saturday afternoon and went at once to the Polish Treasury Department, where Mr. Grabski signed bonds for three-quarters of an hour. Then he declared he must go to luncheon.

"I'll be gone two hours," he added.

"We'll wait right here until you return," I replied.

"Do you mean you will wait here until I come back?" he demanded in astonishment.

"Precisely that," I assured him.

"Then I shall return in twenty minutes," the minister declared.

He did. At 5:30 that afternoon all the engine bonds were signed, sealed and delivered to me. To show my faith in my customer I left them in Mr. Grabski's safe until Monday morning, while Mr. Frank Morse, our representative in Poland, took me up to Dantzic to see a shipload of our locomotives come ashore. On Monday the Polish bonds were placed in a diplomatic pouch, as I was going by a roundabout way back to Paris and the Government of France didn't want any securities to enter or leave that country. On Monday I took the bonds across devastated but industrious Poland into Rumania, where I met Queen Marie, the smartest business man in Europe.

If ever a country needed motive power it was Rumania in 1920. Our special car was attached to a train scheduled to leave the Polish border at 11 P.M. When it did get away, some hours late, every car but ours was packed with a cheerfully suffering load of Rumanian men, women, children, pigs and chickens, with a few geese and other domestic animals.

Other good-natured unfortunates rode on platforms, when such were found. Still others somehow kept from falling from the buffers between the cars. A sardine would have shed salt tears for company. Three times as many would-be travelers failed to get aboard; although many women were hauled through windows and managed to find standing room.

Because the train would pass through tunnels, the railroad employes tried valiantly to keep passengers off the roofs. But during the night we heard people stamping on the boards above us, and pigs squealed incessantly. I couldn't blame the pigs, though they were less philosophical than their owners.

Oil for Security

When morning dawned I saw the reason why we had gone but sixty instead of 260 miles. Rumania had plenty of passenger and freight cars, but at least 70 per cent of its motive power was in the shops, or would be when live locomotives got it there.

About midmorning on our crawling journey across a country which gave many signs of potential prosperity, Mr. Bockius, with characteristic gallantry, invited an elderly lady to share our car, since she could not get into the compartment reserved for her. We placed a stateroom at her disposal. Good Samaritan Bockius then and there picked up a prize. The Rumanian lady was on her way to visit Queen Marie. Also, she owned a shipyard in which locomotives were to be repaired, and possessed oil lands in abundance.

Mr. Bockius made haste to present the president. I lost no time in talking business. She and her friends owned about 11,000 acres of Rumanian oil lands. I took an option on hers at once. She promised to see that I saw the queen. It certainly does pay to be courteous.

My object in visiting Rumania was to sell the government 100 locomotives. The market was almost feverishly active, because most of the local motive power stood in yards or roundhouses marked, "Waiting for repairs," or something like that. I wanted to sell, if I could be sure of payment. To the Minister of Public Works I explained, "We cannot accept Rumanian Treasury bonds or notes without something more substantial back of them than a promise to pay. There must be some merchantable collateral."

"Rumania cannot go forward commercially unless it has locomotives," he confessed. "But it has neither money nor credit."

"It has oil," I suggested artfully. "If you could offer your oil as security for your notes, we might sell the oil, and from the sale be reimbursed for the locomotives we wish to sell you. As we sell the oil we will surrender your notes to you."

This suggestion was discussed with the Minister of Finance; the Minister of Harbors, who assured us of sufficient harbor facilities to enable us to export any oil we accepted as security; the Minister of Industries, Director General of Railways, Inspector General of Railways, Assistant Director General of Railways and other Rumanian officials. Then we met King Ferdinand.

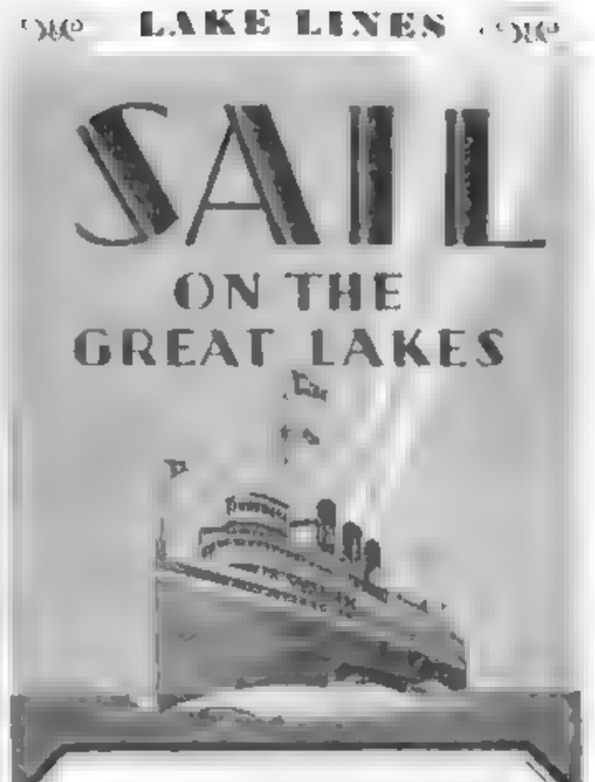
A jolly good fellow he proved to be. When I met him in his palace, to which he had invited me, I found him conversant with English as well as with the conditions and needs of his country. "Rumania must first build up her export trade," he told me, "before she can hope to pay her debts. Her most essential need is locomotives."

We got along swimmingly.

Queen Marie, who later summoned me, was equally gracious and just as much alive to Rumania's need for locomotives. Our party lunched with the king and queen. I was honored with a seat at the left of Her Majesty, who chatted freely and charmingly. Mind you, I was merely selling

LAKE LINES

SAIL ON THE GREAT LAKES



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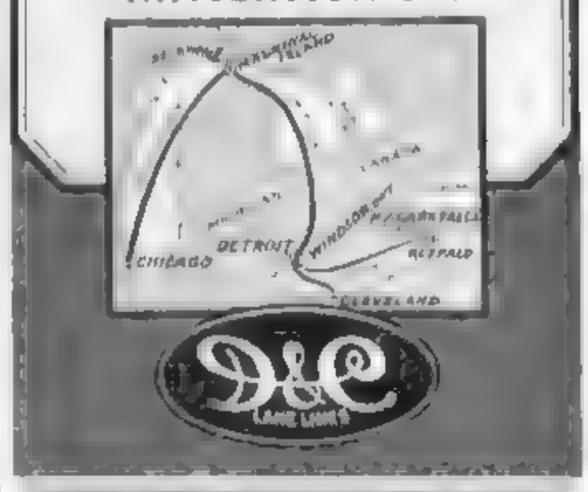

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locomotives. After the luncheon and a brief visit in the royal gardens during which Her Majesty submitted to having a photograph taken with me, my party adjourned to a business meeting with most of the Rumanian ministry.

As a result, it was agreed that the Baldwin Works would sell the Rumanian Government fifty Consolidation locomotives, for which the government would pay 10 per cent in cash or its oil equivalent before the first locomotive was delivered and the remaining 90 per cent, in cash or oil, in sixty monthly installments with interest at 6 per cent, plus 1 per cent for financing.

After General Valleano, Minister of Public Works, had affixed his official signature, he said: "The corner stone of a new Rumania has been laid. I rejoice that it has been laid by you, an American; as all things done by Americans endure."

I also agreed to make a separate contract for spare locomotive parts and $500,000 worth of machinery and materials. Having signed all documents covering these transactions and been honored by a dinner given by the Minister of Public Works, the Vauclain party locked its official papers and the Rumanian notes in a diplomatic pouch furnished through the courtesy of the American Minister, bade farewell to our good friends in Rumania and presently turned up in Paris, where we found a good deal of comment on the locomotive builder's return to the age of barter and trade.

That surprised me not a little, but the American Embassy in Paris furnished its own surprise. When I went to the upper floor of our embassy to ask for official permission to open my diplomatic pouches from Poland and Rumania, I was told to tell the young woman in charge of the mail department what I wanted. I did. She handed the government notes to me. I never received $15,000,000 worth of foreign government securities so informally. I'm glad no one else asked for them before I did.

A Royal Engine Driver

There's more than the satisfaction of doing business when you sell motive power to a country dying for it. There's no exaggeration in saying that our locomotives—I sold 100 for oil eventually—put Rumania on its feet and that the 150 engines I sold to Poland, against its credit, did much to keep the Bolshevists from overrunning it and to preserve that Western bulwark for sane Europe.

I might not be so sure of this if I didn't know Poland and the Poles so well and if I was not also well aware that of three medals given by the Polish Government to individuals who aided in turning back the invading Bolshevists, one went to the commander in chief of the Polish armies, one to the mayor of besieged Warsaw and one to the humble representative, in America, of The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

In all my dealings with foreign countries I've not been on the losing side, except for early war work done for Russia. That small loss doesn't worry me. Some day that vast country will be a rich field for motive power.

In the meanwhile the steam-powered iron horse which has served mankind for a century continues to act as the advance guard and preserver of civilization. I've seen locomotives from our Works doing duty in almost every part of North and South America, Great Britain and Continental Europe. But they're steaming up and down a thousand places I look forward to visiting.

I'd like to see our engines working on the island of Cyprus at a copper mine which yielded ore long before the Roman Empire had its beginning. I'd like to sail down the Indian Ocean and watch the graceful, accurate swing of a turntable we made for the Lorenzo Marques Railway, in Portuguese East Africa. I'd like to ride one of our three-cylinder Pacific types hauling passenger trains in and out of Manila, capital of the Philippines. I'd like to hold the throttle on our Duchess of York, the 4–8–2 mountain type that hauled the Duke and Duchess of York from Ewarton to Kingston, Jamaica, recently. I'd like to get up in the cab with the King of Belgium, who knows how to drive an engine as well as anyone. There's a locomotive from our Works burning low-grade coal on the Andaluces Railway of Spain, and I'd like to take a ride in her.

Down in the Jungle

I just wonder how the French or native engineers handle the Mallets we made for the Bone-Guelma Railway in Tunis and how our Moguls ride the rails of the Federated Malay States Railway. The Punjab Public Works Department, in India, is using an 0–6–4 we built on special designs to meet exacting conditions of service. I'd like to see how they're treating her. So much depends on the care given a locomotive. Nothing is so bad for them as neglect and exposure to the elements.

Because engines from our Works are running in Madagascar, Mesopotamia, Burma, Java, Queensland and the Fiji Islands, those distant places beckon me. So do Siam, Korea, Morocco and the Congo. I'd like to see my engines running in Santo Domingo and Martinique, from which my grandfather, Jacques Leonard Vauclain, came in the eighteenth century to Philadelphia. But more than any other engine made by our Works, I want to call on old "John Lucas."

Each locomotive had a name when our Works turned out our Number 4287 for the Camden & Atlantic Railroad in 1878. Hence that light tank-carrying engine was christened the "John Lucas." As such, the Works kept track of it. It did 35,000 miles annually between Camden and Haddonfield, New Jersey, until the Middletown Iron Works bought it. After 1890 we ceased to hear from it.

Last year, while he was sixty miles up the Maroni River in the stifling, fetid Dutch Guiana jungle, Mr. Robert Niles, Jr., a New York architect and explorer, discovered a dead, deserted locomotive. Between the light-weight, rusting rails which feebly supported this lonely, neglected engine large trees grew in tropical luxuriance. Creeping vines hung in front of, behind and on both sides of it.

Though pilferers had taken all the gauges, oil cups, valves and copper fittings, the boiler, smokestack, cylinders, pistons, main and side rods, crossheads and throttle were in place and scarcely pitted.

Like a true explorer, Mr. Niles traced its history. A quarter of a century ago an adventurous and overly optimistic gold miner had brought it from the United States into the Dutch Guiana jungle and shortly afterward abandoned gold mining and the locomotive. Yet there the once live power unit stood sturdily on solid wheels, frames and axles—long years after exposure in the tropics should have left nothing of it but a pile of rust.

On the smokebox of this hardy derelict a bronze plate bore in clear-cut letters:

BALDWIN LOCOMOTIVE WORKS
No. 4287
1878

Yes, I would like to call on old John Lucas.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Vauclain and Mr. May.

Man! What a Polish!

You'd never dream the old car had it in her. Yet a little I-SIS Auto Polish removes that film of grime and brings the original showroom lustre to life again. You'll never know how quickly, easily and beautifully your car can shine until you try I-SIS. And still nothing in it harms the body finish. Sold by leading dealers—$1 per pint. If yours cannot supply you, send 25c to Dept. 102 for trial bottle.

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AUTO POLISH

Climax Rotary Lawn Sprinkler $1.00

Here's the most wonderful lawn sprinkler ever offered at the price. Throws water in rain-drop formation over a 4 to 30 foot circle. Nothing to wear out or get out of order. Wheel is of aluminum. At most dealers'. *If yours does not handle, it will be mailed, postpaid, for $1.00. Money back if not satisfied*

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The Junior Moto-Mower meets the needs of thousands for a dependable, low priced quality power mower. 18-inch cut. Other Moto-Mowers 21- and 27-inch cuts. Send for catalog.

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Moto Mower

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OVERHEAD GARAGE DOOR
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Send for catalog
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Speed brings new-found Freedom from yesterday's laundry drudgery

From speed washer to speed ironer in 10 seconds

By this new way—the work of a day becomes the task of an hour or two

SPEED, madam, has found its way into the laundry. And this invites you to experience a faster and utterly different way of doing your washing and ironing at home. A way that thousands of women are turning to as a welcome relief from the drudgery always associated with these two jobs. A way, too, that does away with the uncertainties and disappointments of other methods.

SPEED!

Now, by this new method that has won the approval of home economists and women leaders everywhere, you do your own washing and ironing in from 3 to 5 hours without the slightest hint of labor or fatigue. *Speed* is the secret—*speed* with wonderful new kindness to clothes . . . made possible by features that have taken years to develop.

Wash—5 to 7 minutes a tubful

And in the newest of all speed-type washers—the beautiful new Thor One. This machine will change all your ideas about what a washer should do and how it should look. It is faster and kinder than ever to clothes. Its beautiful, light green tub is oven-baked porcelain enamel, inside and out. It has a new rubber-guarded, rattle-proof and splash-proof lid. Top opening is the full width of the tub for easy access and greater convenience. And it's a washer you can depend on to clean shirt cuffs and collars in one washing without soaking. Tub of generous capacity is amply large for the average family. And its price is about one hundred dollars.

Iron now four times as fast

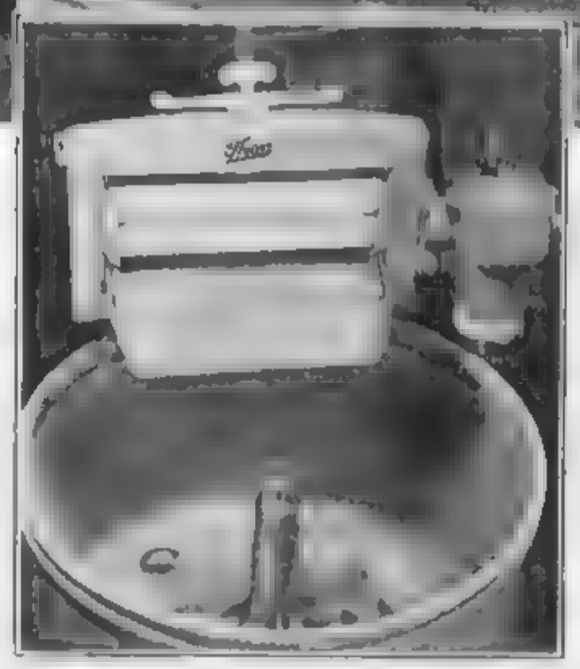
For the first time an automatic electric ironer priced within the means of even the most modest income. An ingenious invention now makes it possible to remove the wringer on your washing machine—place the Thor Rotary Iron in its place—turn the switch—sit down and iron.

The ironer—called the greatest home labor saver ever invented—embodies a new and proved principle of speed-ironing. So simple you can operate it with a few minutes' practice, yet it irons the average family washing—everything—in less than two hours. It heats as fast as an ordinary electric hand iron, and is just as convenient for the small ironing tasks of the week. It presses women's skirts and men's trousers with magic speed—and does them as well as the special pressing machines.

Yes, this amazing machine saves hours—scores of them in a year—hours for healthful recreation with family and friends. Priceless hours in place of health-ruining drudgery.

And the price of this complete Thor laundry unit—both washer and ironer combined—is just about what you have been asked for a washer alone of equal quality and features.

Send the coupon for fully illustrated descriptive booklets picturing this amazing new machine and explaining its features. Hurley Machine Company, 22nd St. and 54th Ave., Chicago. Manufactured in Canada by Thor Canadian Company, Limited, Toronto.



Above—Comfortable ironing position. At left—The big capacity wide-top tub.

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New ways for old . . . . and better . . . .

That's a distinguishing characteristic of *To-day.* Everything has been stepped up—manufacturing and product designing, transportation and communication, marketing and home-making, research and invention—everything has been stepped up by ways that are better . . . . better because they save time, save energy, save money, save confusion, save duplication, save resources, save repairs and replacements, save health and save lives.

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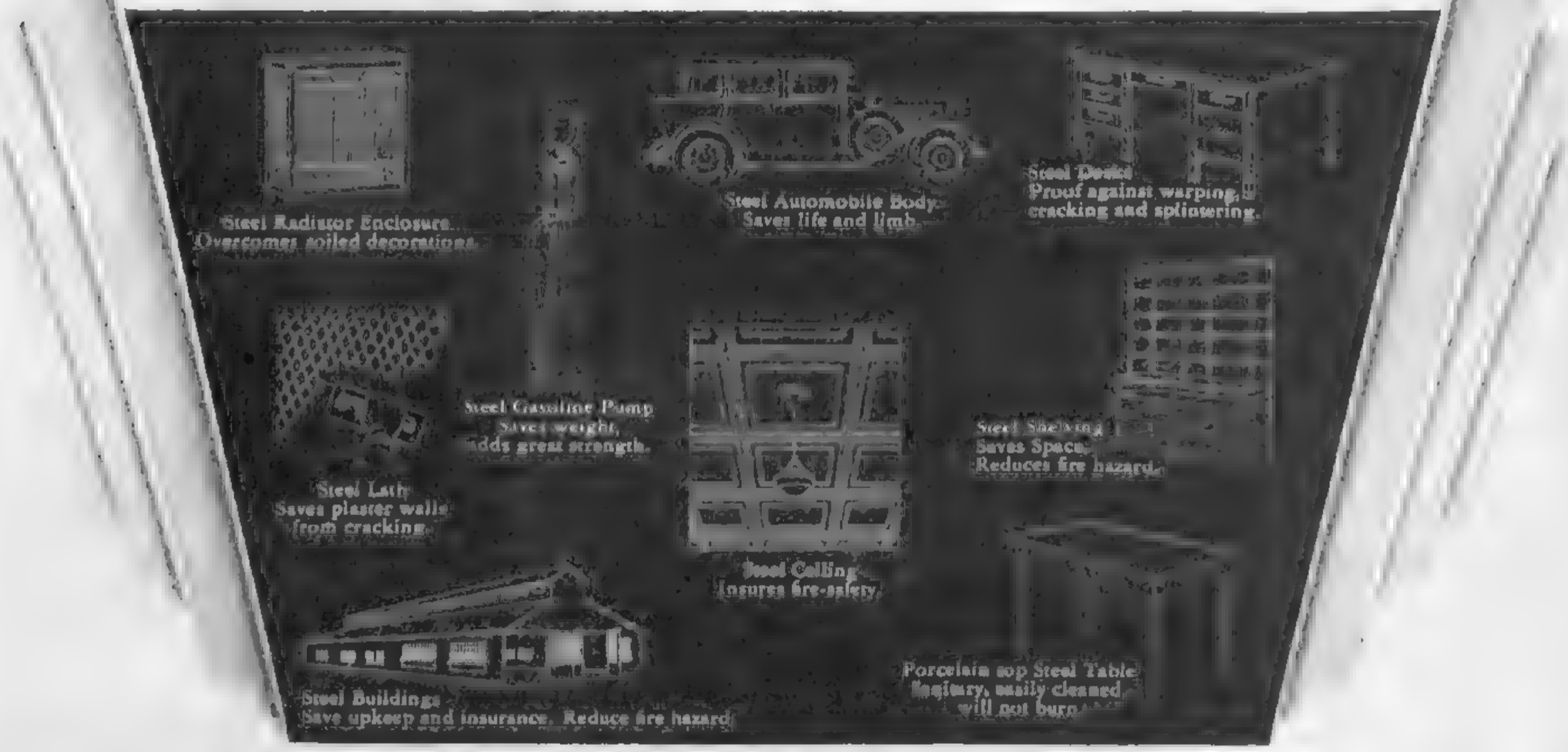

SHEET STEEL EMPLOYS 500,000 MEN ~ ~ ~ TALK WITH THEM

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE

(Continued from Page 40)

in a first-class war. Then, like business, it is imperative: it must. Men feel the compulsion. The palavering, bickering, loafing, postponing that usually characterize public affairs are swept aside. The nation gets down to business in its collective affairs. Also many public-good enterprises—for example, the hospital board, the school board, and the like—run smoothly and efficiently. Invariably, according to my observation, when that happens, two or three energetic persons have taken over the management—or perhaps only one such person—and put the matter in a business atmosphere. By and large that doesn't happen very often.

Business as we commonly understand it—that is, doing things for private gain—is sometimes apologetic about itself, as though it were only a compromise with man's lower nature and the ideal way would be to do everything for the public good, without thought of personal profit. But on the contrary, doing things for private gain is the ideal way. It affords the only means by which men can quickly agree as to the incalculable mass of transactions through which the world gets fed, clothed, roofed, heated and radioed. Without that simple common denominator of a private gain, realized or expected, in each transaction the market places would be Towers of Babel. It is actually the freest of all imaginable schemes for getting the world fed, clothed, and so on; there is greater liberty for the individual under it; you have a greater choice of how you shall earn your dollar and how you shall spend it than you could have under any scheme whose direct ostensible motive was the public good.

Getting the Thing Done

From these general observations to the New York Central Railroad may seem a long and eccentric jump, but in fact it was the railroad that put me in mind of them. Two generations ago an energetic citizen of New York found himself in proper position to retire from active life. He had begun his business career at the age of fifteen, carrying vegetables from Staten Island to Manhattan in a small sailboat. Since then that miniature craft had multiplied into steamboats that dominated water transportation around the metropolis and plied as far as San Francisco. He was in possession of one of the largest fortunes of his day and nearly seventy years of age. A good time to retire. But he decided to go into railroading instead. In 1863 he was elected president of the New York and Harlem, which had been extended up the river halfway or more to Albany. Two years later he got control of the Hudson River Railroad, which went on to Albany. Three years after that he had control of the New York Central, from Albany to Buffalo. In 1873 he got control of the Lake Shore, from Buffalo to Chicago. So, in ten years, from 1863 to 1873, and from the age of sixty-nine to the age of seventy-nine, he got command of a through railroad from New York to Chicago. Some of the roads that he acquired had been pieced together of smaller bits. Most of them had been constructed as cheaply as possible and in their original state would hardly be recognized as railroads now. In the course of his headlong railroad career from the mouth of the Hudson to the south shore of Lake Michigan, the old gentleman stepped on a good many persons and a good many ethical principles. But it is beyond dispute that he also built up his roads as he acquired them, improving plant, equipment and service. He got the thing done. It was easier for everybody to travel and to ship goods between New York and Chicago after he got through than it had been before he began.

Now, in 1878—which is more than fifty years ago, remember—the New York Central—or "the Vanderbilt interests"—bought control of the Michigan Central and the Canadian Southern, running from Buffalo to Chicago somewhat north of the Lake Shore line. In 1889 the same interests bought control of the Big Four Railroad, as it is commonly called, or the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, to give it the official title, which in a general way designates the territory it serves. Since those dates, for all practical, nonlegal purposes, the above-named roads have constituted a unit, a single system. The New York Central owns more than 99 per cent of the capital stock of the Michigan Central and more than 90 per cent of the capital stock of the Big Four. Incidentally, it owns 100 per cent of the capital stock of the Chicago, Kalamazoo and Saginaw Railway, and 98 per cent of the capital stock of the Cincinnati Northern Railway, and 100 per cent of the capital stock of the Evansville, Indianapolis and Terre Haute Railroad, the last three being connecting lines. When you own that much of the capital stock of anything, for all practical purposes you own the thing.

But about three years ago the New York Central directors decided that they could save some unnecessary expenses by making their system one thing technically as well as practically. They proposed to consolidate the above lines into one legal unit by long-term leases. It was pretty much like a man's proposing to give himself a lease of his own house, but there were due legal formalities to be complied with. So in July, 1926, they formally applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission for permission to make the leases, and in January, 1929—that is, after about two years and a half—the commission formally handed down its decision in the matter. A copy of that document lies before me.

The actual thing, remember—the only thing that really counted in any large way—was all done years and years ago. The straggling, and somewhat jerry-built lines of railroad were linked together, connections and branches were built, rock went into the ballast and heavy steel into the rails. For passengers and freight it was all one jointless concern. Wherever you got on, the cars were marked New York Central, and they took you through to wherever you wanted to get off. That was all done by private enterprise. But when this petition was filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission the thing went public.

Reasons Why You Should Not

Understand that I am not criticizing the Interstate Commerce Commission in itself. No doubt it is one of the very best of our many commissions. I am only pointing out what inevitably, to the end of time, must happen when a thing goes public. To begin with, the commission held hearings. That is the usual first step in public procedure. Could anybody think of a reason why the New York Central should not lease the lines of road that it already owned? Well, rather. Looking over the report, it appears that, loosely speaking, everybody could think of one. Nor should that surprise us. The universe is running over with reasons why everything should not be done. Do you contemplate visiting Switzerland this summer, moving to another part of town, buying a Speedup car, or having corned beef and cabbage for dinner? Go around just in your own tiny circle of personal acquaintances seeking advice as to whether you should or should not do any of those things. Some people—especially women, if they will pardon me—have that disastrous habit. You will soon gather a bushel basketful of reasons why you shouldn't do it. Such reasons grow on every bush.

After considering the objections an examiner appointed by the commission recommended, in June, 1927, that the application of the New York Central to lease its own lines be denied. Then there were further hearings and considerings, until,

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SOME years ago, Russel Shirk of Indiana had no capital, and no experience, but he was determined to start a business of his own.

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Wreath of spray and a frothy wake! There's real thrill in this Old Town sea model. Designed to keep her nose level when you "open" the outboard motor. You'll be proud of her clean aristocracy of line and graceful design—and she'll churn blue water into white at an astonishing clip.

Like all Old Town models, this craft is sturdily built, tough and durable, and remarkably easy to handle. There are Old Town boats and canoes for every use. Some priced as low as $67. From dealer or factory.

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Use the soft VENUS "B" for general use.

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A dollar will bring you a useful assortment

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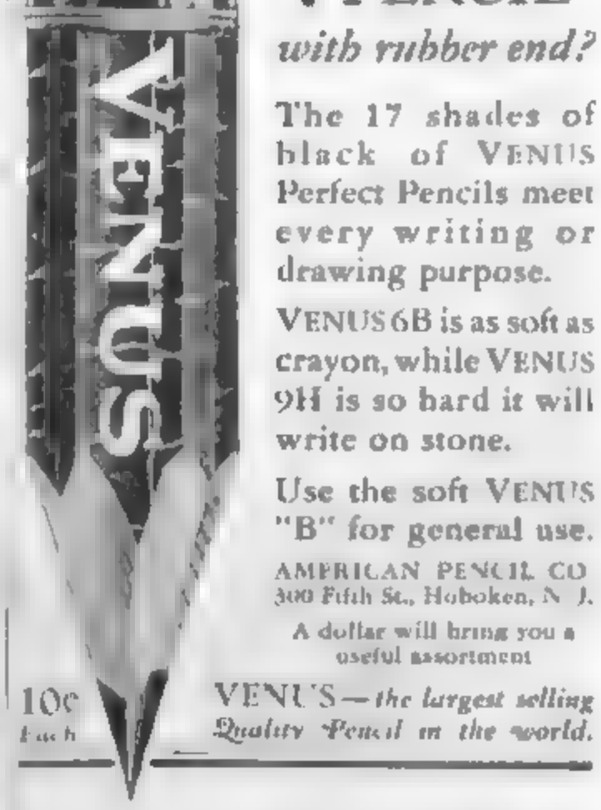

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The name Bossert is known from coast to coast. Their 32-acre plant is the largest of its kind in the East.

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MOTH eaten rugs and woolens can be patched after a fashion—but In-Nap Moth Flakes and Moth Balls possess the unfailing power to repel moths. They are strong, stainless and economical. Ask for them in the blue and white packages at your neighborhood store.

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IN-NAP MOTH FLAKES
AND MOTH BALLS

last January, a majority of the commission authorized the leases—provided, however, that several short connecting lines not now owned by the New York Central be first taken over on fair and reasonable terms, said terms to be submitted to the commission for its approval. But one commissioner filed a dissenting opinion, holding that the commission has no authority to sanction the lease and that the minority stockholders of the Michigan Central would receive, under the lease, greater dividends than they are entitled to. These minority stockholders, it may be mentioned, hold eight-tenths of one per cent of the road's capital stock, or 1523 shares, and they would receive under the lease $76,150 a year in guaranteed dividends, which isn't even small change in the New York Central's income. Another commissioner filed another dissenting opinion, principally on the ground that some sixty-odd other short-line connections, mostly owned by or affiliated with industrial companies, should have been included. A third commissioner filed a third dissenting opinion, holding that the commission should wait until Congress takes some further action in the matter of railroad consolidations. The majority decision remarks rather sadly perhaps—that any of the various objectors may take their case into court and have it tried all over again, with the usual appeals. Some of them have already gone to court. Nobody can state, with any confidence, when the proposed lease will be executed, if ever.

You may remember that Congress, not long after the World War, formally declared that some railroad consolidations were desirable. Everybody who has studied the subject unemotionally, as far as I have noticed, has reached the same conclusion. But those consolidations which have been proposed so far have gone on the rocks as soon as they went public. Purposeful men, acting in the free sphere of private enterprise, may buy a majority here, make agreements with majorities there and get a group of railroads into such a position that they might form a single system such as would meet the primary considerations that Congress had in mind when it recommended mergers. But when they turn to the field of public authority to consummate the deal, objections arise on every side. Public authority must listen to all objections, and see that all *i*'s are dotted and *t*'s crossed. Public affairs may take time to scrutinize all *i*'s and *t*'s. They have all the time there is. I think it safe to say that if Commodore Vanderbilt had been obliged to wait upon an Interstate Commerce Commission or other public authority he would hardly have got twenty miles west of Albany yet.

Just as Big a Bump

Of course, dotting the *i*'s and crossing the *t*'s is all supposed to be in the sacred interest of doing exact justice to everybody. But when, on this earth, was exact justice ever done to everybody, or what is exact justice to everybody? We must await the millennium for an answer. The great virtue of business is that it can't wait. Today's bread and butter must be had today. Things must be done. So in business we follow the sound rule that the best is an enemy of the good; if you are going to wait for perfection you will never get anywhere. How can you do exact justice to everybody when everybody cannot agree as to what exact justice is? Somebody is always overruled, and not only feels outraged about it but very likely has good cause to. In this crowded world, with its myriad of stubbornly held conflicting opinions, you cannot move much without bumping somebody. When public things do finally get done they bump as much as private things do.

For an offhand illustration, last summer I revisited a section of New England that I used to be very familiar with, and found they had ruined the loveliest road in the region—one of the loveliest roads in the world. Following old-time lines it wound round the hills, meandered with the brook in the valley and presented delightful views at every turn. But ruthless road commissioners had built a broad, straight concrete highway that slashed through the hills, marched over the valley on embankments and left out every charming curve. Summer residents who, like myself, had enjoyed loafing along the old road were as indignant as I was. Moreover, three antique shops and a wayside inn, all in the most delightful bends, that used to do a thriving summer business were now left marooned, off to one side, on disintegrating bits of old road where there was no trade at all. They, doing no harm, were much injured. I and my neighbors were much injured. A lot of other people wanted a broad, straight new road and had their way. I don't think it is any better way than the old meandering one. But they had to be balked or we had to be. That is always happening.

A Decision in Any Event

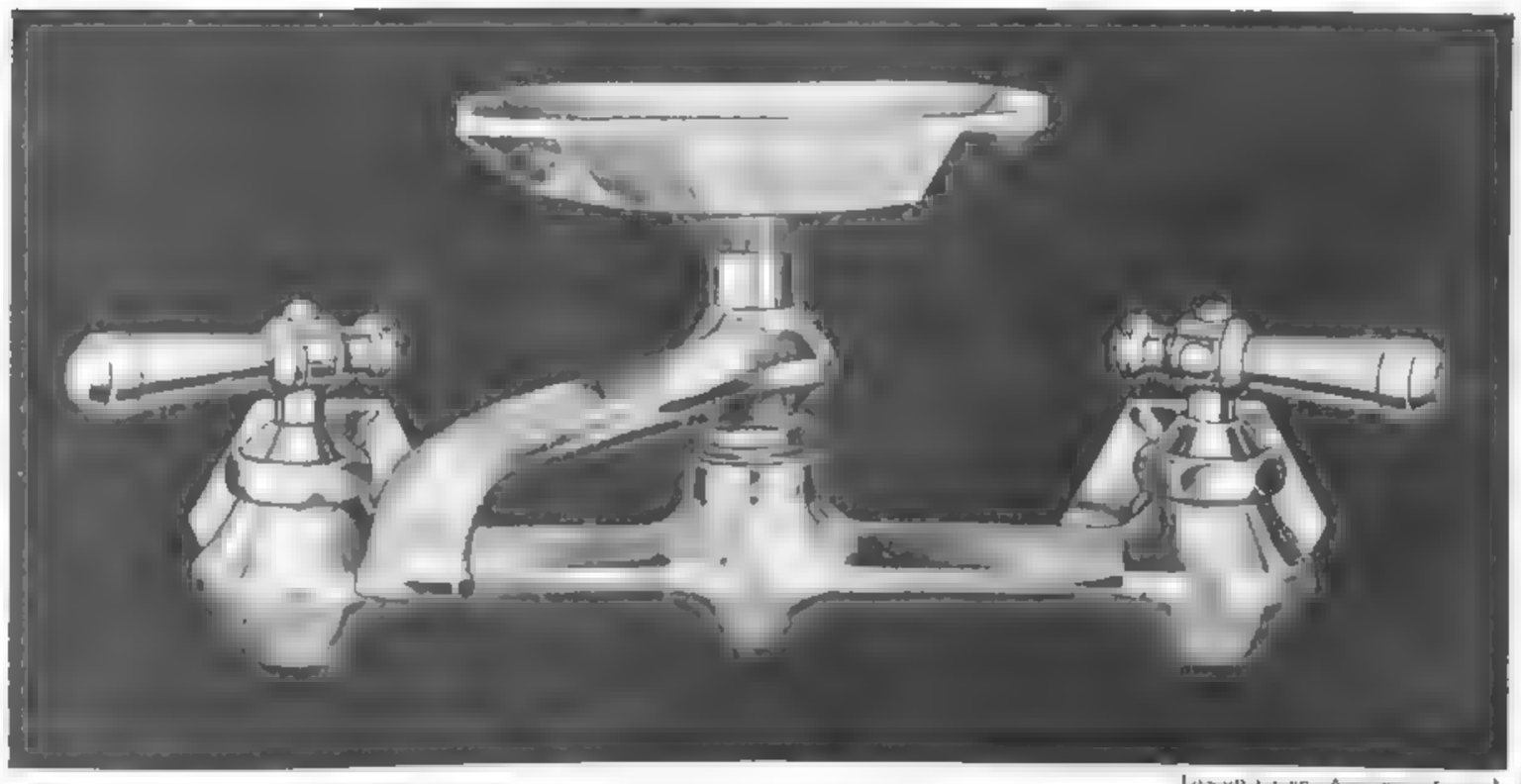
The point is that after all the commissions and all the courts have carefully listened to all the arguments and scrupulously examined all the *i*'s and *t*'s, those whom they inevitably overrule will still be convinced that they are victims of gross injustice—and maybe they will be quite right about it too. Meanwhile, if railroad consolidations are as useful to the nation as Congress and most competent students of the subject think they are, does not grave injustice arise from the months and years of delay while commissions and courts ponder the *i*'s and *t*'s? Probably, after all commissions and courts have completed their meticulous tasks, they will leave just as many wounds behind them as old Commodore Vanderbilt, riding through, getting the job done, left behind him. Considering the enormous amount of time he saved, he was much the more useful tool for the people at large. Time is important. If a thing is useful all delay in getting it done is loss and injury, but we are so used to that waste in public affairs that we hardly think of it.

About the middle of February, Wall Street had a brand-new sensation. Money, or credit, was in a very ticklish position. The Bank of England had just advanced its discount rate, tending to pull money from this country. Directors of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York were meeting. Would they advance the discount rate? If they did, probably all other Federal Reserve Banks would follow suit and money would be dearer for everybody. Also, there might be a panic in the stock market. Wall Street was on tiptoes and the decision was bound to be important for the whole country. Directors went into a session at 2:30 and remained in session four hours and twenty minutes!

The bank directors were in business. They must. They could not have dodged the imminent responsibility of deciding if they had tried to. The question was on top of them. They had to say yes or no; or if they did nothing whatever, that also would be a decision from which the inevitable consequences would flow just as much as though they took affirmative action. Finally, without doubt, their decision was exactly as good a decision for all mankind as the Senate would have reached if it had spent two months in a painful oratorical quest of all the *i*'s to be dotted and *t*'s to be crossed.

Inevitably, in the nature of the matter, as we go private we go fast and as we go public we go slow—if, indeed, we go at all. That is inherent and inescapable. All the same, for more than thirty years we pretty steadily drifted public. In that time there was a great extension of public affairs in the United States. I can even remember when there was no such thing as an Interstate Commerce Commission—and later on, when that commission was not much more than a dusty desk and a couple of elderly bookkeepers. I can remember, in short,

(Continued on Page 238)



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This is the brilliant new Diamond sink fixture by Speakman. Sheer beauty imprisoned in sparkling metal! *Permanent brightness without polishing.*

Your plumber can take off your old, discolored sink faucets and install Speakman's Diamond fixture in no time. Or he can furnish it on any new sink.

The quality and character of the Diamond sink fixture are typical of all Speakman Showers and Fixtures for bathtub, washstand and kitchen sink. Here are some examples:

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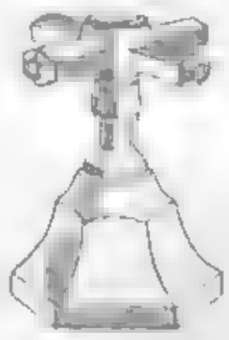
It is increasingly customary in modern bathrooms to mount the washstand on metal legs and knee-brackets. The Speakman legs and brackets are in the choicest designs, and are flawlessly finished in gold plate and Speakman Chromium Plate.



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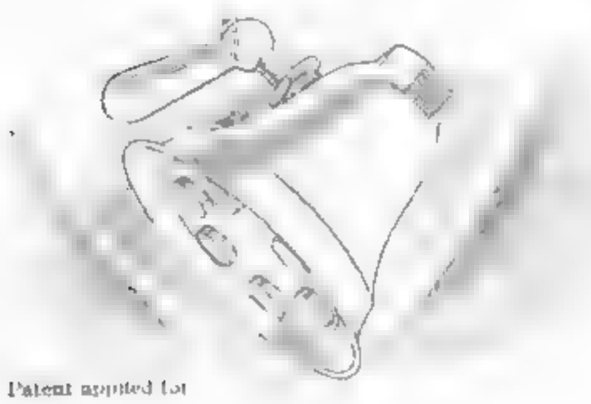

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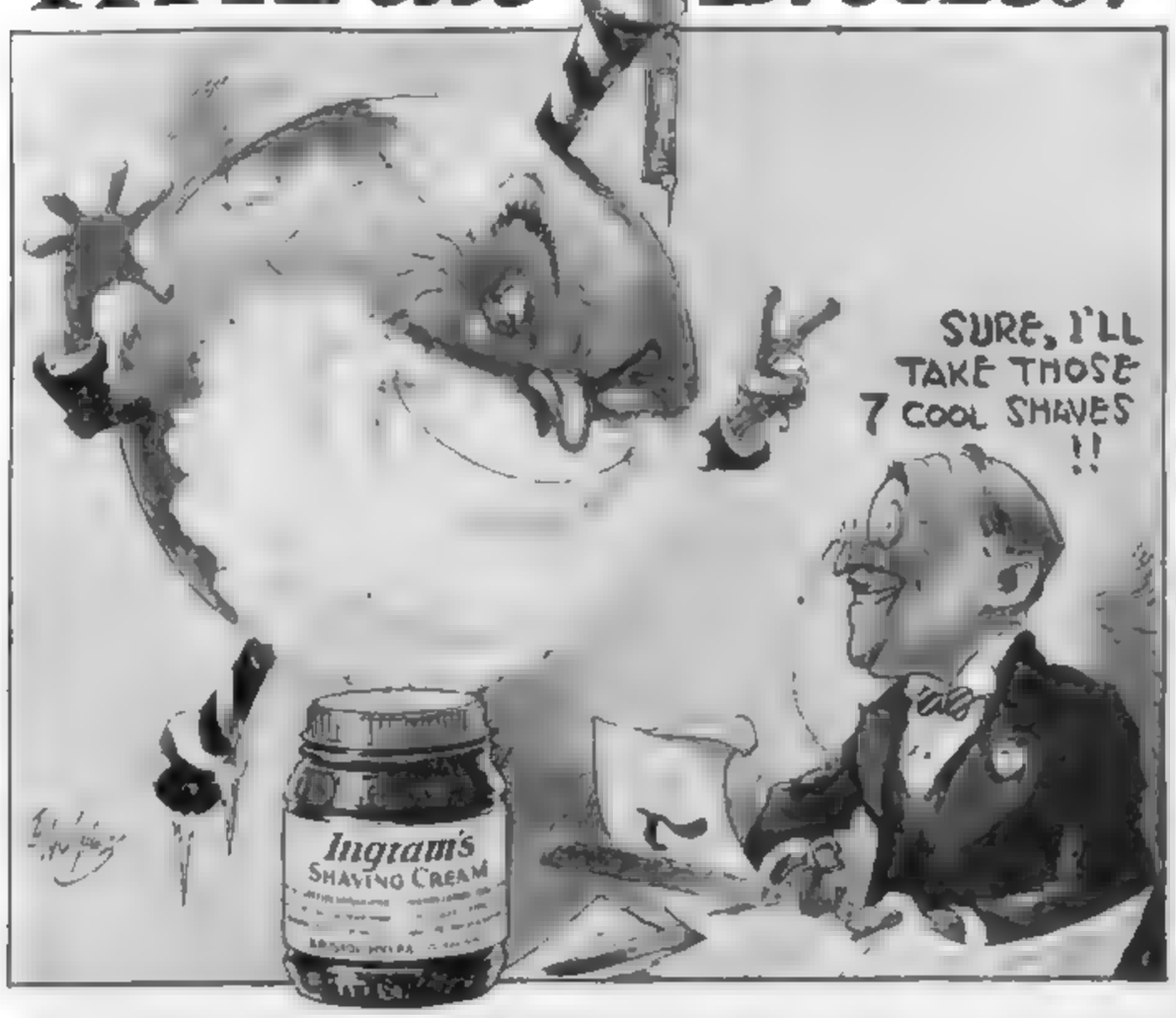

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INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

"Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face"

(Continued from Page 234)

when Government in the United States was merely government.

The sum of the extension of public activities in the last thirty years is impressive, but it has come piecemeal—a little commission here and a little bureau there so that it has not been much noticed. Only the other day the National Industrial Conference Board reported that in 1927 the people of the United States paid $9,074,000,000 in national, state and local taxes. Summed up in that way it is impressive. Moreover, the various governmental bodies which collected that amount in taxes spent $12,000,000,000 in the year, the difference between that sum and tax receipts being accounted for by bond issues and miscellaneous revenues. That one year's expenditures is pretty near what it cost us to fight the World War, excepting loans to the Allies, and we thought fighting the World War was a tremendous national effort. It has come piecemeal. It is so easy to tack on a little commission here and a little bureau there, and the particular extension of public affairs that is under discussion may be very popular at the moment. Anyhow it is apt to be popular with politicians; it gives them another string to their bow. Radicalism leans heavily on commissions and bureaus. Its general policy is to set up as many points of governmental interference with private enterprise as possible; the more the better. That is natural, since it is incurably suspicious of private management and reposes implicit faith in public management. But its suspicion and confidence seem to me strangely misplaced.

In any country, government must do a great many things, no matter how badly it does them. Courts were bad under the Czar; they are bad under the Soviets; but as long as czardom or soviet is the government it must run the courts. In any country, government will have its hands full managing the things it must manage. To extend its hand into a field suitable to private enterprise is gratuitous waste. In such a field the motive of public good does not bring better results than the motive of private gain. It brings worse results.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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